WORLD WRITERS ON PAKISTAN

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with an introduction by

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INTRODUCTION

A notable feature of intellectual life in the world today is the way in which learning and literature have been 'democratized'. On the one hand is the trend towards presentation of abstruse and profound subjects in simple form, so that learning may not remain an esoteric mystery to the common people; on the other hand, there is the use of numerous devices to give wide currency to writing and literature of all kinds in the form of small readable pieces published as magazine articles, so that "he who runs may read".

Serious scholars raised their eyebrows at this "vulgarizing" of learning at first, but most of them have come to appreciate this means of spreading ideas and creating interest. The appetite of the reader once whetted, he may go on to read more on the subjects introduced in magazine articles.

The topics which yield to such treatment are the ones that are out of the way or lesser known. Pakistan was one such subject—and a wonderful subject in its own way because it comprised a huge territory and a populous nation (fifth largest in the world). It was the inheritor of the Indus Valley Civilization, one of the first created by man. Its later history also was full of more than local interest, as it had links and connections with much that was going on in other countries.

Then there was considerable interest in its paintings, sculptures, architectural monuments, music and dance, which reflected important aspects of human achievements, and deserved the tribute of eloquent pens.

Its thinkers, philosophers, mystics, saints and poets opened another magic world which cast its spell on many a sensitive soul among foreign visitors.

Finally, the land, with its lofty mountains and sizzling deserts, its mighty rivers and dark jungles, its endless variety of birds and animals and above all the men and women of numerous races and cultures, offered fascinating subjects for study and reflection which were fortunately not ignored by the writers and scholars of the world.

By and by they were drawn toward Pakistan. The mountaineers who climbed our mountain peaks, some of the highest in the world, wrote about the mountains; the archaeologists wrote about the excavations they helped to conduct; the ethnologists wrote about the border tribes; the political scientists wrote about the political experiments and the efforts of a new nation to evolve her own institutions, and the tourists wrote about places and people, turning fleeting glimpses and impressions into lasting memorials.

Thus a considerable body of literature grew up about Pakistan in these twenty years, in many languages. Not all of it is easily available to the average reader. Luckily, however, we have a widely circulated magazine in the "Pakistan" Quarterly, which has been able to attract specialists of different subjects from different countries to write brief introductory articles to the larger studies they were undertaking in their respective fields of study. Personal contact with them on their visits to this country helped in securing contributions for a Pakistani journal, which they might not have easily contributed to any other journal, and this was a gesture of goodwill for Pakistan.

Some eminent scholars of U.K., U.S.A., France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Holland, and Switzerland have written about Pakistan in the pages of the "Pakistan" Quarterly, and it would be a pity if all this were allowed to be buried in the old files of the magazine. One previous selection out of these articles (which included the writing of both foreign and Pakistani writers) was published by Cassels of London, entitled "Crescent and Green", and it was well received. Now we have selected some other writings confined to foreign writers only, in the hope that an objective view of the country may be presented to our readers. The names of the writers vouch for the quality, and the subjects offer a range and variety which should appeal to all tastes and interests.

It is with considerable optimism that we present this volume, and hope that it will serve as an incentive for further study and writing on Pakistan.

ALTAF GAUHAR

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Prof. Arnold J. Toynbee

PAKISTAN TODAY: THE IMPRESSIONS OF A HISTORIAN-TRAVELLER

THIS year I spent the month of March on the campus of the University of Peshawar, and the month of June in travelling along the Pakistan side of the Pakistan-Afghanistan frontier, from Gilgit and Dir to Baluchistan inclusive. This was not my first visit to Pakistan. In 1957, I had had a glimpse of East Pakistan (Eastern Bengal) as well as West Pakistan (the Indus basin). And long ago, in 1929, 18 years before Pakistan came into existence, I had passed through the great city of Karachi, and had visited Hyderabad, Sind, the chief city in the lower Indus Valley. Impressions received on brief visits are inevitably superficial; but, as my glimpses of Pakistan have been strung out over a number of years, they have given me a chance to observe whether Pakistan is static or is on the move. My impression is that she is moving fast, and I believe that this impression, at any rate, is correct.

One obvious measure of the change in Pakistan as a whole is the transformation of Karachi since 1929. At that time it was still no more than a small port and railhead. Today it is a great modern city on one of the world's main air-routes, and the population includes contingents from almost all parts of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent.

In the subcontinent, the independence from British rule which was obtained in 1947 was accompanied by the partition of the former British Indian Empire into its two present successor-states: Pakistan and the Indian Union. (Burma had by that time been separated from British India already.) Partition is perhaps an inevitable accompaniment of independence for the former subjects of a cosmopolitan empire, but the price in terms of human suffering has usually been high. It was high in the Near East, during the long drawn-out break up of the Turkish Empire there. It was high in Central Europe after the break up of the Austrian Empire there in 1918. And it was also high in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent after the termination of the British regime there in 1947. The appalling loss of life that immediately followed partition is remembered

today with sorrow and compunction on both sides of the new frontiers. Millions of other people did not lose their lives, but did lose their former homes and property as a result of becoming refugees. Hindus from what is now Pakistan took refuge in what is now India, and Muslims from what is now India took refuge in what is now Pakistan. The suffering was great, but, in both countries today, a visitor is struck by the spirit in which the ex-refugees have reacted to their formidable experience. They have thrown in their lot with their new country whole-heartedly; and many of them have already played an important part in the country's rapidly developing life.

In the subcontinent before partition, two of the most active and go-ahead centres of Muslim life were the United Provinces (the country along the rivers Jumna and Ganges, south-east of Delhi) and the great city of Bombay. Both Bombay and the U.P. fell to India, and, in Western Pakistan today, Muslims from both Bombay and the U.P. are conspicuous. They are making a valuable contribution to the growth of a new nation. But, just because of this, their children will hardly be distinguishable from the children of the indigenous Muslim population. Pakistan today is a melting-pot, and the process of fusion is not limited to the ex-refugees. In Western Pakistan the different local peoples—Punjabis, Sindhis, Baluchis, Pathans—are also fusing with each other; and the people in the hitherto tribal areas adjoining the frontier with Afghanistan are fusing with their neighbours in the settled districts—which, of course, include all but a fraction of the country.

In West Pakistan an effective instrument of fusion is the Urdu language. This was originally the *lingua franca* under the Mughal regime in the subcontinent, which preceded the British. It is a language with a North-Indian basis, but with a large Persian and Arabic element in its vocabulary. In West Pakistan today, Urdu is the most wide-spread language of local administration and education. The number of people who know Urdu as well as their own local language is very great, and I noticed particularly that Urdu is already widely diffused among the Pathans and Baluchis, as well as among other West Pakistanis. This is noteworthy, because the local languages of these two peoples belong to the Persian, not the Indian, family. Urdu has not replaced English as the language of education at the University level or as the language of international intercourse, but the knowledge of English, though also widely diffused, is naturally not so wide-spread as the knowledge of Urdu. On the basis of this common Urdu language, and under the stimulus of the common task of building up a new country, a new homogeneous Pakistani nation is taking shape. This process is being speeded up by industrialization and by the accompany-

ing movement of population from the country-side into the industrial cities.

The establishment of a new nation is, in itself, a gigantic undertaking. But this is not the only problem that present day Pakistan has on her hands. She has to modernize her economic and political life in order to catch up with a modern world that is itself moving forward fast; and she has to cope with difficult and dangerous questions of foreign relations. Pakistan's foreign problems are new. They are consequences of independence and partition. Her domestic political and economic problems have been bequeathed to her by the previous British regime, and here, I think, a Pakistani historian would probably agree with an English one in holding that the British did not hand these problems on to their Pakistani successors without having made any contribution towards a solution of them.

This point was brought home to me during a visit to Afghanistan last April and May. The Afghans are proud of having defeated the nineteenth-century British attempts to conquer their country. But, as a joke, they sometimes say to an Englishman that, if only the British had won those Anglo-Afghan wars, Afghanistan today would find herself as well equipped with roads, railroads, and irrigation works as present day Pakistan is. Pakistan did inherit this material equipment from the British regime. Of course it needs expanding and improving, but Pakistan, like India, did have substantial British foundations on which to build. Two other important British legacies to Pakistan are the Civil Services and the Army. The Pakistanis value these two institutions, and they are taking care to preserve them, while developing them, as is natural and right, to answer to the country's changing conditions. Another part of Pakistan's political heritage from the British regime is the inauguration of parliamentary democracy, both on the provincial and on the subcontinental side, during the thirty years ending in 1947—the year of Independence and Partition.

Parliamentary democracy in Pakistan and India has had a much shorter history than the civil service has had; and it is also a more complicated and difficult institution to operate. In Britain, where it originated, it took about six centuries to evolve, and there were many jerks and jolts, including a civil war, followed by a revolution, in the 17th century. It is not surprising that the engine should have 'seized' in some of the countries that have adopted it and have been trying to make it go, with a much shorter period of trial and error to give them the necessary experience. Parliamentary democracy is a difficult system of self-government to operate because it requires the co-operation of able, experienced, and public-spirit-

ed citizens in large numbers. No country has, or ever has had, enough of these. In newly established countries, just starting life, it is perhaps improbable that the necessary minimum number of the right kind of citizens will be forthcoming. Even in those countries in which parliamentary democracy has a long history behind it, effective self-government on a nation-wide scale is being made difficult today, by the increasing complexity of life, and by the reflection of this in increasing complexity of government. Pakistan is not the only newly established country in which the first experiment in parliamentary democracy has not been a success. In Pakistan the failure was so serious that it led to the suspension of the parliamentary regime and the introduction of the present military one.

In a country where there is only a limited fund of political experience to draw upon, a military regime has one obvious practical advantage. It can be operated by a smaller number of able public-spirited people than a parliamentary regime requires. Military government, however, can be no more than an emergency measure. In England, for instance, the military government that followed the Civil War did not survive for many months after Cromwell's death. A patriotic and farseeing military regime will therefore try to make provision for its own replacement. As I see it, one of the great merits of President Ayub's government is that it lost no time in doing this. This is the objective of the 'Basic Democracy' that the President has launched. Here we are on controversia ground. I can only give my personal impression, I believe that 'Basic Democracy' is a bonafide attempt, on the present Government's part, to help the people of Pakistan to train themselves for effective self-government, in the future, on the national scale. I do not believe that this is a piece of camouflage designed to help the present regime to remain in power for an indefinite time to come.

The idea behind 'Basic Democracy' is that political rights and responsibilities cannot be exercised effectively beyond the limits of the field in which the citizen has practical experience. In a country that is not yet politically mature, the practical experience of most of the citizens will be continued within parochial limits. Therefore let them start by learning to manage their own parish business. This is, I think, what the word 'basic', in the term 'basic democracy', stands for. 'Basic Democracy' like 'basic English', means the thing stripped down to the bare essentials without which it would not desere its name. In politics, the minimum of self-government is self-governmet within the parish. If the citizen can learn to govern his parish, he will have learnt thereby to equip himself for eventually governing his country and doing it, this time, effectively. In the meantime, let his participation in the govern-

ment of the nation be limited to the election of members of district councils who, in their turn, will elect the members of a national assembly involved with less than full parliamentary powers. This pyramidal constitution is not, of course, a new invention. 'Indirect election' figures in the American Constitution, for example. It is still there on paper, though, in practice, it has been by-passed.

Pakistan's Basic Democracy is an experiment and one that has only recently been launched. None can guarantee that it is going to succeed. The hopeful points about it are that it does face the facts, and that it does attempt to build up democracy in Pakistan on the basis of these facts. Moreover, it is a pioneer experiment. It is, therefore, one of great interest for the numerous other countries in the present day world whose domestic political situation resembles Pakistan's.

Another political experiment that Pakistan is making today is her attempt to assimilate the tribal districts along her western frontiers, to the rest of the country. In her policy here she has made a new departure. The previous British regime treated the tribal problem as being primarily the military one of imposing law and order on a turbulent population by force. Perhaps this was inevitable at that stage. Pakistan may have been fortunate in taking over the tribal districts from the British regime at the moment when, as a result of a hundred years of violent contact with the modern world, the tribesmen were just waking up to the possibility of leading another kind of life than their traditional one. However that may be, Pakistan has certainly taken a bold and enlightened initiative. Without relaxing her military precautions she has deliberately played down the military aspect of the relations between the Government and the tribesmen and has gone all out to make it possible for the tribesmen to change their way of life, by providing them with practical alternatives. The Government has multiplied the number of the schools, secondary as well as primary, in the tribal areas, and it has opened up opportunities for the tribesmen to improve their economic position in peaceful ways. Certainly the tribesmen have been responding to the Government's conciliatory and constructive policy. They have been engaging in business (for instance, transportation and retail trade) and they have been taking up holdings of good land that has been made available for cultivation by new irrigation works. They have also become eager for schools (including girls' schools), instead of being suspicious of them, as they used to be. In the West Pakistan tribal districts in 1960, I was constantly reminded of the Scottish tribal districts in the 1770's, as these are described in the narrative of Boswells' and Dr. Johnson's tour of the Hebrides. Like the Scottish highlands then, the Pakistan highlands now are in process of rapid

social change. They are shaking off their ancient, barbaric way of life and are making their entry into the modern world.

A complete solution of Pakistan's tribal problem could, in fact, be counted upon as a certainty, and this in the near future, if there were no foreign complications. But, unfortunately, Pakistan's tribal districts adjoin her frontiers with Afghanistan, and her present relations with Afghanistan, as well as India, are unhappy. Nearly half the Pathans (or Pakhtuns, as they call themselves) live on the Afghan side of the frontier, and since Pakistan obtained her Independence, Afghanistan has claimed independence from Pakistan for 'Pakhtunistan', as the Afghan government calls the territory on the Pakistan side of the frontier that is inhabited by Pathans. While this dispute over 'Pakhtunistan' is poisoning Pakistan's relations with Afghanistan, her relations with India are being poisoned by the graver dispute over Kashmir. Thus Pakistan, in her foreign relations, has trouble on two fronts—, and so, today, has India. Till yesterday, India had trouble on her Pakistan front only, but today a second front, and this a very formidable one, has been opened up for India, suddenly and unexpectedly by the recent action of China.

To an outside observer, it is obvious that Pakistan, India and Afghanistan cannot afford to remain in bad relations with each other. President Ayub has proposed that Pakistan and India should join forces for their common defence instead of continuing to mass their forces against each other. And he has also proposed that the two countries should clear the way for this by making an effort to find some solution for the problem of Kashmir that both of them will be able to accept.

The Kashmir question is a very formidable obstacle to a reconciliation between the British Indian Empire's two successor states. Perhaps China may help—unintentionally and involuntarily—to bring Pakistan and India together.

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Prof. K. J. Newman

THE BACKGROUND OF BASIC DEMOCRACY

THE Basic Democracies Order of 1959 with its four-tier system of Councils of Local Self-Government has, like many other epoch-making pieces of legislation, a twofold nature. It is both revolutionary and conservative. It is revolutionary, inasmuch as it represents a bold attempt to break with pleasing but not altogether sincere traditions that grew up in the Free World after the end of World War II—to call any State a Democracy, provided it had at least one Legislative Chamber, whatever the state of civic awareness of the electorate may be. The Order is also conservative as it harks back to the reforms which Lord Ripon, one of India's most enlightened Viceroys, commenced in 1882. This farsighted statesman realized that legislative councils would remain useless debating societies without a corresponding growth of a "grassroots Democracy". To him institutions of local self-government appeared chiefly as an "instrument for political and popular education."[1]

He also shared with the authors of the present order the wish to base Local Self-Government on the remnants of the indigenous system of village-government (the panchayat system)[2], and to emphasize the importance of the smaller units of administration; in Ripon's case the sub-division of the present East Pakistan, and the tehsil of present day West Pakistan. Ripon also coined the term tier, for his system was a two tier system with a District Board super-ordinated to the sub-division or Tehsil Board.

The origin of the Union Councils is to be found in the response of the Bengal Government to the Ripon Reforms which became the Bengal Local Self-Government Act of 1885. The areas under each of the Sub-Divisional Boards were to be sub-divided into several Unions of villages, and each Union was to be placed under a Union Committee. Whereas the local boards would consist of educated and politically aware people, the membership of the Union Committees was to contribute first hand knowledge of local conditions. No doubt the authors of the Act envisaged a mutually fruitful cooperation, leading to an all round increase of administrative competence and poli-

1. See "Rural Self Government in Bengal" by N.C. Roy, Calcutta, 1936, p. 10.
2. L. Wolf, "Life of the First Marquis of Ripon", London, 1921, Vol. II, p. 100 and following.

tical education of the public, though it was frankly admitted that the election of non-officials on the local boards was unlikely to make for greater efficiency.

In the course of time, however, the aims and objects of the Ripon Reforms were lost sight of. The main reason was that people with political ambitions thought of the Union Committees and Sub-Divisional Boards as insufficient outlets for their careers, and concentrated their attentions on the District Boards and Legislative Councils. They thus set a fateful pattern of thinking far more of their own political prestige and careers than of the contribution which their country had every right to expect from them. The village people, on the other hand, left to illiteracy and political ignorance, continued to look, as they had done for thousands of years, to the bureaucratic machinery of government, and the indigenous traditions of self-reliance and self-government of local affairs further decayed. Apart from this the landlord remained the really effective force in the countryside of both parts of present Pakistan. For if it's true that Ripon introduced local boards to foster the growth of Democracy, it also is a fact that Lord Cornwallis "by introducing the Permanent Land Settlement, endeavoured to turn the landlords of Bengal into noblemen and squires on the model of the country gentlemen of England."[3] The difficulties encountered within the area of Local Self-Government were nowhere better portrayed than in Lord Harding's statement of policy on local government of 1915:

> "The smallness and inelasticity of local revenues, the difficulty of devising further forms of taxation, the indifference still prevailing in many places towards all forms of public life, the continued unwillingness of many Indian gentlemen to submit to the trouble, expense, and inconvenience of election; the unfitness of some of those whom these obstacles do not deter........"[3]

Further milestones on the road towards Local Self-Government on the territory of the present Pakistan were such legislative measures as the Assam Act of 1915, the Punjab Village and Small Towns Patrol Act, the Sind Local Boards Act and the Bengal Village Self-Government Act of 1919. These sought to extend and improve the realm of Local Government, and coincided with the era of what is commonly called the Montague Chelmsford Reforms. But the first instalment of Parliamentary Self-Government which these reforms also granted to the people proved too much of a counter-attraction and was destined to deflect most of the political interest from the welfare

3. Robert Carstaris, A. Plea for Better Local Government of Bengal, London, 1904.

of local government. Local Self-Government became one of the 'Transferred' subjects. It was "entirely the department of elected ministers, responsible to provincial legislatures with large elected majorities"[4]. This meant that the Central Government had no longer anything to do with the evolution of Local Government, and functions such as the distribution of finance, nominations to the local bodies or disciplinary measures became entirely playballs of provincial politics. As a consequence any change that might occur in the Provincial Cabinet, or even in the personnel of the Local Self-Government Ministry alone might vitally affect the policies and personnel of the Local Government bodies. The pattern of provincial politics, with all its lack of principle, opportunism, instability of Cabinets, as well as of political parties would find its backwash in the sphere of Local Government. Inasmuch as there were no stable and disciplined political parties in the Western sense, parties often tended to be mere conglomerations of ambitious personalities.

It was unfortunate that in the post-Ripon period the centre of gravity of local government was increasingly shifted to the District Boards, instead of the Local Boards and Union Councils. Paradoxically enough, the very fact that Ripon's recommendation to substitute elected and non-official Chairmen of the District and Local Boards, for the District and Sub-Divisional Officers who formerly used to preside, led to an ever growing degeneration of rural self-government. More often than not, a Legislative Assembly member who had been elected from a constituency in a certain district would secure election as Chairman or Vice-Chairman to keep a firmer grip on the District and to cement the foundation of his popularity in the locality; or else he might see to it that his man was elected. As there were several contestants to a given number of Assembly seats in a District, the District Boards' problems would, so far from being concerned with local welfare, be a mere subsidiary battle-field for the personal rivalries within the Provincial Assembly. The Sub-Divisional Boards, on the other hand, were of less interest to the political aspirants of the locality and soon lost their importance. Yet the gulf between District Board and Union Council was far too great for any kind of efficient self-government.

The Government of India Act of 1935 which increased the importance of the Provincial Legislature was, therefore, bound further to decrease the importance of Local Government. Often the Chairman or Vice-Chairman would partly be an absentee, as he may have to attend meetings of the Assem-

4. H. Tinker, Foundation of Local Self-Government in India, Pakistan and Burma, London, 1954.

bly. Though the Law provided for the appointment of an Executive Officer of the Board, such officers were in fact not appointed, and instead a Secretary without real authority became the rule.

As the overwhelming majority of the population of Pakistan still lives in villages, the general tone of political life in the country is bound to be determined by the general state of public awareness, or the existence of an informed public opinion in the villages. Village Government in West Pakistan has hitherto been rudimentary, but even in East Pakistan it cannot be said to have been entirely successful. The only sure source of income was the so-called chaukidari cess (levy to keep up the village watch) and an education tax. The Union Board was merely concerned with sanitation, the upkeep of minor roads, and water works. Apart from this they had very limited educational (like school management), and petty judicial powers.

Still the limited success secured so far is encouraging. There were in 1951—3,583 Union Boards in East Pakistan. People have come to understand that the Union Board or Council is the best means for improving the social conditions of village life. Often, whenever it could be explained to villagers that a certain scheme was in their interest, (such as the digging of tube-wells, irrigation, drainage, or sanitary measures) the villagers were not only ready to contribute financially, but also by their labour[5]. Their meagre finances and the many serious drawbacks (such as lack of civic education, factionalism supported by party politics, selfish or corrupt leadership) were paralysing factors. Still the experiments with village self-government hitherto must be regarded as sufficiently encouraging to justify one on a larger scale, and this is one of the most important functions of the Basic Democracies.

An important factor which hindered the development of democracy was the lack of general education on the part of the overwhelming majority of the masses—though it should not be forgotten that literacy alone does not qualify a people for democracy. As Bryce observed long ago, the citizens of the politically highly developed Athenian city State did not get their political education from a daily newspaper, but from talking to each other about their immediate problems and needs and by obtaining practice in the art of administering their own affairs.

The Indo-Pakistan subcontinent received its first lessons in Democracy from England—the cradle of constitutional and parliamentary Government. Yet the revolution of British Democracy did not, in the first place, grow from the grass roots, though the Puritans and John Locke first stated the theories which eventually were to inspire practical popular government in the

5. Ibid., p. 129.

New England Townships of the U.S.A.[6] There, and previously in Switzerland, men learnt democratic processes through the hard but excellent school of Local Self-Government. Bryce commenting on the pre-requisities of this "Basic Democracy" thought: "Reading is merely the gate leading to the field of knowledge...and knowledge is only one among the things which go to the making of a good citizen. Public spirit and honesty are even more needful."[7]

Inasmuch as Britain, after her conquest of India, did not follow the policy of British settlements as adopted in America, Australia, or New Zealand, it might be said that she was from the start reconciled to the ultimate loss of the subcontinent. But Britain pursued, particularly since the War of 1857, a policy of gradually imparting her own institutions to the subcontinent. This was not an easy undertaking. The problem was, as Sir Reginald Coupland put it, "how British institutions could be separated from their form and animate an autocratic government"—and autocratic government had to be which was derived from the management of a trading company. Idealists such as Burke, John Stuart Mill, Ripon, or Morley continuously met with the stiff opposition of the Indian Civil Service, the men on the spot, who faced these reformers with hard administrative facts. Moreover, some of Britain's own enlightened and far-sighted men, including Macaulay, Salisbury, Curzon and Balfour doubted the suitability of British institutions where the subcontinent was concerned.[8]

Yet the only form of Democracy with which indigenous leadership, brought up on the British legal system, was acquainted was the Cabinet type. It seemed to them that Britain which prided herself in the most liberal type of institutions was withholding something from them to which they were entitled. It was they who continuously urged Britain to extend to the subcontinent her own institutions, and who were impatient with the slow progress made.

The result was the growth of a kind of Dualism. There was the traditional steel frame of subcontinental Government run by the Governor General, the Governors and the I.C.S., and there were then, on a higher level, legislative bodies gleaming forth as a desirable goal and career to public minded men. Britain conceding gradually self-government did so by instalments and with the necessary safeguards. Against the background of the ever-increasing demand for self-determination and Independence these appeared as the half-hearted concessions granted by a power reluctant to

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6. Ibid., p. 206.
7. A. D. Lindsay, The Modern Democratic State, p. 117 and ff. London, 1943.
8. Bryce, Modern Democracies, Vol. I, p. 88, 1920.

part with her Empire. What was lost sight of in the midst of the struggle for national independence was the fact that the policy of granting "Democracy by instalments" had also a beneficial side—inasmuch as it gradually educated a slowly widening circle of citizens for Democracy.

In 1935 the system of "Dyarchy" was to be introduced into the Central Government, whereas "adequate safeguards" became the watchword of Provincial Government. It was tragic that in the same degree in which legislative bodies developed on the subcontinent, the interest of the intelligentsia in Local Self-Government decayed; for the chances of election to the Legislative Assemblies were a counter-attraction which they found impossible to resist.

Moreover, when Britain granted Independence to India, Pakistan and Burma, Government was simultaneously handed over to single political parties in all these three countries: In India to the All-India Congress Party, in Pakistan to the Muslim League, in Burma to the A.F.P.F.L. Would eventually a two-party system develop which has ever been the mainstay of both the British and American forms of Democracy? Admittedly experiences during the ten years between 1937 and 1947 were none too encouraging.[9] For, whereas the Hindu majority Provinces rigidly followed the One Party pattern (and political life in the Indian Union is a continuation of this pattern), the parliamentary structure in the Muslim majority provinces of undivided India depended on a multiplicity of splinter parties, these groups continuously formed and destroyed unstable Coalitions centred around individual aspirations. Although the unique genius of Quaid-i-Azam was able temporarily to overcome disunity and indiscipline in his fight for Pakistan, his and Quaid-i-Millat's death so soon after the achievement of Independence, and the following weakening of the Muslim League led to a revival of the pre-Independence pattern of Muslim politics with all the egocentrical individualism and opportunism which this implied.[10] This meant that vital national issues such as constitution making, the One Unit, Separate Electorates were freely adopted and then abandoned by the self-same parties to suit their momentary convenience and that the stability of Government, not unlike in the Fourth French Republic, depended on the opportunity of self-seeking politicians to gain ministerial office. There was also the uncontrollable ambition to retain office and shelve elections in defiance of parliamentary practice, a callous

9. Coupland, the Indian Problem, 1944, pages 18-27.
10. See for a comparative analysis of parlimentary experience in the Hindu and Muslim majority provinces of Pre-Partition India, K.J. Newman's "Pakistan's Preventive Autocracy and Its Causes" in "Pacific Affairs", March, 1959, New York, pages 19 and 20.

disregard for the need of the constituents in times of famine, floods, and disease. On the other hand, the politicians had been trained sufficiently in the traditions of "dual government" to use recklessly "safeguards" and "emergency power" for purely party political reasons.

The only power which could check these phenomena might have been an enlightened, critical, and wide awake public opinion. But the neglect and decay of local self-government had made the growth of a responsible public opinion impossible.

The franchise to the Legislatures had been made general. But considering that the majority of the rural people were not only illiterate but had received very little training in judging or administering their affairs at the local level, how could they, in all fairness, be expected to judge complicated matters such as constitutional questions or foreign affairs, at the national level? For that amount of self-respect and independent thought which is indispensable for exercising the franchise, people had neither a sufficiently wide horizon, nor economic base.

Moreover, even after independence the dual system of government persisted. There were on the one hand, the districts with far few officers, who were responsible for administering territorial units of such huge size, as was quite beyond their power to administer. There were, on the other hand, the legislators who worked with easily understandable and yet misleading catch-phrases, aiming purely at the getting of votes in times of elections, and without regard to the needs of the people. There were thus on the one hand legislators who realized that they were dealing with an electorate unable to judge their real merits or demerits, and an officers class brought up in a tradition of separateness from the people; and there was the mass of the people unable to learn the techniques of self-government. This meant that a situation had arisen in which the immediate needs of the people, were not only not catered for but which promised little improvement for the future.

The Basic Democracies Order represents thus an attempt to put first things first. Count Stadion, the great liberal Austrian statesman of the revolutionary year of 1848 had said: "The foundation of the free State is the free Commune". In this he merely voiced the opinions expressed in Alexis de Toqueville's famous classic "Democracy in America," which appreciated the working of "Grass-roots Democracy" in the New England Townships.

This is what the Basic Democracies Order is trying to do. But Pakistan cannot count, as New England could, on the self-reliant descendants of freedom seeking immigrants, but is confronted with a majority of rural people who are just emerging from the era of Feudalism. The new law is

well designed to break that parallelism of the people and the civil service which so long had frustrated democratic development. The basis of local self-government are the Union Councils for a number of villages, and the Union Committees for urban areas. Whereas the urban committees are wholly elected, the rural councils will be partly elected and partly appointed. This is necessary to avoid inexperienced councillors gettingundertheinfluence of some powerful but unscrupulous local man. They are headed by elected Chairmen. The great and unsurmountable gulf that formerly existed between the Union of villages and the District, comprising sometimes between 4 and 6 million people, is now bridged by the Thana and Tehsil Council which is sufficiently small to allow effective administration. It consists of the Chairmen of the Union Councils and Committees, and some appointed and official members. It is headed by an experienced government officer. This cooperation between elected, appointed, and official members continues also in the District Council, and in a new creation—the Divisional Council, which serves as a useful agency of decentralization in respect of the Provincial governments. The aim is, therefore, to allow the citizens to learn the art of local government with the regular civil servants acting as their instructors, without being their masters. Elections to the Union Councils have already taken place, and they are held on the basis of general, public and secret elections. Amongst the functions which local self-government is to perform, the Order names all those tasks which are normally within the local bodies. But the Law also provides for far-reaching powers of delegation by the higher authorities to the Union Councils. A Local Councils service has been constituted to supply trained personnel. The local bodies have also been given fairly wide powers of raising revenue, which should provide Local Government with those financial resources the lack of which had for so long been badly felt. Amongst the 28 compulsory functions prescribed for the Districts are provision and maintenance of primary schools, of libraries and reading rooms, of hospitals and dispensaries, public roads and bridges, sanitation and public health, vaccination, and adoption of measures for increased agricultural production. The District's optional functions are divided into educational (higher education), cultural (information centres, public radio sets, civic education), social welfare (welfare homes, asylums, orphanges), prevention of beggary, prostitution etc., economic welfare (model agricultural farms), protection of crops, distribution of fertilizers and their popularization; promotion of agricultural credit; irrigation, forest protection; markets, industrial schools, cooperatives.

In respect of Public Works the improvement of the means of communications, drainage, water-supply, paving of streets, town and village planning,

and the construction, management, and maintenance of works of public utility are a few worth mentioning.

Besides the special competence, the District Councils have also been given a general authority, which will be of particular interest to students of Public Administration and Administrative Law: measures likely to promote the religious and moral advancement and increase the material prosperity of the local area and its inhabitants. Pakistan thus continues to assert that far from believing in purely material values (and while recognizing the importance of material advancement) she still gives first priority to spiritual and moral values.

The District and Union Councils have also been given the right to levy their own taxes. Amongst these the tax on the annual value of buildings and lands, on the transfer of immovable property, on the import of goods into and export from a local area, on births, marriages, and feasts. This latter tax is noteworthy inasmuch as it aims to be a check against over-population. There are taxes on cinemas, vehicles, school fees, licences, and for the slaughtering of animals.

The new law makes also provision for utilizing the very considerable manpower resources of the country, so far untapped, for national development. A special community tax is provided for the construction of public works of general utility for the inhabitants of local areas, from which those who participate in these work by voluntary labour may be exempted. This is a most realistic provision which takes into account the generally low taxability of the people, and yet aims at enrolling all available hands for the national building and planning effort.

The new Union Councils and Committees have, like their predecessors in the sphere of Local Self-Government, apart from Police, Education and their general competence, certain judicial functions which have been largely extended by the new Act. By the list of offences which are punishable under the Order, its authors have shown a far-reaching and intimate knowledge of certain specific anti-social habits which have so far stood in the way of smooth neighbourly relations and the Basic Democracies have declared total war against these habits which have so long obstructed genuine civil evolution. Punishable for example is the erection of those bamboo buildings which people used to build on public thoroughfares or other people's property without permission. Punishable it is not only to make drinking water unfit for use but even the drinking of water suspected of being dangerous to public health—a much needed rule aiming at checking waterborne diseases, such as Cholera. It is now an offence not to remove dirt or dung, or not to keep latrines or drains in proper order, or even allow a drain to overflow into a

street or the failure of any person to report a case of an infectious disease, or the failure to disinfect an infected building. Even the sale of food or drink by an infected person is punishable; so is begging importunately or exposing any deformity or disease with the object of exciting charity. A frontal attack against a long standing abuse is the threat of punishment against those who cause or permit cattle to stray or the playing of music and radio at all hours of the day and night; or even the failure to lime-wash or repair a building.

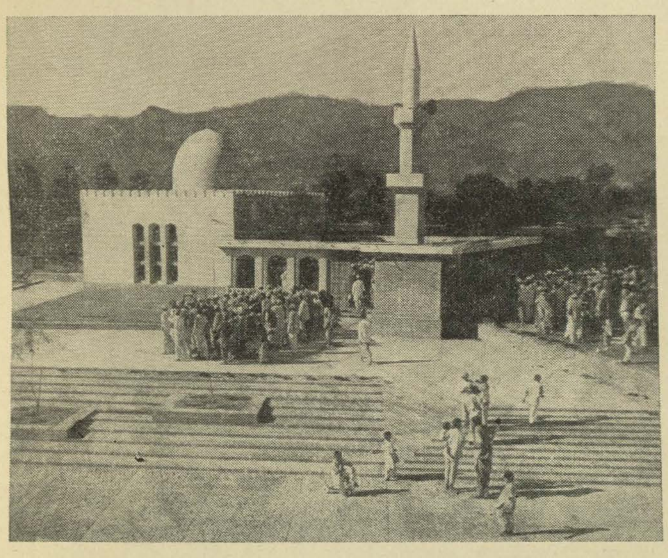
The importance of the Basic Democracies goes, however, far beyond their role as agencies of Local Self-Government, and a training ground for democratic citizenships. Their elected members form the Electoral College which has been given the power to elect the President of the Republic—as in France.

According to a recent announcement by President Ayub Khan, they are also to elect the members of the Legislature. They thus represent the politically most trained and aware sector of the common people, and till such time as civic education has made more progress, stand for the people of Pakistan.

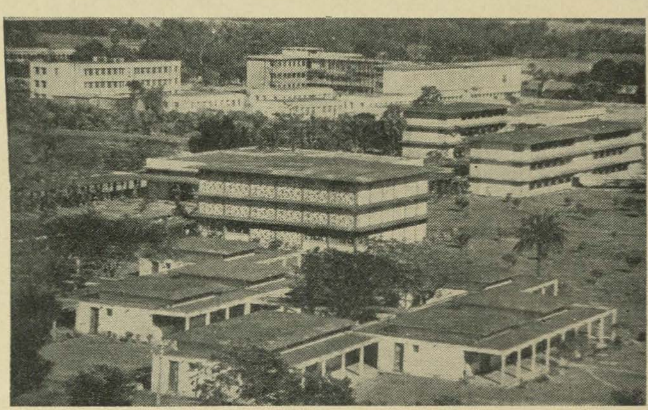
In the words of the President, the Legislature is thus to be united with the Executive, and the new Law represents thus an admirable effort to abolish the watertight compartments in which popular representation and the trained services used to develop. The aim behind the Order is clearly to encourage the people to learn the art of administration from the services, and make the services work for the people. These are but necessary pre-conditions of true Independence and Democracy.

In conclusion it might be recalled that when full Independence was granted to Pakistan in 1947 the process of education for Democracy was far from being complete. In its efforts to impart the democratic system to the people, Britain was necessarily handicapped by the fact of being a foreign power. A national government seriously concerned about the reform of the social and political structure of its own country has no such handicaps. As with any other instrument Democracy is one which serves those well who are skilled in using it. It is at the development of just such a skill that the Basic Democracies Order is aiming.

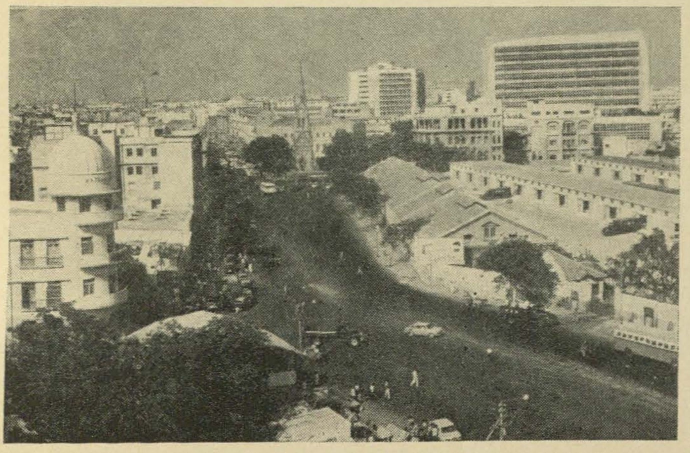
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A mosque in Islamabad, the newly built capital of Pakistan, near Rawalpindi.



The Pakistan Academy for Rural Development, Comilla, East Pakistan—the epicentre of revolutionary changes in the rural economy of Pakistan.



"The Golden Mile" in Karachi, the hub of financial and business activity on McLeod Road.



Quaid-i-Azam Mahomed Ali Jinnah speaking at Peshawar before a gathering in Cunningham Park, and holding the audience spellbound, as he did wherever he spoke from Khyber to Chittagong.

Prof. L. F. Rushbrook Williams

PATTERN FOR PAKISTAN

EVERY trained observer of the modern political scene should, I think, approach the problems of a country which has recently emerged into nationhood with a certain diffidence, based upon the feeling that the right to be critical of the things which he sees ought to vest, not in him, but in the people of the new State. Particularly is this the case, as it seems to me, when the observer is British, and the country is one which had remained for many years under British rule. To come back to Pakistan, and to receive the warm welcome from friends old and new which is so characteristic of your society, is to be made to feel at home—so much at home, indeed, that one is perhaps tempted to express judgments, which in the nature of things are likely to be superficial, more freely than is compatible with the ordinary relationship between guest and host. This temptation is all the greater because, in addition to the welcome which the people of your country generously give to visitors from mine, there is another national trait which has always seemed to me as remarkable as it is admirable, and that is the Pakistani love of frank speech. Once you have accepted a foreigner as your friend and well-wisher, you seem to expect from him a frankness which matches your own. We both of us, I am sure, know countries and nations—and some of them are great ones, too—which expect a foreigner to praise everything that he sees, and show deep resentment if his admiration is tempered with criticism, however mild and however courteously expressed. They ask for frank opinions, but are offended if these opinions differ in any degree from the high estimates which they hold of themselves. Not so with Pakistan. You often seem to welcome criticism, and even to invite it, provided only that you are convinced that the critic is a sincere well-wisher of your country.

This forthrightness, which I have always associated with the people of Pakistan for many years before Pakistan herself emerged into independent nationhood, imposes upon your guest an obligation to be completely honest with you, even at the cost of overcoming the diffidence which should in other circumstances shape a foreigner's attitude towards many of your national

problems. I think, indeed, that the best service which I can render to the cause of Anglo-Pakistani friendship is to underline some of the points which have struck me personally in the course of the visits which I have been privileged to pay to your country since it became independent. A good many of these points, I think, are still not appreciated in Britain, with the result that on the British side there has been a misunderstanding of much that has happened recently in Pakistan, while in Pakistan there has been some disappointment at British failure to evaluate the nature of the new developments which seem likely to rank as one of the most important landmarks in your national history.

Quite apart from the warm personal friendships of long standing which bind close together so many Pakistanis and so many Englishmen, there is a deep feeling of affection for Pakistan among the people of Britain. To analyse the causes of this feeling adequately would lead me too far from the theme of this article; suffice it here to say that it is based partly upon the traditional British admiration for a small new nation which faces its gravest problems with courage and fortitude; partly upon a deep common sense of sportsmanship, partly upon a genuine admiration for the sturdy and soldierly qualities of your people; partly upon the forthright nature of your foreign policy, which scorns neutralism and recognizes that a nation worthy of the name must have enemies as well as friends. Yet in spite of all this warmth of feeling towards you in Britain, the ordinary man in my country remains deeply puzzled about what is happening in yours. Few things have impressed me more, and indeed saddened me more, since my return to Britain from Pakistan, than the prevalent British misconception that Pakistan has somehow fallen from her original ideals, that she has become the prey of ambitious leaders, that her feet are now on the path which leads to national decline. These nonsensical views are not, of course, held either in high quarters, nor are they to be found among people responsible for shaping the relations between our two countries. But, none the less, they are surprisingly widely prevalent among many people whom one would have expected to know better; and, if uncorrected, they may in time even do real damage. The encouraging aspect of the situation must not however be ignored. It is this. If once the real facts are made known, the reaction is immediate and warm. Time and time again, after I have explained to British audiences what, in my view, your revolution really means, I am told: "How glad we are to know this! We never really believed that Pakistan could go the way that Egypt and Indonesia are going; but the abolition of parliament and the proclamation of Martial Law did give us a shock!".

In my small way, I have been trying, and I am still trying, to remove

some of the more dangerous of the misconceptions about the nature and aims of your recent revolution because, both as historian and as a member of the generation which was privileged to know and admire both Quaid-i-Azam and Sir Muhammad Iqbal, I can perhaps form a clearer idea of what your present Government is trying to do than is possible for those among my countrymen who have not quite the same background. The British people have a strong sense of tradition, and when they are told that the object of your revolution has been to bring your nation back to the path which these two great men laid down for you, they see the point at once. It would be foolish to deny that what sticks in the throat of many of Pakistan's well-wishers in Britain is the abolition of parliamentary government and the institution of Martial Law; but when one explains to them what kind of Parliament you were cursed with, and how Martial Law operates—not as the rule of the jack-boot but in aid of civil authority and sound administration and national progress—the whole picture changes for them. In Britain, as you know, we are bred up to distrust profoundly any regime which does not depend directly upon the will of the electorate as expressed by secret ballot under adult suffrage. This is partly the result of history; we still remember the drastic restraints on individual liberty imposed by Cromwell's "Major-Generals", and, more recently, by the regulations current during two World Wars. But it is also partly the result of overlooking the fact that our own parliamentary institutions are immensely ancient; that we have had ample time to correct their defects and to shape them to our needs; and that their basis rests upon an even older tradition of civic responsibility and voluntary, unpaid public service in local affairs. Thus the upshot is that we tend to forget that the situation of other nations—particularly of nations younger than our own—may be quite different in as much as a corrupt and unrepresentative Parliament whether local or federal, may be an unmitigated evil, for which there may be no cure but to scrap everything and start all over again.

It seems to me that one source of some of the misconceptions current in Britain about Pakistan is the natural time lag which afflicts all the information that one country possesses about another. There can be little doubt that during the five years prior to October, 1958, some of your warmest friends in Britain were deeply disturbed about the shape which things appeared to be taking. You seemed to have lost—at least for the moment—that magnificent upsurge of patriotic devotion which had brought your country to birth under the inspiring leadership of Quaid-i-Azam, and had triumphantly vanquished difficulties which to the outside world seemed quite insuperable. Intrigue, faction, and corruption, seemed to have rooted themselves deeply in your

public life to an extent which not only lowered the reputation of your country abroad and created political instability at home, but also damped and discouraged the ardour of the best of your public servants. Some of your best-known and most respected public figures were withdrawing from political life in despair; the morale of your people was suffering; the grievances of your peasantry remained unredressed; backstairs intrigues obsessed your frequently-changing administrations to the exclusion of urgent national problems. Some inkling of this distressing state of affairs crept into the consciousness of the British people. Thus when your October Revolution took place, there was a natural tendency, among those in Britain without first-hand knowledge of your country, to regard this great event rather as the climax of a process of deterioration than as the dawn of a new and better era. It was not a difficult mistake to make, granting the conditions which had afflicted your nation for the preceding few years; and, in conjunction with the other factors which I have mentioned, it promoted misunderstanding, and has led to the kind of misconceptions about Pakistan which still exist in certain quarters in Britain. It has also helped to produce that cautious reservation of judgment upon certain of the notable achievements of your new regime which, I am certain, must have been a great disappointment to your country. Perhaps one instance out of many will illustrate this attitude.

I happened to be in Pakistan when Martial Law Regulation, 1964, was promulgated, and I could thus personally inform myself about its far-reaching consequences, agrarian, social, political and economic. I was privileged to discuss it with some of the men who had planned it, and with others who were given the responsibility of executing it. I came to know what it meant, and to appreciate the magnitude of the turning-point which it represents in the development of your country. Yet when I returned to Britain, I found that comparatively few people knew anything about it; and that those who did know something were inclined to be critical on the ground that it did not satisfy some theoretical canon or other about "distributing the land to the tiller." On this matter, at least, I felt that I could fully share the disappointment of my Pakistani friends at the apparent failure of the British to recognize the merits of a most notable and courageous achievement which will revolutionize the agrarian system of Pakistan and at the same time undercut one of the most formidable sources of political corruption.

By slow degrees, I think, a truer knowledge of the present position of your country is gaining ground. The latest evidence of this is provided by the renewed interest of British businessmen in Pakistan as a field for British investment and British enterprise. Not long ago, someone brought to my

notice a weekly magazine called *Achievement*, which specializes in the affairs of business and industry. The issue which I saw contained a briskly written account, from the pen of the magazine's own Correspondent now touring Asia, of what the revolution has effected in Pakistan from the business-man's point of view. The article bore the bold headline: "It's now worth-while for British Companies to assemble in Pakistan." It gives a frank account of the existing difficulties of importers; but pays high tribute to the new atmosphere of energy and "doing things" which prevails, as well as to the success of the drive against corruption both in business and in public life, ending up with the confident prophecy that President General Mohammad Ayub Khan will succeed in his efforts to produce a stable economy. I take this as an encouraging sign which indicates how the wind of British public opinion about Pakistan may shortly be expected to blow. Our business-men here are notoriously well-informed; they cannot afford to be anything else. And what they know and feel will before long spread to wider circles and shape general opinion.

As I have already hinted, I regard it as something like effrontery for any non-Pakistani to pronounce judgment upon your new regime or upon the circumstances in which it took over power. But I have been asked so often by my own countrymen what I think of Pakistan today, and what effect the revolution has exercised in your country, that I have been obliged to find answers that will satisfy both myself and my questioners. Whether they will satisfy my Pakistani friends, I do not know; but I can at least say that these answers are not my own—they derive from one of the earliest and one of the greatest of Pakistanis—Sir Muhammad Iqbal.

This year, soon after my return from Pakistan to my own country, I was honoured by an invitation to preside over the annual meeting of the Iqbal Society, which is held in London every year on the anniversary of the day of Iqbal's death. Thumbing through my copies of some of Iqbal's works, I came across some pregnant passages in which the great poet and philosopher dealt with the nature of the future Islamic State which he did so much to bring to birth. No Pakistani can forget that Iqbal, not content with demonstrating the necessity for such a State, and forecasting its physical boundaries, laid down the characteristics which such a State would have to possess if it were to provide the necessary interplay between the individual citizen and the society in which he lives. He found there were eight essential requirements. The first was the devotion of the State to a monotheistic faith, for without this, the State could never found its policy upon the brotherhood of Man. The second was inspired leadership by men who were content to put their country before themselves.

The third was a code of conduct, recognized by the whole community as governing the relations between citizens. The fourth was a cognizable centre in space—a homeland for those who felt that only in an Islamic State could they live and labour freely. The fifth was an ideal objective, towards which the energies of the State and its citizens were to be directed. The sixth was a determination to master the forces of Nature, and, by implication, to cooperate cordially with those Western peoples who had made such mastery their particular study. The seventh was the determination to develop a social personality, a sense of civic responsibility, which would make the nation's interests an honest extension of the interests of the individual citizen. The eighth, and by no means the least, of these essential requisites was the provision of the fullest scope and ample opportunity for the development of womanhood.

Now it was precisely these principles, if I am not mistaken, which inspired Quaid-i-Azam in his great work of nation-building and which, under his guiding hand, stimulated that phenomenal development which, in the early days of Pakistan's existence, created a great nation where no nation had been before. After the death of Quaid-i-Azam, and after the assassination of his greatest successor, these principles ceased to guide the lesser men who followed. From that moment, there set in the gradual decline of your nation to the lamentable situation which existed until October, 1958. What the Revolution is doing, I suggest, is to revert once again to these principles, and to rediscover, along with them, the secret of the phenomenal process of nation-building which astonished the world in 1947 and 1948. This, I tell my countrymen, when they ask me about Pakistan today, and what the Revolution is doing, what is now happening. We are witnessing the rebirth of a nation as that nation rediscovers the original springs of its greatness, and bends all its energies, under the direction of patriotic and strong leaders, to make up the ground that was lost by the years of wandering in the wilderness for lack of inspired guidance.

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Prof. Wayne Ayres Wilcox

NATION - BUILDING—THE PROBLEM IN PAKISTAN

ONE of the most vivid and suggestive phrases in the new lexicon of the developing countries is "nation-building". Its entrance into the language is recent and yet, despite its youth, it has joined "Take-Off" and "The Revolution of Rising Expectations" as the focus for discussion and policy. Like so many phrases which capture our imagination, nation-building somehow summarizes the whole of the booming, buzzing confusion of twentieth century Afro-Asia. There is a natural tendency to symbolize extremely complex problems and processes in this sort of verbal shorthand.

The student of Political and Social development has an obligation, however, to make explicit the context and precise meaning of the phrase as it relates to particular areas and eras. Words, after all, have no magical quality of self-definition, and we lack the precise quantitative notions of our fellows in economics. The following lines are an attempt to explore the broad outlines of nation-building in Pakistan, both with a view toward a specific definition of the phrase, and toward a more clear understanding of the problems of Pakistan.

John Owen, for the past four years a visiting UNESCO Professor of Sociology in Dacca University, East Pakistan, has recently voiced a severe indictment of the country[1]:

> "In a very real sense, the East Pakistanis today, like their counter-parts in West Pakistan, are not a nation but an ill-assorted group of divergent elements divided against themselves, disunited except for a negative attitude to India. Pakistan was not ready for nationhood in 1947, and it is still not ready."

But for the date of the article, and the author's nationality, this paragraph could have been part of the cable sent from Calcutta to London before the passage of the India Councils Act of 1892. It noted that "Indian society was essentially a congeries of widely separated classes, races and communities, with divergencies of interest and hereditary sentiment," and presumably

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Note: This paper by Prof. Wilcox was read out at a meeting of Asia Society, New York.

1. The New Leader, November 11, 1963. "Letter from a Dismal Province".

challenged the right of election being offered for the first time to Indians.

Underlying these critical remarks about Pakistan as a nation is the notion that there is an "ideal" or "pure" variety of nation that bears no resemblance to Pakistan's "ill-assorted groups."

The modern notion of a nation is linked to Western European history, and in the 19th and 20th century was linked with the casuistry of national self-determination to political sovereignty. The character of the Western nation-state was defined by a commonality of language, culture, aspiration and loyalty. Of these factors, the most important stimulus to national self-awareness was language but its power was felt because of the forms of organization made possible by the state's place at the apex of personal commitment. The years in which Europeans became aware of their patriotism, witnessed the end of religiously defined politics, and tribes and sects found their way, uneasily and over a long period, to the new bonds of corporate action.

While Europe's new history of nation-building was being written in the blood of innumerable struggles, the nationals of the new countries were experiencing an increasingly common history. Urbanization and industrialization tore at the vitals of rural conservatism, and parochialism became unfashionable. The flood of Liberalism with its ideas of democracy and mass participation brought all of the Estates into a common forum, and from this national forum went out the message of the new nationalism. Increased literacy and mass education brought the millions into closer contact with their fellows from frontier to frontier, and a common sympathy evolved. The story is not over in the Western world, and religious, linguistic and hereditary sympathies bedevil modern governments. Tammany Halls all over the developed world continue to thrive by linking "ill-assorted groups" to common interest, and hence to nation-building. And it is perhaps unfair to European history, with its wonderful confusions, to imputeto it such a simple unilinear development. The more it is examined, the more the "pure" notion of a nation seems to be polluted by reality.

If we conveniently ignore the centuries of European national development, and insist that modern Afro-Asian nationalism conform in spirit and particular to recent European history, we have assumed such a tightly constrained intellectual perspective that we are not likely to find any comparisons. If we establish a true nation ideal by romanticizing our own experience, we have done the cause of truth a great disservice.

Hans Kohn's many works on nationalism suggest that national patriotism or loyalty finds roots in the Semitic notion of a "chosen people". European nationalism was flavoured by arrogant chauvinism, but was not synonymous with it because it was not rooted in positive, eternal values.

God, after the Reformation, was left out of it except in oratory and the sacrificial hymns of war. In any case, the idea of a Christian brotherhood of man was an embarrassment, not a support.

The advent of the Muslims in the subcontinent is well known. Indo-Muslim culture finds mature expression with Babur's noble lineage, the Mughals, who created not only the architectural masterpieces of North India, but a language pridefully spoken by Hindus and Muslims alike, Urdu. Around Urdu grew the arts, and from it sprung all that was syncretic in Indian Muslims thought. This North Indian urban culture held the essence of the subcontinent's genius safe from the potential destruction brought by European scientific materialism. It is a proud heritage for all Indians and the Muslims consider it their own.

The European advent in South Asia is equally well understood, as is the plight of the Muslims after they were deprived of the throne in Delhi. The schools of Muslim children were largely supported by state and noble patronage, and when it was displaced, the community had no resources upon which to fall. The story is told in its sad entirety by Professor A. R. Mallick,[2] and it was not solely the Bengali Muslims who entered dark times.

It was not simply the fall from power and the loss of the fishes and loaves of patronage that accounts for the poverty of the Indian Muslims after British rule. The British hastened the process after the War of Independence of 1857 to settle some scores of that bloody episode. And when British education was offered to Indians, the Muslims were too proud and too sure it was full of Christian propaganda, to accept it with the alacrity shown by the caste Hindus.

The fall from power, and the increasing isolation and poverty of the Muslim community accentuated class divisions. While Islam is an equalitarian faith, and makes its ideal a reality in congregational worship, it did not eradicate the divisions of caste and class in its Indian homeland. Marriages remained within "tribal" limits, and personal loyalties were somewhat limited to small groups. The internal divisions of Indian Muslim society were enhanced during British rule, and two deep fissures developed, the first divided the traditional Muslim community and the Western-oriented elite, and the second was marked by the rise of provincial loyalties superseding broader, religious ties. The society of the Muslims on the subcontinent lost its political focus, and splintered.

In the early years of the 20th century, when British colonials lost

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2. British Policy and the Muslims in Bengal, Dacca, 1961.

faith in their mission, and Europeans were bled of their remarkable energy, the pressure of the new Asia, generated by British-induced social change, began to push the imperial banners back to White Hall's museums. The Muslims found themselves reinterested in politics, and increasingly apprehensive of the Hindu genius in the new society of British India. It was no accident of history that the Muslims were sensitized to politics first in the *Khilafat* agitation which set in stark relief the international threat to Islam and the Muslims from the Christian West following World War I. Almost simultaneously, the Westernized leadership of the Muslim League called attention to the threat of Hindu dominance to the subcontinent's Muslims who it was said, were under a potential dual tyranny.

Both sets of Muslim leaders found an audience in the halls of the universities, and, in the *mohallas* of the North Indian cities, the whole of the articulate Muslim public began debating its future. It is fair to characterize this verbal engagement as confused and diffused, but this was a true reflection of an honest searching after a place in the promised new India. The only significant result of the early days of soul-searching was that some sort of common effort would be necessary if the Indian Muslims were to have a more promising future than their condition under British rule. Final purposes of this common effort were left unsaid. It was enough to state the problem without offering a solution. Indian Muslim nationalism, which was later to lead to the creation of Pakistan, is essentially a movement in search of a solution, and therefore, is a bewilderingly complex historical phenomenon.

Various explanations have been imposed upon this movement. Its detractors would like to believe that it was the creature of the British *raj*, who, as popular wisdom has it, always divided and ruled. Another analysis is pseudo-Marxist, with a rising Muslim bourgeoisie turning to separatist politics to avoid domination by the better organized Hindu capitalists.

On the other hand, it seems clear that the mass appeal of the Pakistan Movement swept far beyond the confines of the "modern" sector of Indian Islam, and on occasion it is possible to find the very devils of the imperialist conspiracy trying to spike separatism. Nature remains more imaginative in its alchemy than we in our analysis. If anything is clear about Indian Muslim nationalism, it is that like its constituent society, it lacked a clear-cut goal in sociological terms.

The temper of Islam, the world's newest revealed religion, grows out of an entirely new world culture seven centuries newer than Christianity. If one imagines the Europe of 1344 in terms of the hold of religious sentiment, the vitality of Islam can be imagined, and like the Jews, who have

found themselves in the fierce pogroms of European history, the Muslims of India found themselves in danger of yielding to Hindus practice and art. To the vitality of the new faith must be added the intensity generated by a minority psychology. Strident Muslim nationalism develops, in fact, when Indian nationalism produces Tilak and the Hindu nationalists who see Europe as their model.

These characteristics of Indian Islam became especially important in the environment of the mid-20th century because popular participation in politics was granted before a secular social consensus had evolved from the industrial-urban revolution. The expanded franchise took the exclusive control of political development out of the hands of modern, urban leadership and introduced an increasingly traditional constituency. Under these circumstances, when people were asked where their loyalties lay, the natural result was a religious mandate. Especially for the Muslims, who were accustomed to viewing the external world from their minority position, common action justified by Islam seemed appropriate.

A final position which needs explanation is to be found in the differential rate of social change and community leadership which developed in the Indian Muslim community. The study of this development is incomplete, but it is clear that the front-ranners in the Pakistan movement were the Muslims from the minority provinces, and especially United Provinces and Bombay. Furthermore it is clear that the leadership from these provinces was drawn from the urban, educated professional middle class. It is natural that this group would feel a stimulus to avoid political control by non-Muslims sooner than someone in the former Bengal, Punjab or North-West Frontier Province where the Muslims were a majority.

The difference between nationalism and nation-building is essentially that one tends to trade upon notions of past grandeur and a negative reaction to colonial rule while the latter describes the creation of a new society and the evolution of a modern, common experience. Nation-building, therefore, symbolizes all of the creative works necessary to build not only a modern industrial economy, and a nation in the physical sense, but the common loyalties and co-operative attitudes which are prerequisite to modern society. Given the short span of Pakistani nationalism, and the traditional modern and national provincial divisions within Indian Islam, the task of turning from nationalism to the constructive tasks of social development would have been incredibly difficult.

The partition of the subcontinent did not make the task easier. Lord Mountbatten's hurried plans to move the date of independence ahead by a year caught Pakistan's leaders completely off guard. They had, in their

new capital of Karachi on the day of their independence, neither desks nor pens nor files. They lacked adequately trained civil servants, and the Muslim troops in the army were scattered throughout the subcontinent and were, in any case, considered to be part of a joint force under continued British command. The lines of partition gave to Pakistan only one major city, Lahore, and within sixty days after Independence it was in flames. Nine hundred miles away from Karachi lay East Pakistan, isolated from its other half. The government had to use all its resourcefulness to find money for the first payroll.

In a little more than a year, Pakistan had to face three hard facts, it had to provide for nine and a half million refugees, it had to fight a war in Kashmir which it could hardly mount, and it had to go forth without the father of the country, Quaid-i-Azam Mahomed Ali Jinnah. Only one of the provinces in West Pakistan had a healthy economy, and it was agricultural, while East Pakistan's jute fields were cut off from their factories in the Calcutta area. The very continuance of Pakistan was something of a miracle.

The first need of the Pakistanis was for a government, and for the first ten years of the country's life, it worked at building an army and a civil administration. The British had left behind them a good model for a limited, elite corps of "untouchables" and there were some Muslim members of the old I.C.S. who carried its spirit for Pakistan. The British were content to use the state for law and order and revenue collection, however, and Pakistan needed a development-oriented bureaucracy. The legacy, therefore, was mixed. In the beginning, the Civil Service of Pakistan kept the country alive. Later, it found the demands placed upon it intolerable and yet it would not relinquish authority to a new organization.

The army was also built on the British model, and almost half of the British Indian army was Muslim. The areas that fell to West Pakistan were the prime recruiting ground for infantry troops, but were innocent of the men of the air force and technical specialities corps. When the war for Kashmir developed, the Indian Government refused to transfer arms and stores from India to the new Government in Karachi. It was not until major United States military aid began arriving in Pakistan in 1955-56 that its leaders felt that the army could cope with the security needs of the country.

The problems faced in building a national administration and a national defence force were matched in the critical fields of banking and finance, commerce, shipping, manufacturing and in education, social welfare and medicine. The Muslims found that they were quite as "depressed" as the politicians had said they were in the nationalist sloganeering days. And it was an unhappy realization.

Fate was not kind to Pakistan's national leadership. The supreme chief of Muslim League died before his second year as Governor-General of the new country, and his place could be taken by no one.

He had, in the eleventh hour, led Muslim politicians, into the Pakistan movement regardless of their previous positions, and he had kept them there. After Independence, his decision was final and his voice meant unity. The second leader of Pakistan, Liaquat Ali Khan, had no sooner pieced together a working administration, concluded a peace of sorts with India and suppressed an army conspiracy, than he was assassinated. The men who followed were often dedicated, sometimes talented but rarely powerful. The control of Pakistan had passed to the civil and military services.

In part, the elimination of the national leadership was a natural development. They had come from Bombay and the United Provinces and they had no roots in Bengal or Punjab or Sind. Perhaps that is why they never exposed themselves for election. Their fate was sealed, nonetheless, because local leadership is important in every free society. At most, only seven or eight per cent. of the population of Pakistan was drawn from what became independent India. They were, furthermore, poor and divided as well as politically weak.

Nationalist leadership, therefore, was removed from control of Pakistan within four years after independence. They were removed by non-political forces, natural death, assassination, and their successors were not chosen but self-appointed. Lacking the popular mandate of the nationalist movement, and lacking too the sanction of the ballot, the political leadership divorced itself increasingly from the society as a whole. There were important elections in East Pakistan but they so thoroughly confirmed the weakness of the ruling party that they served as a negative example. In the years following Liaquat Ali Khan's assassination, Pakistan was searching for a leader who could capture the popular imagination and get on with the building of a nation. President Field-Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan has been in charge of the country longer than any other man in the country's history, and his was an unknown name during the nationalist movement.

To catalogue the problems faced by the country in the sixteen years of its life, is a humbling experience. In nothing much more than an irrigated desert and a swampy marsh, one hundred million people, heirs of a proud tradition, are attempting to build a new society to rival their historic one. For the past decade and a half, they have been forced to build almost from the basement up and have been deprived of their best old leaders. And this is but a preliminary statement of the problems of nation-building in

Pakistan.

More than any other aspect of Pakistan's national life, religion has served as the most studied factor in nation-building. More books, articles and speeches have sought to understand Islam's political role in Pakistan than have searched out any other part of its history. The speeches of politicians, from the beginning of the Muslim League until today, have been generously filled with references to "Islamic Republic", "Islamic State", "Islamic Principles" and even "Islamic Foreign Policy". By sheer weight of words, one would have to conclude that it is Islam which serves as the vital force in Pakistani nationalism.

Pakistanis, refugees from India as well as locals from East and West Pakistan, can agree in large part on the excellence and truth of their faith and the brilliance of its historic culture. This belief system moulds sympathies and establishes the ethical norms by which most Pakistanis measure life's cruel dilemmas.

While most Pakistanis can agree that they are Muslims, they cannot so easily translate its lessons, its heroes, its social ideal and its discipline, into a contemporary plan of action. Islam lacks a church and an organized clergy, and even if it did have a central directing bureau, it will not be very easy to mobilize and direct it to meet the needs of an increasingly Westernized, cosmopolitan urban leadership group.

Every government in Pakistan's 17 years of history has found itself with a crisis concerning the role of religion in the state, and most cabinets, lacking religious figures, have been at a loss as to how to direct the manifest religious conviction in the country. The Jama'at-i-Islami and the Nizam-Islam political parties actively attempt to infuse politics with religious principles, and Maulana Maudoodi is taken seriously in his strident opposition to the secular bias of the Government and the Constitution.

The issue is embarrassing not because Westernized leadership imagines that a full blown 7th century Arab state can be created, but because they cannot derogate the politics of Islam without calling into question their national existence (and their political fortunes as well). The religious parties put it very well: if this is not an Islamic state, what possible justification for Pakistan can there be? If a secular and prosperous secular state was our goal, why didn't we stay in India? Even President Ayub Khan was forced to retitle Pakistan an Islamic Republic after those words had been dropped from his Constitution.

The question remains as to how the religious conviction of the citizens of a state is turned toward the creation of the new society. Perhaps it is enough that the faith of individuals is linked with a particular state, and pro-

vides a deeply felt support for the national existence. With Islam linked to Pakistan in terms of personal loyalty rather than constitutional form, a strong support for national development would be present. And perhaps Islam should not be considered a flexible instrument in developing the society but rather a sturdy growth under-girding the state. Trouble has developed only when the religion has been highly politicized.

The preoccupation of Pakistanis with religion as a force in making a national consciousness, arises not only from the past and the nationalist movement, but from the obvious problems posed by the physical division between East and West Pakistan. President Ayub Khan's national integration speech of December 1963, puts the matter well:[3]

"It was to preserve our religious and cultural heritage that we fought for the achievement of Pakistan. And this common struggle waged by people of both of the wings is a factor which, despite the distance, forged a strong emotional link between us."

The fact is, however, that the President made the speech because the ties between the wings are strained with the pressure of many disputes.

And yet, Pakistan is one country with a common currency, post, legal system and government. Rarely ever will a politician in East Pakistan seriously suggest secession, because anyone educated enough to perceive the consequences, would understand how desperate the plight of an independent East Bengal would be.

Provincial jealousies are also found in India. Bengalis in Calcutta consider the Punjabi or Marwari outsiders as either uncouth or outside the true civilization, but it is not suggested that India is not a nation. Differences between the Indian Provinces is an ancient phenomenon but the modern state has been largely able to bridge cultural differences, especially where there are broader loyalties.

In fact, regional disputes between Bengal and the areas now in West Pakistan trace their origins to an attempt by the Muslim League to make Urdu the only national language. The Bengalis were incensed, just as they were when India decided to promote Hindi as the national language. The Bengali's pride in his language which produced figures of world stature in literature and thought, left little room for an appreciation for Urdu and Hindi. The issue was not squarely faced again until Khwaja Nazimuddin's ill-considered sponsorship of Urdu as the national language of Pakistan. Nazimuddin, although a Bengali, spoke Urdu just as most of the Bengali upper class Muslims did.

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3. First of the month Broadcast, December 1, 1963

The language issue[4] included both substance and illusion. It was, for many Bengalis, an issue of great emotional force; for senior politicians in the province, however, it was a handle with which to beat Nazimuddin's faction within the Muslim League. The interaction of emotionalism on the part of the masses and disunity in the provincial leadership and administration made the matter crucial. When a student died in a police firing, a martyr was created, and the "Shahid Memorial" served as a permanent factor embittering inter-provincial relations. But of the many areas provoking distrust and tension between the wings, this question was solved when Urdu and Bengali and English were allowed official status. Only the emotional residue remains, but it is potent.

Pakistan has not fully faced the implications of its language policy. True, Bengali speakers are finding their way into high posts in the province and the nation. This is happening with the simultaneous decline of English as the language of the civic or political culture. As the universities switch from the English language of instruction to that of the province in which they are located, the country faces the problem of lacking a *lingua franca.*

Leaving aside what a Soviet author would call the "nationalities question," the actual demand from East Pakistan seems to be two-fold; economic parity, or at least economic growth at a comparable rate with West Pakistan, and an equal voice in the Government of the country. These demands have led to the gospel of parity; 50-50 has become the slogan of the Bengali, and it has been written into the Constitution. The quantitative aspects of this demand seem ridiculous, if only because of the marginal utility of investment capital. The fact is that the resource base of East Pakistan is remarkably slight, its population growth (if emigration is considered) is among the highest in the world, and its density of over 1,000 souls to the square mile is devastating to productive agriculture. East Bengal is almost always within a hairbreadth of famine, and domestic capital seems absent. It should be noted, once more, that these conditions are not very different from West Bengal which has the largest industrial plant in Eastern or Central India.

It is not reasonable or rational to deny East Bengal economic development and a fair share of the developmental capital its cash crops help to earn, but neither is it reasonable to ignore the physical limitations to massive industrialization in the province, nor has the past record of the

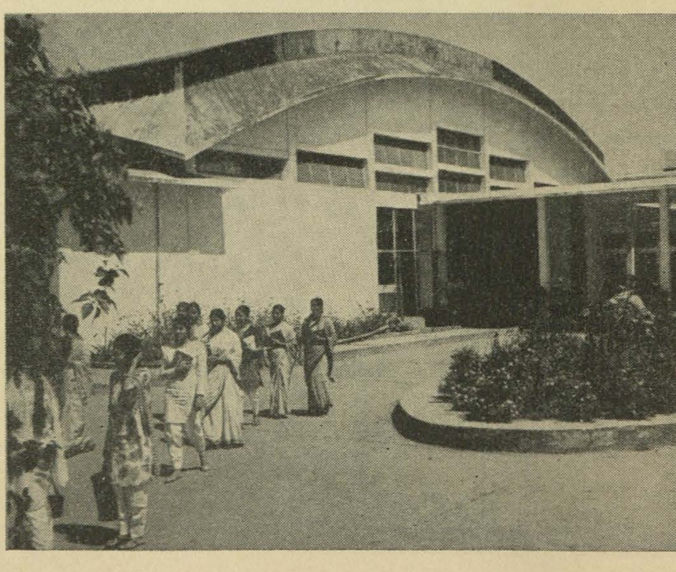
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4. The entire dispute is studied in Lawrence Ziring "East Pakistan and the Central Government, 1947-1958: The Failure of Democracy" unpublished Ph.D. Dissertation, Columbia University, 1962.

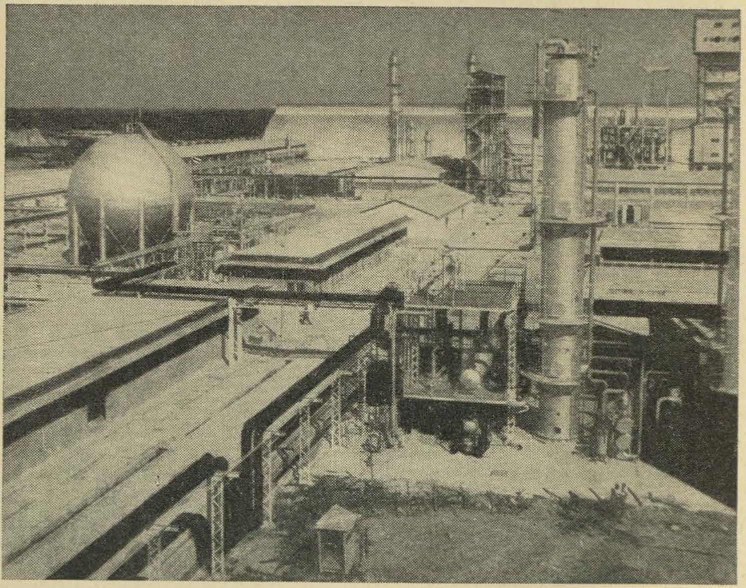


A view of Peshawar University showing students busy in botanical observations.

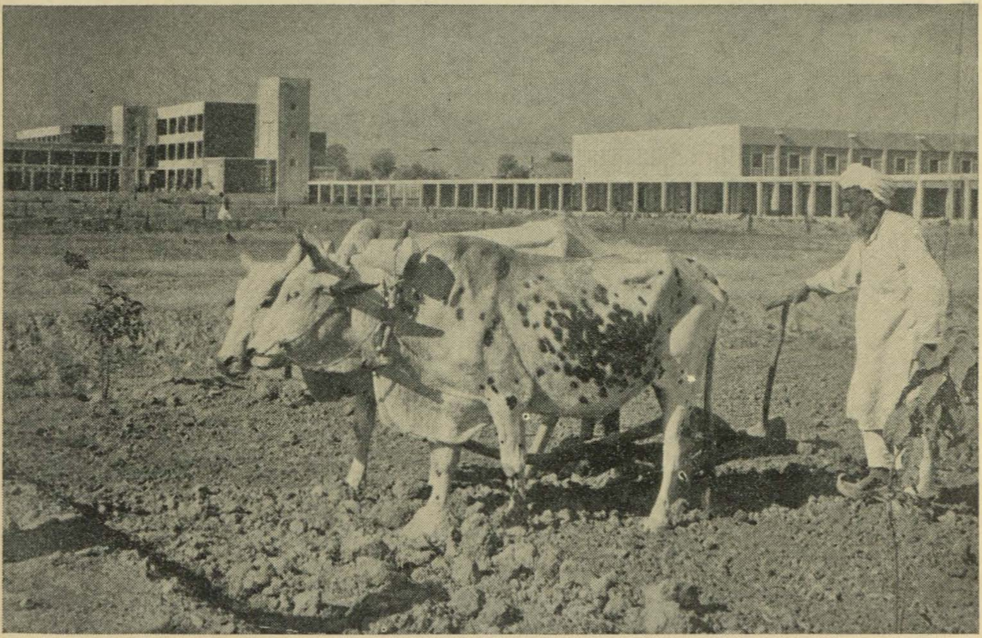
The College of Home Economics, Dacca—one of the four colleges of this kind where thousands of girls are studying upto the level of Master's degree.



The Fertiliser Factory at Fenchuganj in East Pakistan where production of chemical fertiliser has increased from 1,337 *tons in* 1957-58 *to* 1,86,241 *tons in* 1966-67.



The Pakistan Academy for Rural Development at Peshawar where much important work of rural development is initiated.



Central Government in aiding economic growth in East Bengal been a testament to equal partnership, in part because much of Pakistan's economic growth has been undertaken by the private sector which has been cautious. And considering the extremely low level of economic development in 1947, the achievements of the Government in installing electrical power facilities and trying to build a commercial infrastructure are impressive. There is no question that the situation in the province is grave, not because the economy is stagnant but because population growth is phenomenal.

What is seen as the argument for economic parity between the wings, is a much more complex bundle of themes. Economic imbalance is perhaps the most dramatic and visible, but it would be hard to minimize the frustration generated by the dominance of West Pakistan in the political leadership of the country since independence. Perhaps no government has made such a massive effort to meet Bengal charges of economic discrimination as that of President Ayub Khan, and yet perhaps no government has met such strident opposition.

The almost fanatical devotion of most East Bengalis to parliamentary democracy is not because they think that British growth is indigenous to both the Thames and the Ganges, but because they recognize that their numbers would allow them the possible control of a government responsible to parliament. One is constrained to say that if a people must go hungry, better that they are at least proud in their misery. This feeling or need of the province to more fully contribute to the orientations of Pakistan has offered a useful reservoir for feuding politicians.

Recognizing provincial problems for what they are, requires that they be considered peripheral to the real problem of nation-building. Those who have defined nation-building as economy-building have missed its essence just as have those who think that Pakistani culture must somehow level the difference of style and temperament between the Bengali and the Punjabi. What makes a nation is a common loyalty not a common standard of living or a common art form. For a people to remake their old societies in a new image, the first need is for a group identification with the new order.

Karl Marx, on his analysis of the stability of Asian society, concluded that the masses were in no way linked with the palace, with the result that empires could be swept from history with no trace in the social landscape.

Modern nations have a mass dimension, and are unique in history because of the breadth of popular identification and participation in common society. A modern national economy implies a mass market, not a series of autonomous village markets; a common currency, not subsistence agriculture leavened with barter; a mobile labour force divorced from here-

ditary obligations to the soil. The prime task of nation-building, therefore, is in emancipating the rural masses and bringing them into the more highly organized corporate and co-operative work of modern life. Nation-building is very largely a human problem.

In the physical department of national development, Pakistan has a splendid record. Assuming the base figure for 1959-60 to be 100, the industrial production index has climbed from 20 in 1950-51 to 230 in 1966-67 the installed electrical power supply from, 76,000 KW in 1947 to 1,871,000 KW at the end of 1967, and the developmental expenditure of Central and provincial governments has grown from Rs. 532 million in 1948-49 to Rs. 2,494 million in 1958-59, and Rs. 8,087 million in 1967-68.[5] In the last three years, the economy has grown at the rate of slightly over 4 per cent. per year[6], and this despite a defence burden that consumes over half of the total budget; a burden moreover which has been borne for the entire history of the country. There is no need to rely on statistics alone—any visitor to Pakistan sees visible signs of economic growth and progress in the industrial and urban sector.

In the human departments of national development, however, the record is unimpressive. The population is growing at a rate of about 2½ per cent. a year, and yet the literacy ratio has hardly fluctuated in ten years and hangs at a dismal 16 per cent. It should be remembered that the first indication the world had that something mighty was taking place in the USSR, was not the production of steel ingots, but an impressive rise in literacy. Most of Pakistan's population is under 25, and yet for a nation of 100 million there are only 8½ million students in all types of schools.[7] There is only one teacher per thousand population, and this is only a quantitative index.

The pattern of education continues to favour higher education even though the country lacks an adequate primary and secondary school system. The language of instruction in higher education is English, the elite's tongue, and the provincial student is lost in higher studies, providing he could find preparatory schools. The children of the intelligentsia and elite continue to be educated in mission and private schools, and move into higher education immeasurably better prepared than their fellows. One of the urgent tasks faced by the Martial Law Administration of President Ayub Khan was a revolution in education. The Commission on Education Report[8] is a

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5. This sentence has been revised.
6. See the Interim Report Series, Economic Officer, Embassy of Pakistan, Washington, D. C., Vol. III (2), November 1963.
7. According to Report on the Progress of Education in Pakistan, 1967-68, the number of students is 10,668,340.
8. Report of the Commission on National Education.

moderate approach to a revolutionary need, but even its recommendations were later drastically modified in the face of student protests and unpopular editorials.

It is a matter of pride for Americans to know that more than 80 per cent. of the new primary school buildings in Pakistan built in the last three years, have been built with US PL-480 rupees, but what will be the human product of our "bricks and mortar" investment?

Assuming literacy, it might be said that the Press was educating the nation. A recent survey by one of the most able Pakistani journalists, noted[9]:-

"In short, the real life of the people finds very little reflection in our papers. If one were to judge by the pages of our papers only, there is nothing going on in the country except endless wranglings between politicians, comings and goings of dignitaries, and a lot of sensational crime......The readers have the foggiest notion of what progress, if any, is being made in implementing the Five-Year Plan, or any of the other major national efforts", and then summarized.

"But, all said and done, a revolution is needed before we have what can be called a truly national press."

The reportorial isolation to the dramatic and the urban is not limited to newspapers, and Radio Pakistan faces the same problems in bridging the gap between the radio set owners in the cities, and the rural sets surrounded by villagers throughout 85 per cent. of Pakistan.

The whole problem of the rural, illiterate and poor peasantry has to be approached as a unit. The crisis in the countryside is self-evident. Despite the introduction of chemical fertilizers, improved methods, and expansion of irrigation facilities, agricultural production in the last 15 years has increased only 20 per cent. while the population has expanded almost 33 per cent. Pakistan's provinces, once considered to be the bread-baskets of India, are now deficit in food. Assuming optimistically that agricultural production will increase 21 per cent. over the Second Five-Year Plan, Pakistan will still require $735 million worth of foodgrains to sustain its population.[10]

Agricultural production cannot undergo a radical transformation without a human revolution. Just as the peasant's loyalities have not been stretched out to include the nation, neither have his mental horizons broadened to absorb new information on techniques, marketing, water-use in

9. "The role of the Press in Pakistan", Pakistan Quarterly Vol. XI No. 4, Summer 1963, pp. 15-16
10;

saline soil and the use of new equipment. A trained farmer is not just a factor in increased agricultural production, though that he is; he is a potential industrial worker, school teacher, radar set operator or bus driver in the new national economy growing in Pakistan.

In spite of realization, at many levels, that the countryside holds Pakistan's promise as a nation, rural policy lacks the drive to revolutionize the country. Pakistan's exciting beginnings with Village-AID was muffled when the programme ran into conflicts and was wound upon in 1961.

Once more, the problem of nation-building finds a political dimension in its complexity. Community development implies mass participation; mass participation implies a diminished bureaucratic control; the bureaucracy acts to inhibit the growth of mass participation. The drag on progress are not the masses but the bureaucracy. The peasants are illiterate and unenlightened and hence are denied full participation in national affairs, but because they are denied full participation they remain illiterate and unenlightened. This is the classic argument for democracy, and it is suggested in the full knowledge that it is not fashionable now to suggest that democracy is really applicable to non-Western societies. To the many sincere alternatives offered to representative institutions, on the grounds they are inadequate, the question which remains is whether these alternatives are capable of building a nation in human terms. Short of the totalitarian systems of the Soviet Union under Stalin and modern Communist China, which violate the true aspirations of the Pakistani people, it is impossible to imagine a system which has the potential for human integration possessed by representative government.

Moreover, most of the unresolved issues facing Pakistan must ultimately be decided by popular mandate. The role of Islam in the state, the orientation of domestic priorities, the relations with the Indian Muslims, tension between the wings or provinces, and the solution of the rural problems, presume that a national consensus develop. In the absence of coercive imposition, which by its nature is temporary, the only alternative is cooperation. Even if coercion seemed to answer Pakistan's needs, it is doubtful if the society is developed well enough to support an efficient tyranny.

Denying the assumption that democracy is a practical programme for national development does not necessarily vitiate the argument for representative institutions, for even if the society continued to be characterized by an extreme mass-elite division, the system would root leadership in social reality. In the past operation of election-less parliamentary government, many M.Ps. changed allegiance for personal gain, and democracy was thus branded as unworkable. In fact, the only real check on politicians is the



A group of healthy handsome Pathan children from Pakistan's north-western frontier.

The gun-swinging children of the north-western frontier, who once wandered aimlessly, have now armed themselves with the weapons of education.





A Pathan shoe-maker from Peshawar making beautiful shoes whose uppers are embroidered with silk and golden thread.

election machinery, supported by a political party. Party discipline is impossible to maintain if elected officials are free from public control, because without elections the party provides no useful service to the politician.

Party discipline, attentive politicians and the participation of the politically interested public in national affairs are products of functioning democracy. But even more productive of social change is the competition for political power which energizes rival groups of leaders, and forces them to mobilize support from the masses. The electoral process, and the real power of elected as against bureaucratic officials, is a potent agent in breaking down traditional notions about government. The activation and organization of popular participation in the life of a society is the definition of a modern state.

It is, of course, true that traditional leadership—landlords, religious figures, money-lenders and nawabs—continue to have a strong influence with the masses, and can often deliver bloc votes. Similarly, the tribal division in Pakistan's society presents problems not unlike those associated with Tammany Hall when New York was the melting pot of America, and no system can ensure that the able demagogue is denied a political forum for his vituperations. All of these problems are not too unlike those faced by the Western countries, and most of them will yield to the forward progress of education, literacy and political sophistication of a mature political culture. While Pakistan is learning to discriminate between the true and the false, it will also be making the crucial decisions necessary if it is to solve its vast social and economic problems.

The implementation of a democratic system of government is always an act of faith. Leadership is always sure that it knows best, especially if it is educated and technical leadership. Soldiers, civil servants and professors are almost always sceptical of the "mass mind". In the new countries the scepticism is more acute because the gulf between elite and mass is so enormous. Throughout Africa and Asia, the post-colonial governments have yielded their verbal commitments to freedom for a new paternalism even more smug than the one it replaced. There is a spate of economic planning, and guided, one-party states, but in each the plans are not being implemented in the countryside, and the guidance stops at the municipal corporation line. Implementation of national programmes faces the lack of mass participation, just as the agricultural policies of the USSR and the People's Republic of China are contraproductive.

In summary, nation-building is the building of human attitudes and a common set of goals. History teaches us that the aspirations of the massess and elites are not so different, and philosophy and religion suggest

that they must not be. The modern industrial West holds the key to the age-old problems of hunger, poverty and disease, but its true lessons transcend its manipulative skills. The human being has proven enormously imaginative when offered the freedom of free enquiry within the higher loyalty of a national civic culture. The system hinges on mass participation and involvement. Today, the effective population of Pakistan is only a small fraction of the census figure of one hundred million. Tomorrow, if it will wait, Pakistan can face its frighteningly heavy burdens with an entire nation.

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Dr. K. J. Newman

THE JUDICIARY IN PAKISTAN

Two categories of courts are anchored in the constitution of Pakistan, namely the Supreme Court, and the two High Courts of East and West Pakistan. These Courts and the subordinate Civil Courts are completely separate from the executive. There lies in all major criminal and civil matters an appeal or revision to the High Court.

The Supreme Court consists of the Chief Justice of Pakistan and form more judges. The Chief Justice is appointed by the President, and other judges also by the President, after consultation with the Chief Justice. Eligible for appointment are High Court judges of at least 5 years' standing, or High Court advocates of at least 15 years standing. The judges hold office until their 65th year of age, and cannot be removed from their office except by an order of the President passed after an address by the National Assembly, provided that an absolute majority of the total membership of the Assembly, and a majority of not less than 2/3rd of the members present agree. A judge may be thus removed for misconduct or infirmity of mind or body. No motion for the removal of a judge shall be initiated unless 30 members of the National Assembly support it.[1]

Apart from its function as a Court of Appeal in criminal and civil matters, this Court has a most important constitutional key position in three aspect:

I. The Supreme Court, according to article 164 of the Constitution, has original exclusive jurisdiction as a *Federal Court* in any dispute between:—

(a) the Federal Government and the Government of one or more Provinces;

(b) the Federal Government and the Government of one Province

1. The power of removal can now only be excercised by the President upon receipt of the opinion of the Supreme Judicial Council under Article 128 of the Constitution of Pakistan 1962. The Council consists of the Chief Justice of Pakistan, four other Judges of the Supreme Court and the Chief Justices of both High Courts.

on the one side, and the Government of the other Province on the other;

(c) the Governments of the Provinces, if and so far as the dispute involves;

(a) any question of a legal right;

(b) any question as to the interpretation of the Constitution.[2]

In Pakistan the High Courts of the Provinces and Supreme Court form one single hierarchy.

It should be noted that apart from the issues of prerogative writs or orders in this nature for the improvement of the fundamental rights, the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of Pakistan does not extend to citizens, but only to the Federal and Provincial Government. Citizens also have access to the Supreme Court, but they can assert their claim by way of appeal only.

Thus the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court stresses the role of that Court as a Federal Court. The task of the Supreme Judicial Tribunal in a Federal Union is to act as a balancing factor between excessive centralizing tendencies on the part of the Units. The history of federal governments, such as the USA or Canada, show that judicial opinion has tended to fluctuate between an assertion of nationalism and state rights. It would be idle to speculate now, before actual cases have occurred, as to in which way the Supreme Court might be appealed to as a Federal Court by the Union or the Units. Obviously, inasmuch as the Central Government has been given far reaching powers of over-ruling the provincial authorities by the Constitution itself the task of the Supreme Court in this respect is likely to be more limited. But possibly the limit of Federal and Provincial legislative power as enumerated in the fifth Schedule might be subject to various interpretations, just as the Commerce power of the Federation, or the allocation of Finance and economic potential between the various Provinces. At the same time the Constitution provides adequate safeguards against any malapropos excercise of the power of supersession or suspension of a Provincial Government (article 164). Pakistan has thus followed the true federal pattern. It has vested a great trust in the professional integrity of the Judiciary of the Supreme Court which stands as the ultimate guarantee that neither Union nor units will transgress the sphere which properly belongs to either of them. This Court is the protector of national unity.

Article 165 provides for an appeal to the Supreme Court from any

2. The original exclusive jurisdiction is no longer enjoyed by the Supreme Court under any of the headings given above.

judgment, decree, or final order of a High Court in Civil, Criminal, or other proceedings if the High Court certifies that the case involves a substantial question as to the interpretation of the Constitution. Even where the High Court has refused to give such a certificate the Supreme Court may grant special leave to apply if it is satisfied that the case involves the interpretation of the Constitution. Article 172 extends this jurisdiction of the Supreme Court also to the interpretation of the Government of India Act of 1935, or the Indian Independence Act, including any enactment amending or supplementing the said Acts or any Order made under the said Acts.[3]

The term "interpretation of the Constitution" implies that the Courts in Pakistan have been given the rights *to examine the constitutionality of Acts passed by the National and Provincial Legislatures,* so that they have the right, if *and when* the matter comes up before them in the ordinary course of litigation, to ignore a Law, though it was properly promulgated if they find it contrary to the Constitution which is the paramount and Fundamental Law.

If the Supreme Court finally declares the Provisions of Law unconstitutional this will not be published in the Gazette, but as soon as the judgment is issued, the other Courts will not enforce this Law any longer. If this happens, parliament must either accept the verdict of the Supreme Court or overrule it by way of Constitutional Amendment.

Articles 164 and 165[4] make it clear that Pakistan as a Federal State has not followed countries such as Britain or France where Parliamentary Supremacy prevails, but countries such as the U.S.A. and the self-governing dominions of the British Commonwealth such as Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India, which recognize the system of Constitutional supremacy. The system of Judicial Review is the fundamental law of the country, a law of a higher order than the bills passed by parliament and assented to by the Head of the State.

Normally the system of Parliamentary supremacy which allows parliament to supersede any and even a Constitutional Law is connected with a flexible and unwritten Constitution. This system, in its purity, prevails in the United Kingdom. Yet in England even the position has not always been the same. There was the famous decision of the Chief Justice Sir Ed-

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3. Analagous provisions exist under Article 58 of the Constitution of Pakistan 1962, but no separate provision is made for the interpretation of the Government of India Act 1935.

4. In the present Constitution, Articles 58 and 59.

ward Coke in the case of Dr. Bonham which had stated:

"And it appears on our books that in many cases the common law will control acts of Parliament and sometime adjudge them to be utterly void: for when an act of Parliament is against common right or reason, or repugnant or impossible to be performed, the common law will control it and adjudge such act to be void".

Yet even in France, which has a written Constitution, the judges are bound by the laws which have been passed by Parliament and cannot set it aside. An intermediate position was taken up by the constitution adopted by countries such as Austria and Czechoslovakia after the First World War.

Articles 137-147 of the Austrian Constitution provided for a Constitutional Court which was competent to deliver judgments on complaints of violation of the Constitution by the Federal and Provincial Governments, but could also ex-officio examine the constitutionality of any law. The principal drawback of this Court was the mark of selection of its members. These were themselves elected by Parliament and could, therefore, hardly be expected to annul the bills passed by the Legislatures. Similar was the Constitution and function of the Czechoslovak Constitutional Court.

As to the countries in which the Judicial Review of Legislative Acts is in force it is the United States which first made it part and parcel of their constitutional system. It should be noted that the written constitution of the U.S.A. contains no reference to "Judicial Review" though it is known that many Fathers of the Constitution favoured it, and it was frequently discussed before that Constitution was ratified. Alexander Hamilton himself assigned the interpretation of laws to the Courts and stated "if there could be an irreconcilable variance between the two (the Constitution and a legislative act of Congress) that which has the superior obligation and validity ought, of course, to be preferred; or in other words, the Constitution ought to be preferred to the Statute, the intention of the people to the intention of their agents".

The Government of India Act of 1935 first firmly supported the system of constitutional interpretation by the Courts. Article 205 of this Act allowed an appeal to the Federal Court if the High Court certified that the case involves a substantial question of law as to the interpretation of the Act or any Order in Council made thereunder, and article 104 provided for a case of original jurisdiction of the Federal Court where the interpretation of this Act was concerned. We may, therefore, see in the Act of 1935 the common ancestor of both the Indian and Pakistan Constitutions where the right of constitutional interpretation by the Courts is concerned.

The Pakistan Constitution does not clearly define the scope of judicial authority where the interpretation of the constitution is concerned. Yet inasmuch as a definite process for its amendment is prescribed, any law of Parliament which is not itself a constitutional law and yet transgresses the limitations set to the Legislatures by the Constitution must necessarily be void and the Courts are bound to treat it as if it had never been promulgated. There are, however, some specific references to unconstitutional legislation.

Article 4[5] of the Pakistan Constitution restrains the State from making any law in contravention of the Part dealing with Fundamental Rights.

2. Article 107[6] of the Pakistan Constitution and Articles 251 and 254 provide for the jurisdiction of the Courts in the case of repugnancy of laws of the Unit to laws of the Federation.

How do the constitutional rights of the courts of Pakistan differ from those of the U.S.A.? Doubtlessly the former do not have as wide a scope as the latter. They would be unlikely to go as far as diverting legislative policies into different channels. Because of the fact that the Constitutional Provisions are far more explicit than in the States, the need for constitutional "construction" will perhaps arise less frequently, but not entirely rarely. It is doubtful whether they could declare laws of Parliament void due to "general Principles of natural justice". In India so far the theory of "Due Process of Law" has not been recognized. In the case of Gopalan versus State, of Madras, the judges made it clear that they did not recognize themselves to be "the life blood of the Constitution" but were merely ready to declare how far the constitutional limitations of the legislation had been observed. It would appear that in Pakistan, the most ample scope has been given to the Judiciary in respect of the part dealing with Fundamental Rights which would be open to a fairly broad interpretation.

3. Article 169 of the Pakistan Constitution confers upon the Supreme Court an authority which is unknown in America and Australia, but may be found in the Canadian Constitution, namely the right of the President to ask for an advisory opinion on a question of law of outstanding importance. This rule which had a predecessor in Section 213 (1) of the Government of India Act seems to have originated from the right of the Crown to refer to the Privy Council any important legal matter. It should be noted however that such an opinion is by no means binding, though it could have far reaching consequences.

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5. Article 6(2) of the present Constitution.

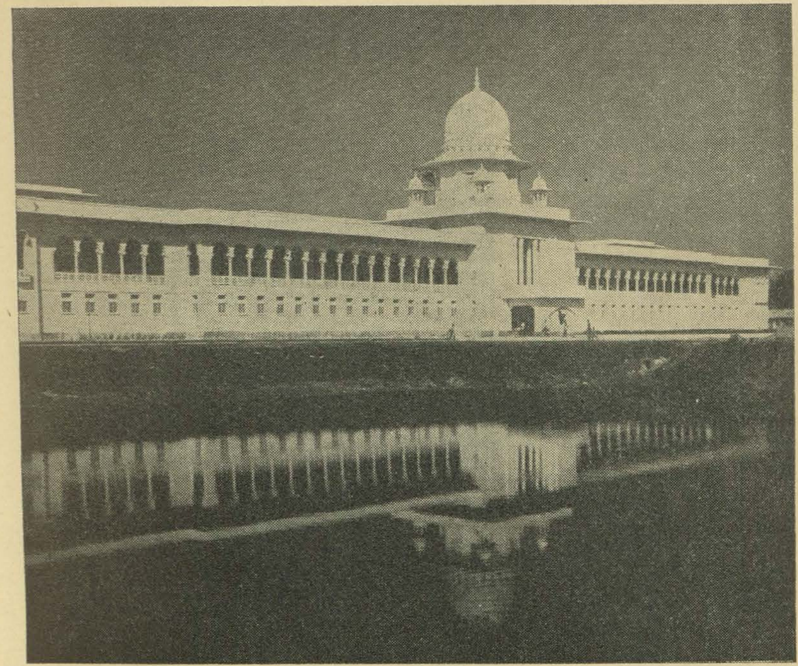
6. Article 131 and 134 of the present Constitution.

The Pakistan Constitution has given both to the Federal Court and to the High Courts far ıeaching powers to check any arbitrary acts by the administration. Article 22 has vested in the Supreme Court the right to issue High Prerogative Writs of Habeas Corpus, Mandamus, Quo Warranto and Certiorari which, in England, are issued by the King's Bench Division of the High Court. The purpose of Article 22 is to assist the Supreme Court in safeguarding the fundamental rights. The powers are wide and calculated to re-enforce the jurisdiction of the Courts in respect of their duty of protection of the fundamental rights of the citizens, Article 17 gives the same right of issuing Prerogative Writs also to the High Courts.[7]

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7. As has been pointed out above, the Supreme Court of Pakistan does not enjoy any original jurisdiction under the Constitution of Pakistan 1962. This excludes the right of issuance of writs under the provisions of Article 22 of the Constitution of 1956. However, an appeal lies to the Supreme Court from a decision of the High Court under Art. 98 of the Constitution of Pakistan 1962. Article 98 confers upon the High Courts an extraordinary jurisdiction commonly known as the writ jurisdiction to issue directions and declarations to any Government body in respect of any action which is without lawful authority or is of no legal effect. The jurisdiction is similar to that exercised by the High Court under Article 179 of the 1956 Constitution, though the technical names of the writs are no longer applicable.



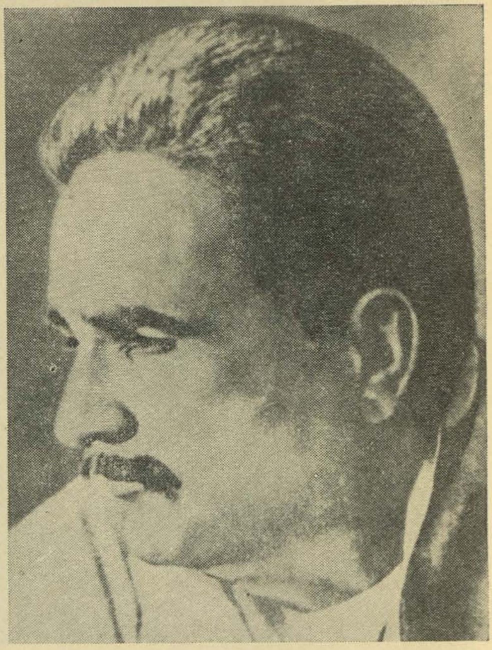
The new building of the East Pakistan High Court at Dacca.

The Chief Court Building at Karachi.



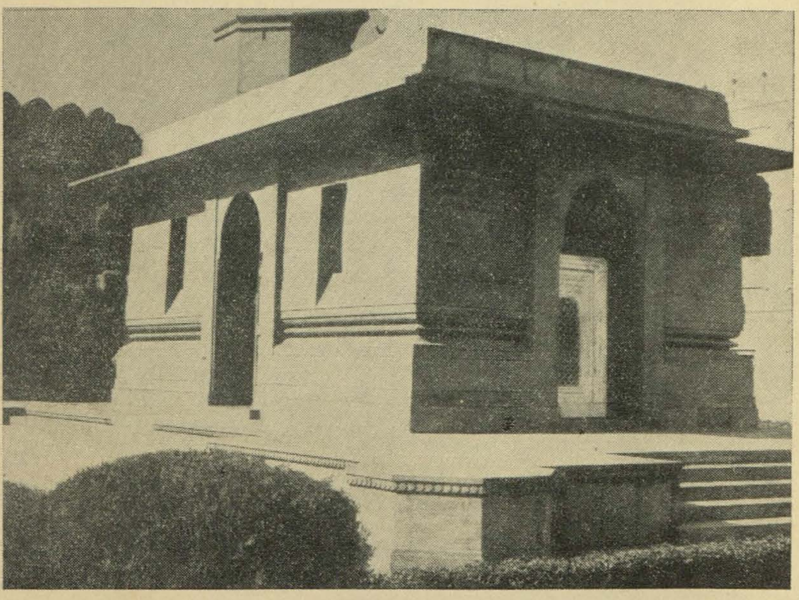


The hundred-year old West Pakistan High Court building at Lahore.



Poet and Philosopher, Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal, born on February 22, 1873, and died on April 21, 1938.

The last resting place of Dr. Iqbal in Lahore, in front of the Badshahi Mosque.



Dr. J. J. Houben

THE INDIVIDUAL IN DEMOCRACY AND IQBAL'S CONCEPTION OF KHUDI

ACCORDING to Iqbal the most fundamental fact of man's life is the absolute and irrefutable consciousness of his *own* being; the purpose of his life is to strengthen and stabilize this basic feeling of ego-hood which Iqbal calls "khudi". Thus wrote the regretted Mr. A.G. Chagla in his article "Some Aspects of Iqbal's Thought", the Triveni Quarterly, Vol. XVIII, No. 2, June 1946, page 5. It would, of course, be completely wrong to interpret Iqbal's doctrine in a mere naturalistic or rationalistic way. As we shall see later, this theory is wholly integrated within the frame-work of Iqbal's religious convictions. On the other hand it is of the greatest importance to enlarge on this basic doctrine and to make clear what it holds of deep and lasting thought for the only true acceptance of personality and democracy.

In the following pages I shall try to explain and interpret what Iqbal succinctly wrote in "The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam": "Can the finite ego, as such, retain its finitude beside the Infinite Ego? This difficulty is based on a misunderstanding of the true nature of the infinite. True infinity does not mean infinite extension which cannot be conceived without embracing all available finite extensions. Its nature consists in intensity and not extensity; and the moment we fix our gaze on intensity, we begin to see that the finite ego must be distinct, though not isolated, from the Infinite". (Cf. Oxford edition, 1934, p. 112). Or as Iqbal wrote to Nicholson (Introduction to the "Secrets of the Self", p. XV): "Physically as well as spiritually, man is a self-contained centre, but he is not yet a complete individual. The greater his distance from God, the less his individuality. He who comes nearest to God is the complete person....The ego attains to freedom by the removal of all obstructions in its way. It is partly free, partly determinate, and reaches full freedom by approaching the individual who is most free—God".

The distinction here hinted at by Iqbal between personality and individuality, but not brought to full clarity, is of great importance to understanding the real value of democracy for Muslims as well as for Western people. Why he does not clarify it more fully, he explains while discussing another problem, intimately connected with it, namely the separation

between Church and State. Iqbal says: "In Islam the spiritual and the temporal are not two distinct domains, and the nature of an act, however secular in its import, is determined by the attitude of mind with which the agent acts. It is the invisible mental background of the act which ultimately determines its character." ("The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam", p. 146, also 216.) "In Islam," he goes on, "it is the same reality which appears as Church, looked at from one point of view, and State from another." A few lines further on the distinguished author then declares "*The point is extremely far-reaching and a full elucidation of it will involve us in a highly philosophical discussion.*" (Italicized by the author.)

This elucidation we propose to offer in this article, meanwhile constantly referring to Iqbal's doctrine on the different points. This seems all the more necessary since the theory advanced by Iqbal is taken up by other authors as final and conclusive though Iqbal himself referred to it as needing further elucidation. Iqbal, in the text quoted above, indicates what this elucidation would involve where he distinguishes between the "secular and the spiritual" as found in every human activity. This distinction is essentially connected with what the Qur'an calls sinfulness and virtue; it is connected with that which we all experience in actual human society, in Muslim society as well as in any other society, namely: peace and war, health and disease, sin and virtue, the spiritual and the material, church and state. In the last resort it is connected with what Iqbal sees as the opposition between man's intention and the secular import of his act, the invisible mental background of his act and the act as it proceeds from him as from a man in body and soul. It might seem at first view that in regard to the problem of human life in its present surroundings, Iqbal takes a different view from the one adopted by Christianity, where he says: "In Islam the ideal and the real are not two opposing forces which cannot be reconciled." (Reconstruction. p. 9.) Indeed, Christianity would wholly agree when he says: "They can be reconciled in the perpetual endeavour of the ideal to appropriate the real with a view eventually to absorb it, to convert it into itself and to illuminate its whole being" (Cf. ibid.). The author however, elsewhere admits those opposing forces, where he discusses the doctrine of Adam's fall: "The experience of the finite ego to whom several possibilities are open expands only by method of trial and error." (Reconstruction p. 82.) Does not the Qur'an say: "Descend ye as enemies of one another"? Iqbal goes on (Ib. p. 83): "This mutual conflict of opposing individualities is the world-pain which both illuminates and darkens the temporal career of life."

While discussing the problem of Church and State, Iqbal admits freely that his idea is only a personal one, while other doctrines could be held by Muslims. He says: "Though personally I think it is a mistake to suppose that the idea of State is more dominant and rules all other ideas embodied in the system of Islam. . . ." (Reconstruction p. 146.) We fully admit his objection against giving to the state or to the temporal a higher status than the one given to the spiritual and the religious; this all religions do which believe in the opposition between virtue and sin. But once these are accepted we are forced to open the discussion on those "far-reaching " points of a "highly philosophical" nature, which necessarily involve the problem of personality and individuality, of Church and State, of Democracy and Theocracy.

Muhammad Natsir, discussing the theory about democracy and theocracy makes Iqbal's doctrine his own, saying that Church and State in Islam are one and the same. He nevertheless rejects theocracy in Islam, because, as he says: "Islam has not got a priesthood." ("Iqbal on the separation between Religion and State", The Islamic Review, July 1953, p. 5.) This argument, however, does not seem to be convincing. Even if there is no official priesthood in Islam, theocracy may be exercised by khalifs and sultans and kings, as long as they are directly ordained by God to represent His power on earth, as the Ash'arite doctrine would have it. A real argument for democracy in Islam can be found in the fact that the Rashiduna-khalifs held only mediate and indirect power from God, in so far as they were chosen by representatives of the people and not as the later Ash'arite doctors would have it, that they were the direct "shadow of God's power on earth". Another argument against theocracy in Islam is found in the doctrine about the individual and the person. These "Secrets of the Self" have never been sung by any other Muslim author as clearly as they have been sung in verse and prose by the great Iqbal.

Man as a whole is an individual, but as a whole he is also a person. Nevertheless the focus of individuality is quite different from that of personality. If this stand is correct, and we shall see that it really is, it may be clear that the democracy of the individual in which the 19th century had placed its hopes, must, if the world is to be saved for civilization, be replaced by the democracy of the person. That means: the democracy of that holiest in man, which is his religious ego. This will prove to be of paramount necessity for every country and every civilization, if the world is going to be liberated from its all-embracing crisis. The 'philosophy' which we are going to propose here is to a great extent similar to the one contained in Iqbal's writings; it is opposed, however, to different kinds of philosophy which have embarrassed the world now for some time.

The period of critical theories, such as are expounded by authors like Kant, Hegel and the like, were a form of subtle European 'enlightenment' in which reason sought to possess itself. They forget, however, that the critique of knowledge, the reflection of reason upon itself, can be an abstract theory, as they claimed it to be, but that, in order to be real philosophy, it must be a living experience. However strongly knowledge may contrast itself to life, it is in istelf part of life. This is what the most creative philosophers of our age, (creative in that sense in which Iqbal uses it where he says: "One who does not possess creative power, to us is naught", The Secrets of the Self), like Bergson, Scheler, Heidegger, and Iqbal have reminded us of, thus bringing the homage of the philosophy of those, who preceded these harassed times and proposed a much more real and lasting philosophy such as that of Thomism. The point is that the critique of knowledge, the reflection of reason upon itself in the schools of late, has been contrasted with life itself, while in reality knowledge is generated by life. Iqbal says: "The view that ego-activity is a succession of thoughts and ideas, ultimately resolvable to units of sensations, is only another form of atomic materialism which forms the basis of modern science." (Cf. Reconstruction, P. 101-102.) Knowledge is a reality, it takes place in reality. Rationalistic philosophy of the past generations has treated knowledge as concerned with objects which lie outside life, while in reality it is an act in and through which something happens to reality, or better: reality is illumined by knowledge, is lit up from within, as Iqbal says: "When the Self awoke to consciousness, it revealed the universe of thought. . Self-affirmation brings not-self to light." ("The Secrets of the Self.) The severance of knowledge from reality is the fatal result of rationalism which denies that the act of knowledge is an existential act. Yet if reality stands over against knowledge, there can be no inner connection between the two and knowledge does not form part of reality—which cannot but be false.

It is not difficult to see how this mode of rationalistic philosophy was part of the times in which it arose. This degraded philosophy which wanted to forget all that went before of real philosophy coincided with the stage in which philosophy wanted to be a science and in which philosophy found itself in slavish dependence on the natural sciences. (Cf. Reconstruction p. 101.) Scientific philosophy, however, renounces wisdom and has even gone so far as to regard this as a gain and an achievement. But this is tragic. The claim of philosophy to be independent of life and to separate itself from life, is a false claim which can nerver be realized. Philosophy cannot be separated from life, because it must be life in order to be philosophy.

But just as philosophy cannot be separated from life, it cannot but be intimately connected with the life of the philosopher, so that the knower's faith and religious conviction of the ego are bound to benefit by the enlightening influence of his philosophy in the same way as the philosophy of someone professing to have no religion necessarily influences his conclusions about the most vital questions. No philosopher can forget these essential matters or reduce them to mere abstractions in his cognitive activity. Because philosophy is part of life, the spiritual experiences must lie at the basis of man's knowledge. It has often been proposed by rationalist thinkers that this is a disadvantage. This is not so. On the contrary: the theological knowledge of the revelation of one's faith, for example, is an inner fact and therefore, a philosophical experience, by which his philosophy is lit up from within so that the philosophy, which is essentially human, is nurtured by it.

What we have called the tragedy of the philosophy of the last centuries, against which Iqbal so vehemently reacted, is that having cut itself loose from the higher realms of religion and revelation it falls into a worse dependence, namely on the lower realms of positive science and scientific experience. Because of this, philosophy for many lost its birthright and all proof of its ancient lineage. Philosophy is knowledge, but it is impossible to identify it with scientific knowledge, because as knowledge it is *sui generis*. Philosophy cannot wait for the discoveries of science. Science is in a perpetual flux; its theories and hypotheses frequently change and become out of date; man continually makes new discoveries. So during the last 40 years there has been a revolution in Physics which has radically changed its fundamental principles (Cf. Eddington "The Nature of the Physical World".) But can it ever be said, that the metaphysical principles of Aristotle have been superseded by the discoveries of the 19th and 20th centuries? Those principles are far more stable than the "discoveries", far more eternal, because concerned with what is eternal. The world is revealed to philosophy in a different way than it is to science. In spite of Husserl who did his utmost to make philosophy a pure science and eliminate from it all element of wisdom, philosophy always has been and will be wisdom. In spite of Hegel, who put his philosophy above religion and thus exceeded the bounds, philosophy is always based upon spiritual and moral experience.

It was against this trend of Western rationalistic thinking that Iqbal reacted and very rightly so. While philosophy sees the world from the point of view of man, science sees the world apart from man, and that caused the tragedy of some of the schools of Western thinking by which they landed into relativity and uncertainty and into doubting everything but their own dogma of doubt.

"It is pure dogmatism on the part of science to claim that the aspects of Reality selected by it are the only aspects to be studied", says Iqbal. (Cf. Reconstruction p. 107.) Knowledge of the reality in and through man has nothing to do with subjective idealism; this on the contrary confines man to the objectified world of nature. The German schools of epistemology of Windelband and Rickert refused to study man as a knower and abandoned him to psychology and sociology; they refused to accept that knowledge is a creative activity of man. Though Kant's services to epistemology are great, he was not able to solve its problems; nor did Hegel, according to whom it is not man who is the knower, but the world-reason or world-spirit or, in the last resort, the Deity itself. But the theory that in man the Deity comes to know itself and that the world-spirit attains its highest development in man's philosophy, may seem to be very gratifying to man's pride and sense of dignity; actually however in this doctrine man is merely a function of the world-spirit (which for those philosophers is not God) and loses his own spiritual reality. According to Husserl in order to know an object man must renounce everything human, become entirely passive. But that would mean that in the act of knowledge man would cease to exist as man. What a degradation!

The mystery of knowledge is that in the act of knowing the knower transscends the object of his knowledge. Knowledge always means transcendence of the object and creative possession of it. Knowledge must be a source of light which is shed over reality. This, however, is only possible because the knower is a personality capable of creative acts. Or as Iqbal expresses it, where he speaks of the Self:

"A hundred worlds are hidden in its essence:
Self-affirmation brings not-self to light...
Subject, object, means and causes,
All these are forms which it assumes for the purpose of action.
The Self rises, kindles, falls, glows, breathes,
Burns, shines, walks and flies......
'Tis the nature of the Self to manifest itself:
In every atom slumbers the might of the self."
(*Cf. "Secrets of the Self., by Nicholson, p.* 16-19).

It is because of all those conflicting trends of philosophical reasonings and confusions that Max Scheler, who is more interested in the problem of anthropology, says "Zu keiner Zeit der Geschichte ist der Mensch sich so problematisch geworden, wie in der Gegenwart." (Cf. "Die Stellung des Menschen im Kosmos".) Man is now feeling uneasy about himself. Psychology, biology, sociology have not solved the problem of

man in so far as he bears witness to the existence of a higher world. This man does by being a moral person. That means that the superhuman principle is a constituent element of man's nature. The very fact of the existence of man is a break in the natural world; it proves that nature cannot be self-sufficient but rests upon a supernatural reality. Man can only be explained and understood through his relation to God, of Whom he is the image in his personality, or as Iqbal called it: the "divine vicegerency on earth of the human ego".

Our idea of man must be founded on the concept of personality. Consequently it is essential to understand the relation between personality and individuality. It is what Iqbal would have elucidated if he had entered on a discussion of this "highly philosophical" question.

Individuality is a naturalistic and biological category; personality, however, is a religious and spiritual one. An individual is part of the species; he is produced by the biological generic process: he is born, and dies. According to St. Thomas of Aquinas, the individuality of inanimate and animate things is rooted in matter; that means: in *materia prima*, pure potentiality. Prime matter or absolute matter is a kind of non-being, a simple power of receptivity and of substantial mutability. According to this doctrine the human soul constitutes with the matter which it informs a unique substance which is both spiritual and fleshly. Iqbal holds the same view. (Cf. Reconstruction p. 99.) It is not as Descartes thought and many after him, the soul is not the thing (thought) existing as a complete being, and the body another being (extension) existing in its own way as a complete being. But soul and matter are two substantial co-principles of one and the same being, of a single and unique reality whose name is man.

It is because each soul is made to animate a particular body (which derives its matter from the germinative cells from which it springs with all their load of heredity); it is because each soul has a substantial relation, or rather is a substantial relation with a particular body; it is for these reasons that in its very substance it has individual characteristics which differentiate it from every other human soul. So, for man, as for all corporeal beings (as for the atom, the molecule, the plant, the animal) individuality has its primary ontological root in matter.

Personality, on the other hand, is not generated; it is created by God; it is God's idea, His conception and lives in eternity. In opposition to the wholeness as found in the individual, personality is wholeness and unity possessing absolute and eternal worth, because personality is the image and likeness of God in man. This is why it rises above the natural life. Here is a definition of personality: a person is a reality which, subsisting spiritually,

constitutes a universe by itself, an independent whole (relatively independent) in the great whole of the universe and facing the Transcendental Whole which is God. Iqbal explains this, when he says: "The climax of this development (of man) is reached when the ego is able to retain full self-possession, even in the case of a direct contact with the all-embracing Ego." ("Reconstruction of Religious Thought", p. 111.) We would not agree with Iqbal's doctrine where he adheres to the theory of evolution, or where he says, on p. 113: "Personal immortality is not ours as of right".) Personality is not a part of something, a function of the genus or of society. Personality is spiritual and presupposes the existence of a spiritual world. The value of personality is the highest hierarchical value in the world, a value of the spiritual order. That is why the Christian doctrine sees in God the sovereign personality, since God's existence consists in a pure and absolute super-existence of intellection and love; that is also why Muslim thinkers like Iqbal and Rumi, with whom he concurs, admit a personal God, of whom man is the image in his personality.

Iqbal does not make the distinction between individuality and personality explicitly, though he certainly understood what we have explained above. Neither did Bergson in his "Creative Evolution". Commenting on Bergson's sentence "Individuality, therefore, harbours its own enemy at home", in which sentence individuality stands for man as a whole in whom the opposition between individuality and personality is said to amount to enemity, Iqbal, wanting to show how this imperfection of man is absent in God, says: "In the light of this passage it is clear that the perfect individual (God), closed off as an ego, peerless and unique, cannot be conceived as harbouring its own enemy at home. It must be conceived as superior to the antagonistic tendency of reproduction (that is, of individuality, as we have explained it above). This characteristic of the perfect ego is one of the most essential elements in the Qur'anic conception of God (and of the Christian conception of God); and the Qur'an mentions it over and over again, not so much with a view to attack the current Christian conception as to emphasize its own view of a perfect individual."

The notion of personality, therefore, does not refer to matter as individuality does. It refers to the highest and deepest dimensions of being. Personality is rooted in the spirit and it constitutes in the secret depth of our ontological structure, a source of dynamic unity and of inner unification. The spirit forms personality, enlightens and transfigures the biological individual and makes it the concrete fulness of life.

Also personality means interiority to oneself. As Iqbal says: "The luminos point whose name is the self, is the life-spark beneath our dust." (Cf. "The

Secrets of the Self",. by Nicholson, p. 28.) But precisely because it is the spirit which (in a manner unknown to plant and animal) makes man cross the threshold of independence and interiority to oneself, consequently the subjectivity of the person has nothing to do with the monad of Leibnitz, which has no doors or windows. (Cf. Reconstruction p. 99). The personality which is founded in the spirit of man demands the communication of intelligence and love. Because of the fact that I am a person and that I express myself to myself, I seek to communicate with that which is other and with others in the order of knowledge and of love. As a person I ask for a dialogue which I can give myself and in which I am received really. Iqbal expresses this beautifully: "By love it is made more lasting, more living, more burning, more glowing. From love proceeds the radiance of its (self's) being, and the development of its unknown possibilities." (Cf. Secrets p. 38.) Because this is not always actually possible, personality in man is linked with the experience of suffering even more deeply than to that of creative conflict. Iqbal calls this "Faqr", the attitude which demands full detachment because the person gets all the more conscious that it is relative to the absolute in which alone it can find its fulfilment. It strives towards the absolute good, to God, with Whom it not only bears the resemblance also found in other creatures, but Whom it resembles in a peculiar fashion in that it is the image of God. For God is spirit and the person proceeds from Him in that he has as the principle of life a spiritual soul, a spirit capable of knowing and loving God Himself. This is the real greatness of the human person.

Max Scheler has given us (Cf. "Der Formalismus in der Ethik und die materielle Wetethik") an interesting theory of personality in which he develops a philosophical anthropology. According to him man is a being who transcends himself and the whole of life. He regards man as undefinable biologically. The fundamental opposition is not the one between man and animal, but between personality and organism, spirit and life. This view is essential for his doctrine. He criticizes with great subtlety the conception of autonomy in Kant, Fichte and Hegel and rightly says that it means the autonomy of impersonal spirits and not of personality. However the fault occurs where Scheler distinguishes between personality and the self; where he says, that personality is self-contained. Our answer must be that personality, though it is the very core of self and a whole by itself, is a whole which from its very nature presupposes other persons. So that according to our view, personality is impossible without love and sacrifice, without going out to others, to the friend and to the loved one.

At first sight it might seem that Iqbal follows Scheler's view, when he

says (Cf. supra, p. 1) "Physically as well as spiritually man is a self-contained centre". But he certainly did not mean it in Scheler's sense. This can be shown from many texts. Let the following suffice: "The luminous point whose name is self, is the life-spark beneath our dust. By love it is made more lasting, more living, more burning, more glowing." It is also 'faqr', because this love entails sacrifice and rendering of self. This sacrifice and this rendering of self is the highest activity of love; the ego is fortified by love (Ishq), which means the desire to assimilate or absorb as well as that of giving oneself com-. pletely in one and the same act. The rendering of self is the real 'begging' for the love of the other. This is so much so, that personality, were it self-contained, as Scheler thinks, would disintegrate and that even the Personality of God in all His unity must contain the fulness of knowing and loving Himself.

Because a person cannot exist as self-contained, it presupposes the existence of other persons and communion with them. Personality is the highest hierarchical value and never is merely a means. But it does not exist as a value apart from its relation to God, to other persons and to human society. Personality must come out of itself, because narrow self-centredness ruins personality. As the individual is correlative to the genus, as we saw before, so the person is correlative to human society, because a person presupposes other persons and their intercommunion. Hence it may be clear how the narrow isolation in modern individualism is the destruction and not the triumph of personality. Another consequence is, that the struggle for the genus as fought by the individual, in Nazism with race-distinction as well as in Marxism with only material ends in view, does not leave any value for personality. Comte, Karl Marx and Durkheim denied personality and believed that only the individual is correlative to the social group; they, therefore, denied "this luminous point whose name is the self".

We have seen that it is essential for personality to tend towards communion. The person by virtue of his dignity as well as of his needs requires to be a member of society, of society proper, that is human society. The fact of his being open to communications of knowledge and of love requires the relations with other persons in order to super-abound from the very depth of his being in life, in intelligence, in love. His being in need, demands that he be integrated in a body without which it is impossible for him to attain to his full achievement and perfection. What is meant are not only material needs like bread and clothes, but most of all the need for others in order to be capable of acting according to reason and virtue.

The aim of society is not the individual good of each person which constitutes it. That would mean the "anarchy of atoms" as it was represen-

ted in the anarchic liberal conception of individualistic (mark: not personalistic) liberalism, according to which the duty of society consists in seeing that the freedom of each should be respected, although this permitted the strong freely to oppress the feeble. This is one of the reasons why the distinction between individuality and personality should be stressed so much. The freedom of the person must imitate the freedom of God, who is the most free and therefore the most bountiful to all His creatures.

The aim of society is, on the contrary, its common good. That means the common good of human persons, because society is made up of human persons. It may be clear, that this may lead to errors of the collectivist or totalitarian type. The common good of society is neither a simple collection of private goods, nor a good belonging to a whole which (as is the case of the species in relation to its *individual* members) draws the parts to itself, as if they were pure means to serve society alone. The common good is the good human life, capable of attaining its full perfection. It is, therefore, common to the whole and to the parts. Such a good implies and demands the fundamental rights of the person. It involves, as its chief value, the highest possible accession (an accession compatible with the good of the whole) of persons to their life as persons, and to their freedom of expansion, as well as to the communication of goodness which in turn proceeds from it. Only on the condition that the common good is in accordance with justice and with the moral good can it ensure the greatest possible development of the human persons.

It may be clear from what has been said, that there is a typical paradox in social life. And here we will find once more the distinction between individuality and personality. For each man is altogether an individual and altogether a person.

The person as such is a whole, generous and open, and if society were a society of pure persons, the good of the society and the good of the persons would be one and the same good. But man is as yet far from being a pure person. The human person *de facto* is also an unfortunate material individual and as a person he is full of needs. These are the reasons why it happens that, when such a person enters into society, he becomes a part of a whole—a whole which is larger and better than its parts in so far as they are parts. According not to his entire self but to all the befiefits which he derives from society and without which life in him would remain latent, the human person is a part of a larger whole, a whole which surpasses the person in so far as the latter is a part and in so far as the common good is other than the good of each and than the sum of the good of each. In so far as the human person entering society, is a material individuality, he enters as a part whose

good is inferior to the good of the whole. As the whole of persons, society is a whole of wholes. But because of the person's destination to the absolute, and because he is called to fulfil a destiny superior to time, the human person as spiritual totality surpasses all temporal societies and is superior to them. And so it is that for the perfect achievement of the person and of his supratemporal aspirations, to society itself and its common good are subordinated under another order which transcends it.

A single human soul is worth more than the whole universe of bodies and material goods. There is nothing above the human person except God. In regard, therefore, to the eternal destiny of the soul and its supra-temporal good, society exists for each person and is subordinated to it. While the person as such is a totality, the individual as such is a part. Therefore, while the person, as person or as totality, demands that the common good of temporal society should flow back to him, and while through his ordination to the trancendent whole, he even surpasses the temporal society—mark well: not the spiritual and transcendent society of religion—the same person, as an individual or as a part, is inferior to the social whole and must serve the common cause as a member of the whole.

The first consequence is, as Iqbal puts it that "personality is a state of tension and can continue only if that state is maintained. If the state of tension is not maintained relaxation will ensue. Since personality or the state of tension is the most valuable achievement of man, he should see that he does not revert to a state of relaxation. That which tends to maintain the state of tension tends to make us immortal." Only for the last few words we must substitute: tends to make us perfect, because our soul is immortal and supra-temporal by itself. (Cf. Introduction to "The Secrets of the Self", p. XVI.)

Another consequence is: a state of tension and conflict which human society inevitably involves. Society naturally tends to enslave the person and to diminish him in so far as this person by society is considered as a simple part and therefore as a simple material individual. The human person, however, wishes to serve the common good freely while tending at the same time towards its own plenitude by surpassing itself and by surpassing the community in his movement towards the transcendent Whole, God. Yet in so far as he is a material individuality, the person is obliged to serve the community and the common good and even by constraint is surpassed by them, as the part by the whole.

These tensions and paradoxes cause conflicts whose solution can only be dynamic, but never static. The double motion thus caused is of a much deeper nature than the dialectic motion of the Marxists. We could describe it as follows:

A society achieves progression which operates most fully by the energies of spirit and freedom, but which is continually thwarted by forces of inertia and degradation; this movement tends to bring the law of personality to prevail over the law of individuality in social life *i.e.* it tends towards the realization of man's aspirations to be treated in social life itself as a whole and not as a part. Here only love, which voluntarily assumes what otherwise would have been servitude, must transfigure it into freedom and free gifts. On the other side we have the notion of the life of free persons as part of the social community. The person always wants society and yet always tends to surpass it.

Let us briefly resume the position: the human person is a part of the political community and is inferior to the latter because of the things which compensate in him the needs of material individuality; or, because of the things which in him and of him depend as to their very essence on the community and which can be called upon to serve as means for the temporal good of this community. Yet on the other side the human person as a superior whole dominates the community because of the things which belong to the ordination of the person, as such, to the absolute *i.e.* to something higher than society, namely the supratemporal achievements of the person as a person. Mathematical truths, for instance, do not depend on the social community and cocern the order of absolute properties of the person as such. Therefore, a community will never have the right to force a mathematician to hold as true one mathematical system in preference to another. The same holds good for any other truth or value which concerns the spiritual order.

The community too easily only recognizes what belongs to the world of matter, meanwhile being blind to the reality of the spirit. It sees in man only the shadow of real personality, namely the material individuality. The consequence is that the person is enslaved to the social body. There are three types of doctrines which ignore the human person:

(*a*) Bourgeois- llberalism which considered the individual (not the person) as a little god and which was based on the absolute liberty of property, of commerce and of pleasures of life. It ended inevitably in *etatisme*, because the rule of numbers produces all too easily the omnipotence of the state. If man is only a material individuality, therefore only a part and not a whole, the individual will finally find himself entirely subject to the social whole.

(*b*) Cmmunism is a reaction against this liberalism and individualism, which both are so very opposed to the Christian spirit and to the spirit of any religion. It pretends to aim at the absolute liberation

of man in order to make him the god of history; were this liberation to succeed it would be the liberation of collective man and not of the human person.

(*c*) Dictatorship starts from the sovereign dignity of the state either in the name of the spirit, it may even be in the name of God, in a kind of wrongly applied theocracy or of a people (Volksgeist) or in the name of race and blood in order to annex the entire person to the social whole.

All three of them consider man as material individuality and do not recognize in man the eternal and spiritual element. They are, therefore, incapable of furthering the real common good.

Over and against these three types of society stands democaracy, not as something new, which has only started in our time, but as a system which already has a long history even though its records are not always clean and right. In his book on "The two sources of morality and religion" Bergson emphasizes the original religious character of the democratic ideal. This is true in general. But we must not forget that there are kinds of democracy such as that of Rousseau's which base everything on the native goodness and native freedom of the *individual* (not of the person), a fictitious individual like Emile, shut up in himself. Democracy of the individual arises from an anthropocentric inspiration; materialism, atheism and dictatorship are its destiny. Did not Hegel say, that the state is the supreme reality, which possesses a plenitude and self-sufficiency of being far surpassing that of the person? By saying to men, you are gods by your own essence and will, this kind of bourgeois-democracy has debased man; and the consequence was egoism and the excessive longing for material possessions.

On the other hand democracy of the person is a theocentric inspiration and its aim is freedom in the social as well as in the spiritual order. We mean: freedom of expansion of the person, of exultation and of autonomy so far as it conforms to the image of God. Iqbal says:

It is wrong to utter a bad word;
The infidel as well as the faithful are God's creations.
Humanity consists in respect for man; so acquaint thyself with the dignity of man.
The man of love takes his guidance from God and is kind to the faithful and the infidel alike.

True democracy says: you are gods by the gift and the calling of God; you are gods in becoming and in suffering and hope; gods by means of humanity, virtue and grace. The weight of man is the weight of love. This democracy dignifies the creature really in God and as made by God

and for God, but not illusively as God itself. It knows the grandeur of man as well as his misery, his misery when he falls short of the ideal. It respects the human dignity not as something abstract but in each concrete person.

If democaracy is to succeed, it must refine the sense of justice as applied to persons and not as applied to individuals, and also the sense of risk and heroism. "Let love burn all thy doubts, be subservient only to the truth which will turn thee into a lion", says Iqbal. Democracy must reject the materialistic philosophy of individualism and accept the true spiritual values which are born from the truth that man as an image of God has an inalienable right of freedom of conscience, freedom of choice of religion, of spontaneity and initiative in all its dynamism and creative activity.

"Pakistan" Quarterly
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Sir Olaf Caroe

A FRONTIER REVISITED

FOR one who has lived the best part of a life-time among Pathans, to cross the bridge at Attock is to come home. The warmth of a Pathan welcome lifts the heart, and heals any wounds left over from the parting in the difficult days of 1947. In this last spring tide, that spring tide when, as Babur said, "in the neighbourhood of Peshawar the flowers are so exquisitely lovely", it has been my privilege to see again every District, every Agency, and every State from Hazara to Quetta, and to encounter old friends, and make new friends, all along the way: In city, village and fort, in school and factory, in the field, by the well and on the mountain-side, there they were, the same cheerful men, with the same generous greeting, th e same sanguine attitudes, grave and gay. And behind it all, it was possible to detect a feeling of pride that the Pathan should be standing in the front line, an outpost upon whose firmness the safety of Pakistan depends.

As I passed up by the confluence of the Indus and the Landai Rivers to that shaded, grassy spot by Kund, the tune of Khushhal Khan kept ringing through the head:

رحمت په اکوړی شه چه نیوه ئے ځائے سرائے
چه بنه فکر مے اکړ که باور کړی ځائے دے ځائے!

تور غرئے د هودی دے تر تیراه پورے سم تللے
نیلاب و لنډی دواړه عجب سر ایښی په پائے

پرے سازه لویه لار د هندوستان و خراسان ده
گزرئے د اټک دے ترے ترس که شاه گدائے

هر فیض د جهان چه څه یادیږی ورلره را دروی
که ملک ئے بارانی دے څه بهار لری هائے هائے!

که سوات که اشنغر که پیښور دے د ملکونو
رجوع لری و ده ته فیض وردرومی د هر ځائے

په هر لوری ئے ښکار شته د شاهین د باز د هر څه
واه واه: کالا پانړی چه څه ښکار ے دلربائے

ځوانان ئے چاق تندرست، چست و چالاک دی په هر څه کښن
خوش چشم و سپین و سرۀ بلند بالا دی په نمائے
څه که څوئے که مے نمسی که خیلخانه که مے اولس دے
چه څوک په کښن میشته دی په آمان او سی ده خدای
آسمان څنی جدا کړه لاس د چا رسی آسمان ته ؟
خوشحال له سرائے نه دے جدا شوے په خپل رائے

Rahmat puh Akori Shuh chih niwa ye dzai Surai,
Chih Khuh fikr mi ukar, Kuh bawar Kre, dzai dai dzai!
Tor ghar ye da Hodi dai tar Tirah pore sam talai,
Nilab o Lamdai dwarah a jab Sar ye Khai pah pai,
Pre saza loya lar da Hindustan o Khurasan
Guzr ye da Atak dai tre taras Ka shah gadai;
Har faiz da jahan chih tsuh yadegi warlara radrumi,
Kuh mulk ye barani dai, tsuh bahar lari, hai hai!
Kuh Swat Kuh Ashnaghar Pakhawar dai da mulkuno,
Rajuh lari a dah ta faiz wardrumi da har dzai.

God's blessing on Akorai that chose Surai for his home.
Believe me, and I know full well, it is of all places the place!
From it the dark mountain-range of Hodi climbs straight to Tirah,
The Nilab and Landai Rivers run wonderfully, at its feet;
The great highway from Hindustan to Khurasan is laid along the bank,
And there is the Attock passage, feared by rich and poor alike.
Every earthly blessing that can be dreamed of comes that way
And, if the rain should fall, how glorious is the Spring!
Whether from Swat, or from Hashtnagar, or from Peshawar,
Everything inclines to it, all blessings come that way.
Its young men are stout and healthy, quick are they and active.
Merry-eyed, fair and ruddy in face, tall in stature to behold!

I had come up by car from Lahore, and was immensely struck by the fertility of the country as compared with the Punjab plains. This is partly due to the fact, noted by many travellers, that, from Hasan Abdal onward, the whole atmosphere is changed. No one who enters Peshawar or Bannu from the East, or mounts the hills beyond them, can fail to remark that he has left one region of the world for another. He is on the verge of Khurasan, the Iranian plateau. The mountains, to him, are different, the willow, the *chenar*, the cypress begin to appear, the plants burgeon, the seasons revolve, the rivers flow, bright and gay, as if alive, the birds recall more western

scenes, the sun and wind have an uplifting keenness—the men are not the men of the subcontinent he has left behind. But it is also due in part, I am convinced, to the happy turn of events whereby partition did not bring in its train the misery, massacre and migration which has been the lot of so many others. The Pathan has escaped all that in his homeland.

This spring, a spring with copious rain such as Khushhal dreamed of, the crops and the fertility were a dream and a delight. There was the cane and tobacco of Charsadda, Mardan, and Swat, a source of great profit to the cultivator. The new light industries, the processing of these cash-crops in local factories, are very impressive and have made much progress. The great sugar-factory in Mardan, already some years established, and the new one in Charsadda, between them will supply, I believe, about a half of West Pakistan's needs, while the acreage under tobacco has grown enormously. And this year the cereal crops, not only in irrigated districts, were full in the ear and green as in England. There is a tract south of Bannu, known as Marwat plains, famous for its dreary, sandy, waterless wastes. But this year it was a waving ocean of multi-coloured wheat and barley and gram, stretching for miles, as far as the eye could reach, against the dun background of the hills of Waziristan. There is a story that the Marwat Pathans, stout and manly as they are, make poor recruits. Once in five years the word comes that their desert is covered with the green glory of the spring crop, and, forgetting all else, they run home not so much to reap—their families could do that—but to gloat on all that beauty.

I made two pilgrimages, both, I think, on a Thursday, the day for *ziarat*.[1] The first was to Topi to revisit many old friends, made in youth among the Utmanzai branch of the Yusafzais, and to see the burial place of the old Nawab Sir Abdul Qaiyum, who in his day did so much for the land of his birth. There he lies, in a finely chiselled marble tomb within the courtyard of the mosque beside the house he built next to the sister who perhaps was nearest to him. His memory lives, and in some sense this corner of the Yusafzai country is symbolic of the meaning of the Frontier. The village nestles beside the last rough spur descending from Mahalan, the smiling plain before it, and close to the mighty life-giving Indus, which here issues from its mountain cradle. Near it in past days was fought out the decisive battle in which sons of the hectic Bayazid, the Pir-i-Roshan[2], were defeated by the Yusafzais who, once his followers, later called him Pir-i-Tareek[3]. And there are many memories of strenuous battling against the Sikhs, and of the

1. Visit to a holy place
2, The spiritual leader of light. 3. The spiritual leader of darkness.

Sayyids of Pir Baba in Buner. Abdul Qaiyum grew up in this atmosphere and passed it on.

My other pilgrimage was to Khushhal Khan's tomb. This lies four miles south of the main road between Attock and Nowshera, in a hamlet of the village of Surai, just under the Khattak hills. (The village is wrongly called Isori in the maps.) I got there on a bright clear evening, just as the sun was setting. The shadows were lengthening in a little dale behind the tomb, whence issues a clear spring. The tomb, covered with a *gumbad* erected by the pious of this day, is on the last slope of the hill, looking north, and high enough to see the whole of the Swat and Buner mountains across the great plain. Khushhal chose this lonely spot that his bones might not be disturbed by the vengeful officers of the Emperor he hated, and with the wish that in his last sleep "he might not hear the hooves of the Mughal horses" as the riders passed along the highway from Attock to Peshawar. The marble tomb carries a single, short, inscription, a citation from Khushhal's own poems:

Da Afghan pah nang mi utarlah turah,
Nangyah da zamane Khushhal Khatak yam?

I bound on the sword for the honour of the Afghan name.
I, Khushhal Khatak, am the proud man of the day!

And lest the propagandist of this day should suggest that the poet's invocation of the Afghan name supports modern Afghan claims over the north-west frontier, let it be said that in Khushhal's day the Durranis, even under their earlier name Abdalis, had hardly been heard of. The Yusafzais, Khalils, Mohmands, Khataks, Afridis, Bangash—these were the people that counted, they and the Ghaljis. Khushhal used the term Pakhtun and Afghan just as he felt like it—indeed, a few lines earlier in the same poem as that here quoted, he boasts that he shares with all Pakhtuns the cause of honour. The country itself he calls the land of Roh, using the Multani and Derawal word for the Mountains. The term Afghanistan had not then been invented; that had to wait for Ahmad Shah, nearly a century later.

The mountains and valleys of Swat and Bannu, seen at evening from Surai, could not be left unvisited. The Miangul Abdul Wadud has placed the affairs of Swat State in his son's capable hands, and his eyesight—alas—is failing. But in mind and body he is strong and vigorous as ever, and he can still outwalk far younger men upon the hills. In Dir State, too, I went far up beyond the capital, and was only stopped by snow from looking down on Chitral from the Lowarai Pass. On a mountain-spur above Dir were the graves of many *shahids*[1], who had died in the fighting for Kashmir. Every-

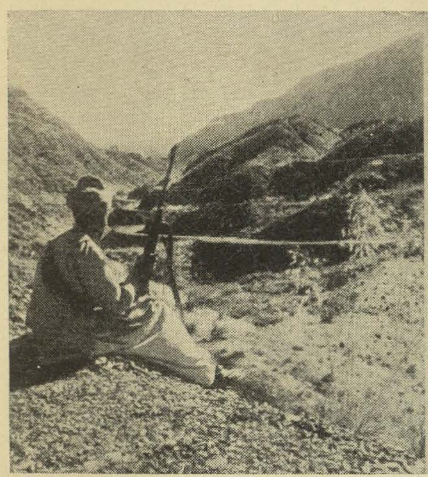
1. Martyrs.

where it is said that, of the tribal *lashkars*[1] who went towards Kashmir, the bravest and most effective were the men of the Nawab's army from Dir.

Swat and Dir states are still units included in the Special Areas under the new Pakistan Constitution, and they have a very special part to play, as indeed have all the Pathan tribes between Bajaur in the north and Peshin, near Quetta, in the south. The Pakistan Government have embarked on a most interesting new venture, that of admitting tribal representatives in the Legislatures, both at the Centre and in the Western Province. Some view this move with apprehension, but the tribesmen seem to like it, and their verdict is: *Zmunga hagg urased*, we have got our rights. Some time is likely to elapse before a regular system of electoral procedure is evolved, but interesting experiments have been set on foot in Waziristan. The Mahsud, for instance, were summoned in Jirga and asked to put forward their representatives by their own methods, thus wedding the native conception of democracy to that of the Western world, and dispensing with the ballot-box and what some would regard as corrupting ideas. It is to be remembered that the essence of Pathan public practice is to be found in the fact that public affairs are conducted openly in public debate. There will be an opposition, or oppositions, but in the end they will be argued down, and the decision has to be unanimous. The tribesman is very shrewd, and it may well be that he has a contribution to make to the precepts and practices of representative government. The English system is by no means necessarily the last word, or indeed applicable to every society.

In Miranshah it was stimulating to see again many old friends among the Utmanzai Wazir Maliks, to hear their ready comments on current issues, and to be reminded of the brighter side of days that are past. Their Pashtu is difficult, but a few simple rules help the listener to remember that, when the Waziri or Mohmand talks of *Ris*, he does not mean the Hindi word for envy or equality, but Russia! Less seriously, I heard again the old story from the Thousand and One Nights, the story of the King, the Wazir and the Fisherman. It was used to illustrate the sort of answer an officer should not give a tribal *jirga* when it asks for a definite reply. The fisherman caught a huge fish, and as is duty bound presented it to the King. The Wazir was annoyed, thinking the fish was his perquistite. So he advised the King to inquire of the fisherman the sex of the fish. Whether the fisherman answered male or female, he could then be told to go and catch its pair. He would not be able to do so and would then get into trouble. Or if by luck he did do so, the Wazir would get the second fish. So the King said to the

1. Militia

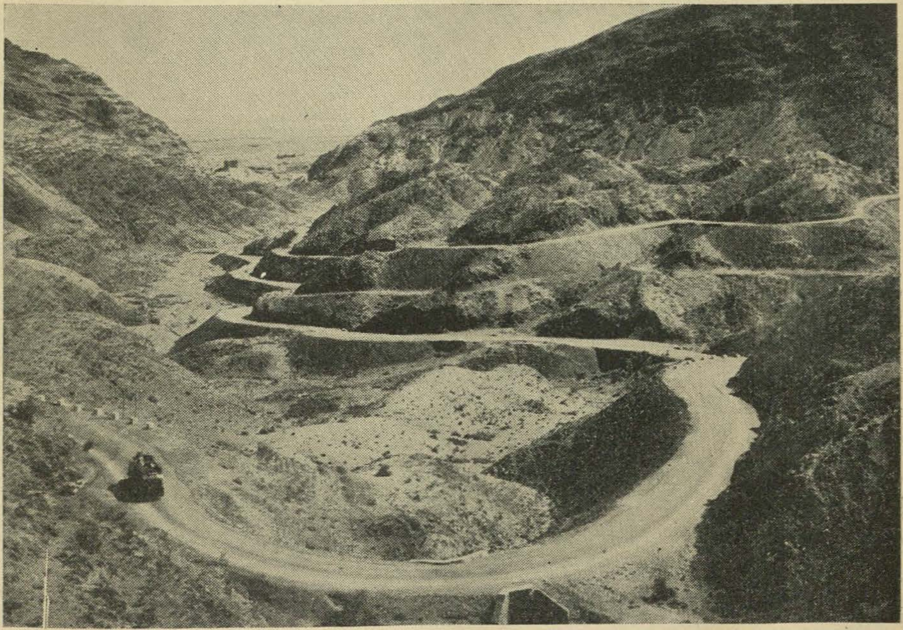


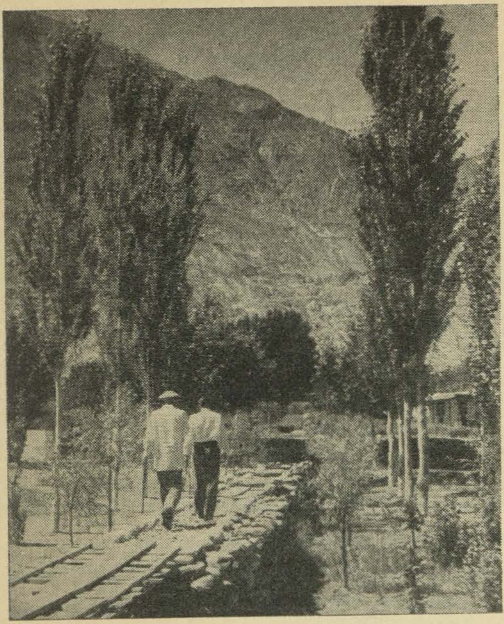


A militiaman guarding the Khyber Pass.

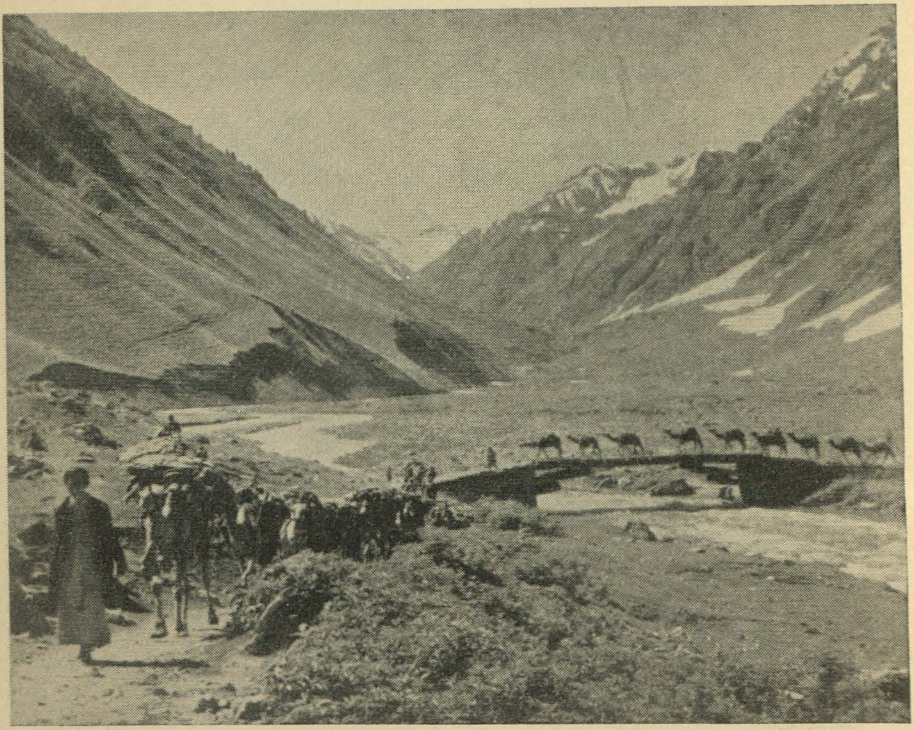
A formidable warrior of the frontier where a gun is part of one's normal outfit.

The legendary Khyber Pass, about 11 *miles from Peshawar.*





Gilgit with its green hills and poplar avenues, has always been a prime attraction for tourists.



Gilgit, lies on an ancient caravan route that comes from Central Asia (Chinese Turkistan) through Hunza and Gilgit down to the plains of Pakistan.

fisherman "Is the fish a male or a female" But the fisherman, a shrewd man, saw the catch, and replied: "Your Majesty, this fish is a hermaphrodite." That is the sort of answer political officers always give, said the Malik, who told the story!

But perhaps, under Pakistan, they do better than that. At any rate, one had the sense that, perhaps because they are closer to the tribesmen as fellow-Muslims, they are able to be more forthright in certain senses than we could be in our time. And if so, that is all to the good, and it will pay dividends. In other respects there are dangers. For instance, I doubt whether it has as yet been entirely brought home how closely tribal affairs are bound up with the foreign policy of the country. The stability of the North West Frontier does not concern West Pakistan alone; it is an all-Pakistan affair. Indeed, if Indian attitudes were less petulant and more far-seeing, its firm maintenance would be recognized to be as much an Indian as a Pakistani interest. And I would go even further, and claim it as an interest of the entire Free World. Beyond the Durand Line lies a weak and feudal Afghanistan, swayed by false promises to neutralism, and beyond that looms the vast shadow of Soviet Central Asia. It is for reasons of that kind that the framers of Article 104 of the Pakistan constitution have reserved a final voice for the Centre in the conduct of the affairs of this most vital and most vivid of all Frontiers. Here, upon this breakwater, stand the Pathans, and we who know them may have confidence that they will not fail in a great trust.

In the establishment of the University of Peshawar, and in the great expansion of higher schooling, I saw perhaps the greatest advance since 1947, and the best guarantee that the Pathans will be able to rise to the occasions that face them.

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James W. Spain

THE HILT AND THE HAFT OF THE KHYBER KNIFE

They have looked each other between the eyes and there they have found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife and the wondrous names of God.
("The Ballad of East and West", Rudyard Kipling).

CHARLES Masson, newly deserted from the Army of "the Honourable the East India Company," was bringing his journal up to date:

Peshawar, April 21, 1827: In the morning I depart for Kabul and with my Pathan friend propose to run the chances of a journery through the Pass of Khaibar. Saladin, son of Mir Kamardin, my host of the past days, pressed upon me assistance both in money and garments, but I excused myself as I have experienced that I can do without the first, and as to the last, I have purposely abandoned what I had, to save the Khaibar people the trouble of taking them....

Not yet thirty, Masson had enlisted in the Company's Army in 1821 under his real name, James Lewis. After five years service in the Bengal Army, he deserted and began a series of travels that were to take him all over what is now West Pakistan. To avoid capture and punishment as a deserter, he changed his name and identified himself as an American from Kentucky. His knowledge of the United States, which he had never seen, was acquired from Josiah Harlan, a real American adventurer in the service of the Sikh Maharaja Ranjit Singh, with whom he had travelled for a brief period. The deception was successful and it was not until 1834, that his real identity was discovered. By that time he had become a confidant of the Amir Dost Mohammed, and by a secret arrangement the East India Company granted

him a pardon in return for political information on the affairs of Afghanistan. Ironically, he has gone down in history as the first American to explore the Indus Valley and penetrate the Kingdom of Kabul.

As he completed the entry in his journal, Masson sat in a dusty corner of an ancient caravanserai in Peshawar. Within a few days, *Insha Allah*, "God willing", as his Pathan companion was so fond of saying, he would go through the earth's oldest and most famous pass.

Yar Khan separated himself from the circle of caravanmen smoking the "hubble bubble" pipe and sipping green tea around a tiny fire. He stepped carefully over sleeping forms and squatted down beside Masson.

"What is it you write, Masson Sahib? Do men of your country, like the followers of the fat god, seek salvation by putting their prayers on paper?"

Masson closed his book, slipped the brass clasp, and wrapped it in a tattered cloth. "I write only what I see and do each day, Yar Khan," he replied.

"Ah, it is as the men say then; you are an agent of the Company Sahib!"

"No, Yar Khan, I have told you. The Company Sahib is English. I am American."

"Ah, you are an ambassador of another kind of *ferrenghi**. Then, we will be received with much honour at the court of the King of Kabul!"

"Not an ambassador, either, Yar Khan, just a traveller like you. Why do you not believe me?"

"I believe you, Masson Sahib, but it is the men. I have to tell them something or they will attack us." He nodded at the circle by the fire. "They do not like your writing everything in your book, so I told them you were a great *Pir*, a saint from the other side of the world, and that your book was *mulla-ki-kitab*, a priest's book. They have a great respect for holy learning!"

"Very well, Yar Khan; if it pleases you, we will say so."

The young Pathan went back to the fire and Masson turned his thoughts back to tomorrow's journey. Yar Khan had attached himself to him a few days before when he had heard that a strange *ferrenghi* wanted to be guided to Kabul. Like all others of whom Masson had inquired about the route to the Afghan capital, the lad had at first suggested that they cross the Sulaiman range by the longer but less dangerous roads of Abkhana or Karapa. Masson was insistent on the Khyber, however. It was the ancient and royal route and, dangerous or not, he wanted to pass through it. He had deliberately divested himself of his few excess possessions and assumed the sim-

*A *ferrenghi* is a Frank, Westerner.

ple dress of a Pathan. Since all agreed that he would be robbed in the Khyber, it seemed wise to leave as little as possible with the brigands. Yar Khan had consented to try the Khyber with little argument. Though surprised at Masson's obvious poverty, he remained undaunted in his determination to accompany the strange *ferrenghi.* "After all, I am not much of a prize for anybody," concluded Masson to himself, as he tucked his journal under his head to serve as a pillow for the night. He stretched his legs along the wall where they would be safe from the camels wandering about the *serai* and in a few moment was sleeping soundly.

The two travellers were on the road before dawn. Once clear of the city, Yar Khan stopped to say his morning prayers. He complained that the voice of the *muezzin* was no longer heard in Peshawar since the Sikh Maharaja Ranjit Singh had conquered the city and desecrated its holy mosques. While his companion knelt by the side of the road, Masson gazed across the yellow plain to the gap in the hills that marked the Khyber and said his own prayer for their safety. A cloud of dust appeared on the road behind them and soon a body of horsemen at full gallop came into view. Yar Khan scrambled to his feet as a contingent of Sikh cavalry clattered by, bright lances and dark beards waving as they rode.

"Do they go also to the Khyber?" Masson inquired.

"Wah, they dare not go an inch beyond Jam," replied Yar Khan with scorn. "The Khaibaris would pull their beards from their faces, a hair at a time, if they entered the Pass. No, they go to plunder some honest man who has taken his *Kafilla** out of the city at night to avoid paying their cursed toll." He spat in the direction of the departing soldiers, and added, "May they eat dirt before they find him!"

By mid-morning they had reached the little village of Takkal next to a huge artificial mound covering the remains of a dead city. Yar Khan snatched a few minutes' sleep in the shade while Masson climbed about studying bits of scattered pottery. As they were about to depart, a caravan in frantic disarray came stampeding by. Camel drivers dropped from their clumsy mounts in mid-gallop and scuttled into village huts. Sweating merchants, their wealth in packs and baskets atop the panting animals, urged them on with loud cries. Behind, in a long double file, came the Sikh cavalry which had flushed the evasive caravan from the back trails of the stony plain.

Half an hour later, Masson and Yar Khan came up with a scene of Babel and confusion. Fat merchants from Bokhara moaned and pleaded as Sikh

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*Caravan.

soldiers slashed open bales of merchandise and spilled silk and satin into the dust. The caravan leader, tied to the saddle of his favourite racing camel, was being whipped by two grinning cavalrymen. A tall officer, splendid in red and gold, stood impassively in the centre of the road overseeing the belated collection of the toll. As Masson and Yar Khan came abreast, their way was barred by a gleaming sabre. "Who are you? Where do you go?" demanded the officer.

Yar Khan bowed low. "We go to Jam to pray at the Shrine of its saint, Oh Master of the Earth," he said.

The Sikh stared at Masson's white face and blue eyes. "What manner of man are you?" he asked.

"He is a holy *mulla* of the Afridis, O Master," explained Yar Khan. "He has a vow of silence but his honour among his people is great. They hold him second only to the Holy Prophet himself."

"Bah on your thieving *mullas*!" said the Sikh. He glanced uneasily at the hills a few miles away. Pursuit of the caravan had taken him farther from the city than was wise with his small force, and he had no desire to bring down a raging storm of Afridis by insulting one of their holymen. He shouted an order to hurry to his soldiers and dropped the sabre. "Get on with you, vagabonds!" Masson and Yar Khan plodded along.

They rested for a few hours at Jam in the shrine of the saint. Masson, still convinced that he would be robbed, one way or another, was careful to make the scantiness of their possessions evident to passers-by. He had only the clothes on his back, a cotton blanket, his book and a small earthen water vessel. In the bottom of the latter was concealed his total wealth, a handful of copper pice (pennies). Yar Khan carried three cakes of bread and a knife tied in the band of his trousers.

After the heat of the day had passed, they advanced down the main defile of the Khyber, coming at nightfall to Ali Masjid, the Mosque of Ali. Nearby they found a small village and a clear bubbling spring. Seated around the spring were some twenty Afridi tribesmen who greeted them courteously in the name of Hazrat Ali, son-in-law of the Holy Prophet, to whose memory the place was sacred. The travellers were invited to pass the night.

Masson found that his status as a *ferrenghi* excited great curiosity. Before long, dozens of Afridis gathered around him, most seeking medical treatment that they were convinced the foreigner could give. Masson had learned in his earlier travels that wherever he went he was looked upon as a wise physician and he had soon given up his scruples about practising medicine without any professional knowledge. He cleaned and dressed

half a dozen sword wounds which had festered under the plasters of mud and salt, which was the local remedy. He contrived an eye-shade for an old man suffering from cataracts. As the work went on, he chatted with his patients. Yar Khan translating from Pushtu to Hindustani which Masson understood. When his clinic was finished, he shared his hosts' scanty supper of bread, mush, and milk and was assigned one of the three beds which the village possessed. During the course of the evening, he had learned the legend of Hazrat Ali, from whom Ali Masjid took its name. Before settling down to sleep, he opened his journal, and in the flickering light of the fire began to write:

> Ali Masjid in the Pass of Khaiber, April 22, 1827: I prescribed for sword wounds and adjured their owners to keep them clean and open so that nature might do its work. During our meal of wheaten bread, *roghan*, and milk, the people of the neighbourhood told me the story of Hazrat Ali and Gul Sheenwauree, the giantess of Khaibar, and I mean to set it to verse. It will begin:

"Now through the dark hills of the Khaibar they speed:
Their summits with towers and battlements crowned.
The passage is lengthened and weary indeed,
And silence and gloom cast a terror around."

Masson added another forty verses to his ballad and it was published in London in 1848 in a book entitled *Legends of the Afghan Countries.*

The next day, pushing deeper into the Pass, Masson and Yar Khan met two men whom he described in his journal that evening as "of the wildest appearance, running in great haste, with the matches of their firelocks kindled, in search of their enemies who had paid them a visit during the night." They turned aside briefly to minister to a dying woman and were led by a youth to his father's house where they were given the mid-day meal. The boy's face was disfigured by pimples and blotches. After the food had been consumed, his father turned to Masson. "Oh Hakim Farang, can you cure my son?" he asked.

Masson looked at the boy's face. "I think something can be done, Malik Sahib," he said.

The boy whimpered with joy. The old man pointed at the carpets and bales of merchandise with which the room was piled. "All this is yours if you will heal him," he offered. "What is the nature of his disease?"

Masson made a quick diagnosis. "The skin is affected by the heat of the sun and an infection of the blood from impure food. If he will take medicine and eat properly, the blotches will gradually go away."

The old man seized Masson's hand. "Are you certain?"

"Nearly so."

"In the valley they believe my son has the Bad Farang (the foreigner's disease, i.e. syphilis). He is shunned by our neighbours. His wife has been taken from him. By the mercy of Allah, I beg you to heal him!"

Masson prescribed a mixture of mush and sulphur, which Yar Khan applied, taking care first to tear the skin with his nails until the blood came, so as to give the remedy a better chance to work. With the old man heaping blessing on them and his son beaming through a poultice of blood, meal, and sulphur, Masson and his companion set off again.

As they reached the high road, a fusillade of musket shots rang out over their heads. A corresponding volley came from the other side of the road. Masson, on his face in a ditch, was impressed less with the fact that they had been attacked than with the apparent thoroughness of an ambush that had been laid to catch such small prizes. The firing continued but as the balls did not seem to be hitting anywhere near them, the unhappy pair raised their heads to attempt to see what was going on. An elderly bearded man stepped on to the wall of a house across the way and angrily waved at them to get out of there. Simultaneously, another figure appeared on the roof of a house on their side of the road shouting at them to get out of the way. Spotting each other in the open, the two householders threw up their matchlocks and fired at each other. Masson and Yar Khan scrambled down the ditch and quickly proceeded on their way, glad to escape a neighbours' quarrel between two hot-tempered Afridi chiefs.

Another few miles brought them to the house of Allahdad Khan Chirrsi, a powerful chief known throughout the Khyber for his fondness for *chirs*, a kind of countrymade cigar. Masson analyzed the product as "a deleterious composition of hemp and resin". He declined his host's offer of *chirs* but accepted a cup of tea and a pull at the hubble-bubble pipe. Allahdad had heard about the presence of a *ferrenghi hakim* in the Pass, and between puffs, requested an opinion on the health of his sister. Masson found the woman emaciated and unconscious. He pronounced her "in the last stages of atrophy or decline" and ventured the opinion that "God alone could effect a cure." Allahdad agreed and said a friendly good-bye from behind a cloud of fragrant blue smoke.

Soon after they took to the road again. Masson and Yar Khan were confronted by a wild young Afridi demanding a drink from their water vessel. The copper coins concealed in the jug had never loomed large in Masson's careless soul but their preservation became a matter of honour to Yar Khan. "We go far and we have only a little water," he explained.

"Brother, your own village is close by. Will you not wait until you get there to drink?"

"By the ninety-nine names of Allah, I will drink!" replied the Afridi whose sense of honour was as keenly aroused as Yar Khan's. He produced a dagger and began to whet its blade on one palm. "My thirst is as keen as the edge of my knife. One must be slaked now or both will bathe at your expense!"

Yar Khan poured water slowly and carefully. To his own and his companion's intense relief, no clink of coins was heard. The tribesman swallowed a few mouthfulls. "May you go in peace, my friends," he said. "It is good to be kind to a traveller on the road."

The danger past, Masson smiled at his guide's ingenuity. He held no grudge against the impetuous Afridi but noted later in his journal: "I know not how the fluid, in which thirty or forty pais had been soaking for as many hours, may have afterwards agreed with his stomach or digestive powers."

As Masson went on his way, his curiosity was whetted by a large cylindrical monument towering above the road to the right. The local inhabitants called it "Padshah's Tope" or the "Mound of the King". They associated it with Sher Shah Suri, the Afghan emperor of India a few centuries previously. Masson, who had somehow in the course of his adventurous life managed to pick up an extensive knowledge of ancient history, rightly preferred to date it back to much more remote antiquity. His mind was busy with thoughts of Alexander the Great, Asoka, and other heroes who had walked these paths two thousand years earlier, when the present rudely intruded. They were passing from the side of the hills down a small defile called Landi Khana. The end of the Pass was almost in sight. The country of the dangerous Afridis had been left behind. Suddenly, two Sherwani tribesmen with long knives in their hands dropped from the rocks and barred the way. Masson reported later:

"Neither of us had before seen these fellows. One of them with a particularly evil countenance proceeded to rifle my companion, and the other, milder favoured, examined me. The pocket knife of my Pathan was soon wrenched from the band of his trousers, and my *chaddar*, a long piece of cloth I wore loosely thrown over my shoulders, was taken. In one corner of this was my book, which, as well as I could, I signified to my despoiler, and told him it was *mulla-ki-kitab*, a mulla's or pious book. He untied it and returned it to me. I thereupon shook his hand; on which he was also willing to return my *chaddar*, but his fiercer colleague would not permit him. This fellow, fancying that I had been too leniently examined, left my Pathan and came to me, and very severely scrutinized me. He found

nothing but clearly did not know what to make of me, my colour probably perplexing him....

"Are you of the Zukka Khel Afridis?" demanded the bandit.

Yar Khan set down the wate vessel, carefully stopped its mouth with a tuft of grass, and came forward. "The holy mulla's eyes and hair are fair as the great chiefs of the Afridis" he explained. "But he comes from afar, from the skies, and is blessed by Allah over all the world. To him are known the delights of paradise and the wisdom of the saints. He is a great doctor and has sat among *ferrenghi* kings. Beware, lest the wrath of Allah fall on you for touching him!"

The brigand frowned. During a lifetime of relieving the burdens of the users of the Pass, he had never come upon a *ferrenghi* saint before, and judging from the small profit to be had from the experience, it was as well that he had not. Striding over to the water vessel, he pulled the stopper and leaned down to smell the contents.

"Take care! The power of the sacred water is great!" warned Yar Khan.

About to pick up the jug, the robber desisted, and satisfied himself with dipping a dirty finger in the neck of the pot. He touched the finger to his tongue without comment. Frustrated he reopened Yar Khan's package, and then returned it. "I do not steal bread," he said solemnly. "Go on your way."

"Well you may say so, after robbing us, Sherwani thief!" shouted Yar Khan. "The noble Afridis greeted us with respect and gave us hospitality as Pathans should. You jackals would pick the bones of servants of God venerated by better men."

The long knife came out again, and the Sherwani advanced on Yar Khan, his gentler companion hanging on his arm. "By Allah, whatever strange creature this mullah may be," he said, "you are nothing but a chattering child of Peshawar and sacred to no one."

Masson, with what he hoped was a sufficiently imperious and sacerdotal gesture, waved the tribesman away and motioned Yar Khan to come along. Picking up the water pot carefully, Yar Khan did so.

Passing on through the valley, the travellers were hailed by armed men tending flocks of goats on the hillside, and, as Masson wryly remarked in his journal, "Had we not been plundered before, we must have resisted, or submitted to it here. As it was, they did not come to us, my Pathan holding up his packet and hallooing 'Daodi', or bread, and I showing my book and shouting out "Mullah-ki-Kitab."

As they neared the end of the Pass, they were ordered to halt by men on the edges of the hills, "but they were too distant to cause us apprehension

or to induce us to comply, so we allowed them to bawl away unheeded." They were challenged for the last time at Torkhum where the Khyber debouches on to the sands of Afghanistan. A lone armed man standing guard over a tiny patch of rice demanded that they submit to inspection. By now Masson had learned the power of his strange appearance coupled with majestic indifference. He ignored the order and with an imperial wave of the hand passed out of the land of Indo-Pakistan.

After shivering for two nights without his blanket, Masson was re-outfitted by a kindly merchant in Jalalabad. He willingly turned aside from his journey to Kabul to go north into Kafiristan and to the borders of Turkestan. The faithful Yar Khan, who had now decided that by association, he himself had become a *Pir* or holy man, stayed with Masson, and to the latter's alternate disgust and amusement, performed "miracles" of healing as they went along. Eventually, they came to Kabul, and Masson met and became familiar with "the Great Amir," Dost Muhammad, who was later to play so important a role in the British-Russian conflict over control of Central Asia. Captain Alexander Burnes, the British envoy, and Captain Vacovich, the agent of the Russian Government, were to arrive at the court of Dost Muhammad ten years later to begin the long struggle between the expanding empires. Strangely enough, however, it was Charles Masson, army deserter, companion of beggars and princes, friend of all who walked the roads of the East, who came first to the Kingdom of Kabul.

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HUNZA VALLEY

HUNZA is a small state in the Himalaya region of Gilgit Agency. It may be regarded as the real focus of Central Asia, as it occupies a narrow wedge-shaped corner in the far north of Pakistan, where it is bordered by Afghanistan, Russian Turkistan, and the Communist-controlled Chinese Turkistan. The population is almost entirely confined to small villages along the deep valley of the Hunza River, which commences near the Chinese Turkistan border, and flows south through narrow gorges in the Hindu Kush and Karakoram Ranges to join the Indus River near Gilgit. The capital of the state comprises a cluster of villages of the same name, with a population of five thousand.

In the past, Hunza was the centre of a thriving trade which took place between the neighbouring countries, and was famed for its stalwarts, who for centuries looted travellers along the Yarqand trade route, linking Afghanistan to Central Asia, and who fought so gallantly in their natural mountain fortresses against attacks from the British force under Colonel Durand in 1891. Nowadays the northern trade routes are closed and the prosperity afforded by levies imposed on passing traders, the sale of fodder, and organized looting, has ceased. Hunza has become an out of the way place occupied by an hospitable people whose existence depends entirely on what they produce from their small plots of irrigated land. There is no surplus to export, and the only requirements brought from the south are salt and cheap cotton materials.

The climate in Hunza, being one of extremes, plays a very important role in the life of the people, and limits the periods when travel is possible. In the winter months, the valleys are buried in snow and the villagers are forced to hibernate in their small stone and mud dwellings, with little else to do but make warm winter clothing and care for their sheltered stock. In summer, a dry heat prevails and the snow recedes from the valleys and mountain slopes to a height of about 15,000 feet. The melting snow and ice swell the rivers into surging torrents. Then the villagers work untiringly

to grow their crops on irrigated plots, and gather enough fodder and firewood to meet the requirements of the following winter.

My introduction to Hunza was in the blazing heat of summer (1951), when the villages were a vivid green with the new season's crops. The journey commenced at Gilgit, which is nestled away in a steep gorge surrounded by mighty mountain ranges of the north-west Himalayas. Nowadays, there is an air shuttle service from Rawalpindi into this politically important centre, and this eliminates the long and tedious trek over high mountain passes which was necessary until recent years, and was only possible during a short period in summer.

The journey north from Gilgit along the Hunza River valley is by way of a narrow track suitable only for pack-animal transport. The departure is usually delayed by the bickering of the hired donkey-wallas over equal distribution of the load, or by the discovery of gaping sores concealed on purpose beneath the primitive saddles of the riding ponies. The first stage is along broad sandy flats in the river gorge to the village of Nomal. The enclosing mountains are rugged and drab coloured, with a complete absence of vegetation, and form a natural trap for the burning rays of the sun. There is no shade, and the heat and glare are depressing; it is necessary for man and animal alike to make frequent detours to the edge of the river to quench parched throats.

The local people regard the water of the Hunza River as "very good" and tend to over-do advertising its superior qualities. The visitor, however, is not at all impressed by its high content of suspended silt which refuses to settle and can hardly be regarded as good for one's system. The only favourable feature of the water is that it is much cooler than the average run of iced drinks served in city milk bars, and even this quality generally results in harmful effects to the newcomer if he is inclined to drink too freely.

The entrance into the green fields of Nomal is a pleasant finale to the day's journey. The extensive area of irrigated wheat and rice at this village is built upon a broad stretch of alluvium at the entrance of Noltar Gah, a nullah famous for the ibex and *markhor* that were shot there by sporting British officers during their occupation. On arrival at the Dak Bungalow, the Chawkidar goes in search of chickens and eggs, and other foodstuffs to meet the needs of the visitor. The local men and boys gather in large numbers and are content to sit in groups and watch him establish camp for the night.

The sixteen mile trek to Chalt is through more barren and unoccupied terrain where the precipitous walls of the valley impose a very restricted and monotonous view. We by-pass occasional traders taking fruits to the Gilgit

bazaar, or returning home empty-handed astride their tiny donkeys. Then there are coolies bringing large blocks of ice down from the mountain tops to sell at the village market for a few annas. They all stride with the slow and easy gait inherited by these hillmen.

An interesting feature seen for the first time along this route, but generally common in Gilgit Agency, is the locally made swing-bridge across the river to the small village of Garesh. The so-called "rope bridge" is actually made of four lengths of plaited green birch twigs, two of which are lashed together to form a narrow foot-walk and the others used as guides on each side. They are of limited life as the twigs become brittle on aging, and are generally replenished during the winter of each year when the river is low.

Chalt village is surrounded by a very large area of cultivation. It is perhaps best remembered as the place where one gets his first glimpse of the glorious Rakaposhi rising elegantly to a height of 25,550 feet within only a few miles of the Valley. This magnificent snowclad peak dominates the landscape during the remainder of the journey to Hunza, and one never tires of its beauty.

The leading resident of Chalt is Gushpoy Sahib Khan of the royal family of Nagar. He is an unassuming young man but like all the people in this valley, delights in being photographed in his best attire.

Fruit trees are abundant in these villages and, when in season, the traveller can be assured of being met at the wayside with gifts of apricots, plums, peaches, apples or mulberries. Although the trees are allowed to grow to enormous sizes without pruning or care of any kind, they bear prolifically of tasteful fruit which is unusually free of blemishes. The fruit seasons naturally vary with the elevation, and a variety of fruit diet is assured as one travels from one village to the next. Surplus apricots are dried and stored for winter use. No preservatives are used and although the product is shrivelled and unappetizing in appearance, it no doubt retains its value as a food. The kernels are regarded as a luxury and are believed to act as a counter to the purgative effect of the fruit. Grapes are grown in small quantities, and a common practice among these people is to make a naturally fermented wine known as "Hunza Pani".

While at Chalt, one should detour from the main track and visit the beautiful Chaprot Nullah which enters the village from the north. The whole valley is lush with fields and pastures and from a high point at the approach to Chaprot village a splendid panorama of snowy peaks is presented in all directions. Supreme of these is Rakaposhi to the south-east and Barkotchish close at hand to the south-west. Several glaciers spread down from the latter through pine clad slopes to within a few miles of the Chaprot

village.

Beyond Chalt, much cooler conditions prevail in the Hunza valley, as we have now climbed to nearly seven thousand feet. The traveller is refreshed further by the improved scenery. The short-stage from Chalt to Maiun is particularly pleasant, as, for most of the way, the track passes through avenues of fruit trees and poplars of closely spaced villages.

The view of Rakaposhi from Maiun is something that will never be forgotten. The completely snow-covered pinnacles, which have defeated the attempts of Tilman and other mountaineers, form a broad arcuate skyline, and below them are other prominences covered by dense pine forest. Lower down the slopes are small patches of green cultivation, and in the foreground a pleasing contrast of brown-coloured, rugged vertical cliffs forming the river gorge. Massive white hanging glaciers extend down the nullahs to well below the snow-line, and beneath them are foaming streams cascading over barren rock outcrops. Here and there small aqueducts lined with trees diverge from the steams and follow around the slopes to irrigated fields in the valley.

The trek continues, and on arrival at Hasanabad, we are confronted with a magnificent panorama of an unusually broad and fertile part of the valley wherein lies the capital of Hunza State. Richly coloured terraced fields and tall fruit trees extend up the slopes of the valleys to a considerable height, and provide a picturesque foreground to the surrounding peaks of the Karakoram and Rakaposhi Ranges. We are immediately impressed by the hospitable nature of the villagers, and the kindly faces of the small boys who excitedly gather to watch the arrival of the "sahibs" and giggle amongst themselves at their unusual dress and mannerisms. It is like arriving in a primitive world of its own, one of peace and goodwill, and of outstanding beauty.

The track winds among intensely cultivated fields with clusters of small mud and stone tenements built up on prominences, and with small bazaars along the main thoroughfares. Men and women alike are working their small plots, while the children graze stock on the village common.

The traditional sport of the Hunza people is polo, and each village devotes a long and narrow strip of its valuable land as a playing field. The game played is but a crude version of the "Hurlingham Rules"—although generally believed to be of much older vintage—and has grown up with this small civilization as a result of the love and pride which the hillmen have for their ponies, and on which they are so dependent for transport purposes.

A polo match was about to commence as we entered the village of Ali-

abad. There were five players on each side, and the game started to the accompaniment of high-pitched music from the band and excited cheers from the crowd. The ball was thrown between the opposing sides, then a swish of chakkars, and it is wisked away in the direction of goals, with the riders stampeding in pursuit. Fortunes changed and excitement grew as the game proceeded at an alarming speed. The band burst forth at each scoring shot to continue while the "tumbaq" careered down the field at a gallop and hit the ball back into play.

The Mir, or ruler, of Hunza State lives in a newly constructed two-storey palatial castle on a high point (8,000 feet) in the village of Karimabad, which overlooks the whole of the settled valley for several miles in each direction. He is a likeable man, self-educated to a high standard, and like his people, is extremely hospitable.

The place is built and furnished in a European style, but embellished with an assortment of oriental carpets, ornaments and paintings. There are life-size portraits of previous rulers on the walls of the lounge, and remarkably enough, a piano which stands in the corner, carried there by coolies from Gilgit. Tea is served in beautiful Kashmir silverwares and dainty Chinese crockery.

The Mir generally entertains his guests by summoning a band and male dancers, and the ensuing performance in the castle grounds is watched from comfortable lounge chairs on the balcony. The band, consisting of a tudak (flute), sutar (banjo) and drums, beats out a penetrating rhythm which seems to fit so well into this mountainous setting. The dancers are quick to interpret the constantly changing tempo, and the onlooker is fascinated by his agility and variety of steps. The first dance finishes, but before there is time for applause another performer is in the arena. The dances are obviously symbolic of hatred and fear, others of love, and some are comedies, yet the Mir will tell you that the people no longer know their true meaning. They are relics of the past which have outlived their legendary background.

Hunza is ruled as a primitive democracy. There are no police or regular army and all disputes are settled personally by the Mir. The penalty for crime is expulsion with their family to a small isolated settlement in the mountains known as Shimshal, dreaded by the people for the lonely existence, and rarely is there cause for such punishment.

The existing dynasty has reigned for about 600 years. Previous rulers lived in drab timber-framed castles in the nearby villages of Baltit. These were built at strategic points in the valley and served as fortresses against attacks from Central Asiatic tribesmen. An interesting feature of their defen-

ces are small attics above each of the entrances from which attackers were showered with boulders. In more recent times these people have equipped themselves with British-type 1861 muskets and prepared their own crude powder and shot locally.

The people are of Muslim faith (Mulai Sect). Farming is their only real occupation, the main crops being wheat, barley and oats. Another possible source of income is goldwashing in the streams, but a legend persists that this is a dishonourable profession; yet prospecting parties from Gilgit and other states make a handsome living in this way. Embroidery work is a common art of the women folk, and although their work is of a high standard, they do no more than satisfy their own needs.

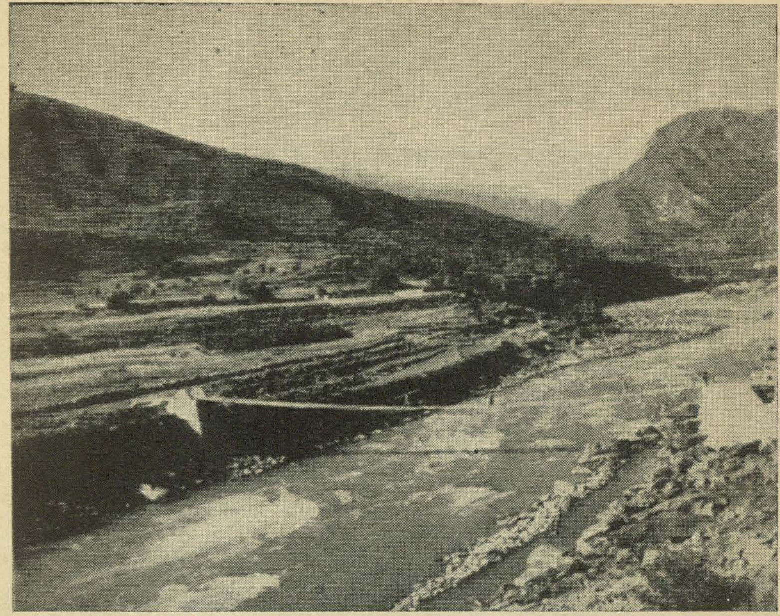
The fast-moving rivers offer great possibilities as a source of power, but so far the only purpose for which water is harnessed is in primitive flour mills, where a large stone wheel is rotated by water pressure.

North of Hunza, the old trade route into Sinkiang and Russian Turkestan follows along a steep and narrow gorge which the river has cut through the heart of the Karakoram Ranges, and the picturesque surroundings are once more hidden by the precipitous walls of the valley. Travel is slow and hazardous due to the frequent necessity of stream crossings, which can only be managed in the early morning or late evening. In the heart of the day, the streams are impassable barriers of surging icy water fed from the snow, rolling along with them a procession of huge boulders at terrifying speed.

Villages are far apart. The first night out from Hunza is spent at Sarat, where despite the high elevation (approximately 8,000 feet), a large fraction of the population is suffering from malaria. Near Sarat there still remains evidence of the mighty land-slide of the 1880's, which dammed the Hunza River for six months and resulted in a terrific flood. Its influence was felt as far downstream as Attock, where the Indus flooded and caused a high death-roll.

Beyond Sarat, the mountain slopes usually abut against the river, and narrow dangerous tracks have been built around spurs that would otherswise be impassable. In many places, the track is built upon timbers wedged into crevices in the rock, and in others narrow paths have been cut into vertical cliffs. On such a track near Gulmit, we lost a pack-horse which fell six hundred feet into the river below.

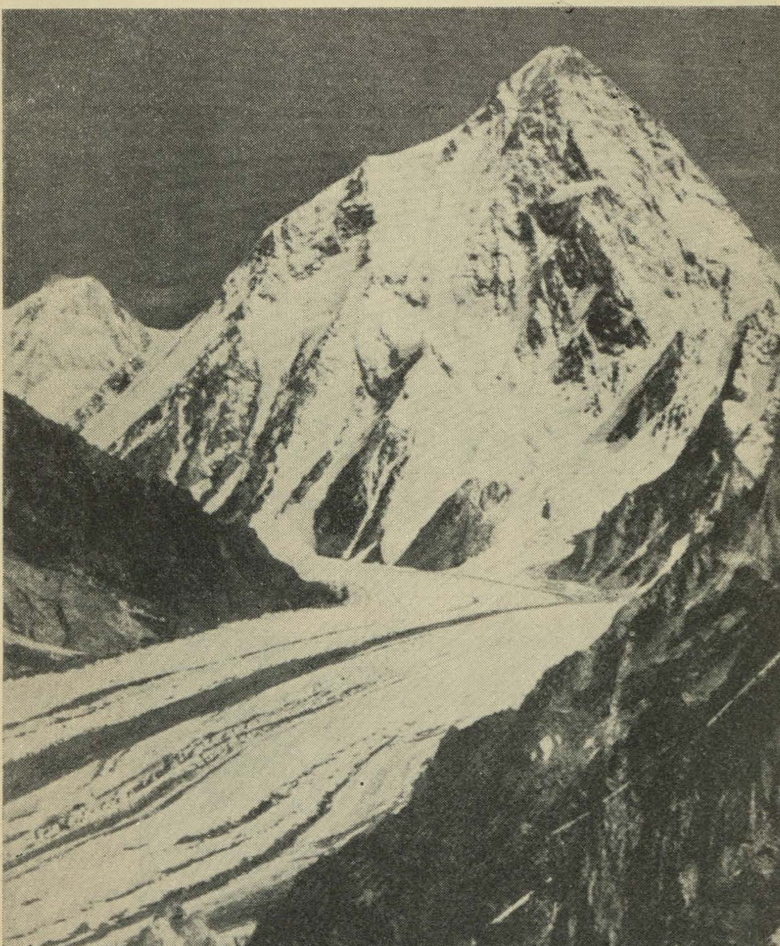
Approaching Pasu, we by-pass the large, Gulmit and Ghulkin Glaciers which terminate near the edge of the Hunza River, and enter into a much broader but extremely barren part of the valley—the real Central Asian Desert. The Karakorams are now behind us but a score or so miles ahead we see the prominent Karun Pir and Hindu Kush Ranges, forming a natural



A view of Swat River with a swinging rope bridge spanning its stormy bed.

Bahrain, one of the oldest towns in the State of Swat, is a picturesque tourist spot in the valley.





K-2 is the second highest peak of the world, about 28,250 *feet high. Unique in its features and orographic structure, Chogori or K-2 of the Karakorum chain, was a formidable challenge to mountaineers until at last it was conquered on July* 31 1954, *by a team led by Prof. Ardito Desio.*

boundary between the neighbouring countries. To the east is the pass leading into Shimshal, and to the west a steep whale-back dividing the great Pasu and Batura Glaciers.

The traveller does not become fully aware of the hardships and primitive way of life of the Hunza people until he has ventured with them into the mountains, and has seen the rugged terrain where they graze their stock and search out wood supplies. Let us travel then with a party of hillmen into the northern fringes of the Karakoram Range south-east of Pasu village. There are several coolies to carry your bedding and food supplies, and the guide is the Mir Sahib's head Shikari who is equipped with an ancient looking .303 rifle and an ice-pick.

The party leaves Pasu in the early hours of the morning by way of a narrow track leading across saturated wheat fields into the broad and barren lower valley of the Pasu Glacier. The snout of the glacier can be seen as a massive dirty grey pile half a mile or so up the valley, and we approach this along a stony foot-pad, hemmed in on one side by the rushing streams weeping from the glacier, and on the other by sheer rock faces at the valley sides. On arriving at the glacier, the shikari makes a short detour to collect fragments of clean ice to fill his water-bag—a dried out melon skin—for here we leave the valley and will spend the heat of the day ascending the barren mountains which form a divide between this and Batura Glacier.

The next stage of the journey is quite unnerving as we follow up narrow crevices and shelves in an almost vertical cliff several hundred feet high. The guide assists and confidence is restored by the ease with which the heavily burdened coolies make the ascent. Loose boulders are dislodged and crash noisily into the valley below, but the liklihood of this had been anticipated and there is nobody beneath to be endangered.

At the west of the precipitous rock face there is a small flat where a group of hillmen are resting, and beside them are heavy bundles of wood which they have carried from the mountains beyond. We also sit for a while, as this is one of the places where it is customary for the locals to take a short re pite. Looking about, a few snow-clad peaks have come into view, but immediately before us there looms up the long narrow ridge of rocky outcrops which has to be climbed before nightfall.

The upward trek proceeds in single file throughout the blazing heat of the mid-summer day. By late afternoon we are 15,000 feet above sea level, having climbed 7,000 feet since morning. The scenery has improved with the elevation, and now we are confronted with a magnificent panorama of snow-covered mountains and glaciers, with here and there clusters of pines, and grassy tablelands covered with a mat of delicate wild flowers. We

notice among the vegetation patches of rhubarb and celery flourishing in their natural setting, and many varieties of poppies, carnations, marigolds and other flowers which are cultivated in European gardens.

The highlight of this glorious alpine scenery is the tremendous Batura Glacier—the fourth largest mountain glacier in the world—which can be seen following a curvilinear course to the north for over thirty miles, and becomes lost in the extensive snow-fields at its source.

The elated spirits of the newcomer to this scenic paradise are gradually suppressed by the depressing influence of the lack of oxygen at this altitude, and by the end of the day he is overcome with extreme fatigue. The camp for the night is in an unoccupied goat-herder's hut near snow-line at a place named Patum Das, and the servants are busy heating clear ice gathered from fissures in the rock, in preparation to making "chae" or tea. The shikari has gone quietly away to search for game—ibex, markhor, marco polo sheep, or snow leopards, while the coolies have migrated to nearby goat herder's settlements to purchase curds for their evening meal. Small girls are herding the goats into mud shelters for the night and the women are busy with the milking.

After sundown, bitterly cold conditions set in and provide a refreshing change to the parched heat of the day. The party retires early, coolies nestle up in their all-purpose woollen *chogas*, an overcoat type of garment which they also use as a wrapping for their luggage when travelling. The newcomer's sleep is disturbed by an unpleasant sensation caused by difficulty in breathing sufficient oxygen, the dampness and earthy smell of his temporary dwelling, and by the numerous fleas which arrive to share the warmth of his bedding.

In the morning, a fresh carpet of snow lies about the huts, and trickles of mud from the earthen roofs have splattered your bedding. Ominous storm clouds obscure the crests of many of the nearby peaks, and the rising columns of vapour about these look for all the world like erupting volcanoes. The shikari returns from an early hunt with news that he has shot a large markhor, and several coolies go with him to retrieve the beast.

The weather clears quite suddenly, and the party sets off down the southern slope of the ridge to visit other small habitated flats near the edge of Pasu Glacier. The descent is simple, and in no time we have dropped to about 12,000 feet to a group of huts known as Lazhdar. Here the coolies adorn their heads with the native flowers which grow so prolifically near the glacier, and we rest for a while before crossing the ice.

A few miles up the valley is the huge amphitheatre of snowy peaks at the source of the glacier, and at frequent intervals we notice a dull rumble

and see avalanches of snow and ice crash down the steep escarpments. At our vantage point, the valley has narrowed considerably to about a mile in width, and bleak precipices, too steep for snow to accumulate on, tower into the sky. There is continual danger everywhere from falling stones and boulders, which have been loosened by the melting snow, and crash about us at a terrific speed.

The long and arduous trek across the glacier commences and the shikari leads the way among the ice ridges and crevasses of its irregularly dissected surface. At this time of the year, the coverage of snow has gone and the deep gorges in the ice are readily noticeable; nevertheless, the surface is so slippery that there is need for caution. The margins of the glacier are dirty and uninteresting due to their high content of rock debris, but near the centre the ice becomes quite clear with a pale blue tinge, and the deep caverns, crevasses and frail ice bridges sparkle in the sunlight with fascinating beauty. Crystal clear streamlets tumble into the crevasses to join the larger streams which can be heard at great depths beneath the ice.

We spend the evening at a small settlement beside the glacier named Pasu Gah, and finally sleep despite the distractions of constant cracking noises in the glacier, and the loud reports of stones falling near the camp. Next day we return down the valley to Pasu, and pay off the assistants who have proved such skilful and trustworthy companions.

Enough has been said to reveal that the Hunza people live a hard and primitive life, but for all this, they are kind and considerate, and have earned my sincere admiration and respect.

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Elizabeth Balneaves

THE HAPPY VALLEY OF SWAT

FROM the heart of Indus Kohistan, tumbling down through great clefts in the mountains, cascading over giant boulders worn and polished satin smooth, and sculptured into grotesque shapes of elephant-grey and slatey-blue, races a milky torrent of ice-cold water, the Swat River. Cutting deep into the sheer rock, and straddled by tiny bridges of unique and local construction, the river spills into the broad plain of Malakand, widens out, carrying with it the timber cut in the mountains, then loops and coils its way through miles of emerald green rice fields to be stemmed and harnessed at Amandara Headworks. Released into the Upper Swat Canal, the waters are led through the hillside by way of the Benton Tunnel, to emerge above Jabban Power House, where they plunge downwards 250 feet through the penstocks to drive the five turbine alternators. Looking down from the top of the Pass, Jabban looks for all the world like some shining model toy, a fantastic anachronism in the midst of these ancient and primitive hills. Only a few yards away from this triumph of modern engineering, lie the remains of a Buddhist stupa, pieces of its weather-beaten carvings strewn among the scrubby bushes where the goats browse, while above, tiny picket posts are strung on each rocky peak like watching eyes.

Below the motor road over the Pass, runs the tiny track, still in use, that is the old Buddhist road, built over 2,000 years ago, and worn smooth through the ages by the feet of the gentle Buddhist pilgrims coming into India by way of Kashmir, in order to pay homage at the shrine of the ashes of Buddha in the Kanishka Stupa outside Peshawar.

It is only a matter of a few more miles along the bank of the river before we swing through the Frontier post into the tiny autonomous state of Swat, thrust deep into the lesser spurs thrown off by the Karakorum Range, and covering an area of only 1,000 square miles. Although opting for Pakistan at Independence, and lying within her north-west frontier, Swat is governed and administered by the Wali from his capital at Saidu Sharif.

Before the first half of the 19th century, Swat lay, a wild, lawless and

primitive tract of country, inhabited by warring tribes, rather like the old Scottish clansmen, locked within its mountain barriers and almost inaccessible in its loneliness. It was the grandfather of the present ruler who succeeded for the first time in uniting the various tribes against the Sikhs, and in 1926, his son, Badshah Sahib, was recognized by the British as ruler of the State. An intensely religious man, of a strong and vigorous personality, he devoted his whole life with a rigid singleness of purpose to pacifying the people and improving the social and economic conditions within the state. In 1949 he created a precedent by abdicating in favour of his son, so that he might spend his last days free from worldly cares and responsibilities. The title and authority therefore passed to the present Wali, Mian Gul Abdul Haq Jahanzeb, who was installed as ruler by the Prime Minister of Pakistan.

At the modern and up-to-date State-run hotel at Saidu Sharif, Sher Khan was awaiting us, a Pathan from Sher Po, indefatigable, charming and courteous, a close friend of the Wali, and a fund of information on every aspect of the State. He was full of plans and bubbling over with enthusiasm, infectious in its spontaneity. Lingering over tea in the chintz-hung lounge, nostalgically reminiscent of a quiet English country hotel, and idly turning the pages of the Visitor's Book, I came to the conclusion that there must be some magic in this place, some spell that caught all who visited it and held them in thrall. Each page was a miscellany of glowing tributes in poetry and prose to this, 'Paradise on earth', this 'Shangrila', 'this place to which one will always return'. That first night it was difficult not to remain sceptical about such unqualified praise, but by the end of my stay I was at a loss to compete with the brilliant effusions of my distinguished predecessors and felt that anything I could add would be hopelessly inadequate.

We sat long into the evening in the cool garden, watching the stars spring into brilliance, like scattered sequins above the mountains leaning over the valley, the air drenched with the heady perfume of the 'Lily of the Night', listening to the gentle splash of water in the tiny fountain behind us. Already the spell was being cast, and the net of enchantment being drawn closer around us.

Early next morning I climbed a little way up a nearby hill in that pale, nebulous hour before dawn, with paints, sketch book and brushes. It would be almost impossible to convey the depth of quietude, the sense of all pervading peace and utter isolation that broods among these hills. Valleys and hills lay beneath me, fold on fold; camel coloured villages, half awake, with blue smoke curling upwards from the houses, and the ribbed fields running down the hillsides or laid like patchwork across the plains. A

small boy, gathering his hill cattle up the slopes for the day's grazing, threw himself down behind me and watched the colour flow on to the white paper as one entranced. Slowly the sky warmed into opalescent pink and green and the rising sun threw long shadows over the bowl of the valley. The hills assumed shape and grew solid and round like a contour map. Presently Sher Khan came panting up the hillside to remind me that it was time to set off on our expedition into the interior. Reluctantly I gathered up my scattered paraphernalia and scrambled down towards the hotel.

Outside the gates, a long, winding crocodile of children was on their way to school. There seemed to me to be hundreds of them, each balancing on his head with practised ease a slate and several books tied up in a handkerchief. Each bundle was precisely the same as the other, bobbing up and down and presenting a curious uniform pattern of moving blocks of colour. They beamed and salaamed happily. Indeed there was scarcely a man, woman or child throughout the State who did not greet us in one way or another as we passed, a significant fact in these days of suspicion and mistrust, when every stranger is looked upon as a potential enemy and a country becomes hysterical over security.

The Wali has launched an all out drive for education and health, and evidence of its success and progress was manifest everywhere we went. Education is compulsory and free, all the way up to matriculation standard. Scholarships too are given to pupils of exceptional merit who wish to pursue their studies elsewhere. The new State College is a landmark in Saidu Sharif, and the modern bungalows for its professors and teachers are rising in well chosen order nearby. A new hospital claimed my attention and we stopped to chat with the superintendent, a bright and cheerful young man, filled with the same enthusiasm which is displayed in all institutions throughout the State. As is the case in Pakistan, doctors and nurses are at a premium, particularly women. Several of the young men however, and women too are at present undergoing training in Lahore in preparation for joining in the heroic task of raising the living standards and health of their people. Medical attention like education is free, and the poorest family in Swat can obtain necessary treatment and drugs, no matter how expensive they may be.

Nearby is the Veterinary Hospital, rather a breath-taking find in this tiny State. On the other side of the road stands the State College for priests, who, if they are desirous of preaching and taking up the profession in the State, must first qualify for their high calling by taking a certificate from the college, without which they are not allowed to practise. It is the fundamental planning and vision behind all these schemes that strikes one so forcibly.

That many of these schemes are in an embryo stage would not be disputed even by the Wali himself, but they are all, without exception, growing and developing with assurance and dignity.

About two miles from Saidu Sharif stands Mingora, the State's largest business centre. Here, the crowded, insanitary streets with their ramshackle of picturesque cuttcha buildings, are gradually being replaced by well designed brick houses and shops, set well apart to admit light and air. The bazaar was gay with the famous Swati blankets, striped like a Mexican poncho in vivid red and white. I stopped to buy and chat with the shopkeeper and the interested crowd that gathered to proffer greetings and advice.

We sped along the tree lined road towards Khwaza Khela, centre of trade for Indus Kohistan. Swat has now over 350 miles of excellent motor roads, which, although not metalled, are kept in first class repair. Ditches run parallel to the side of the road, irrigate the fields and at the same time the roots of the fine trees shading the road. Intrigued by the sight of an imposing transmission line, looped between its steel towers, and stretching like drawn silver into the distance, I again turned to Sher Khan for information. Sher Khan explained that nearly all the villages in Swat are now electrified, and that the power is supplied from the Malakand Hydro-Electric Scheme, being at present transmitted at 11,000 volts. The demand for electricity is however so high and far exceeding the capacity of the existing transmission line, that it is anticipated that within a year or two electricity must be made available in far greater quantities than it is at present. I was curious to know what use could be made of all this extra power in a country where there are virtually no industries to speak of, but Sher Khan pointed out that there is a vast amount of land which now relies entirely on seasonal rains, but which could be cultivated with infinitely greater intensity if only sufficient electricity were available to allow for the installation of lift irrigation pumps.

Our next halt was at Madian, tucked away in a crevice in the hills from which it seemed at first sight that there was no escape. In actual fact, the old motor road previously came to an end here, but now it has been extended up the valley as far as Bahrein. All at once my companion spied a pipe line shooting down the hillside, climbing a tiny rocky path, winding above the river, feeling its way through wild holly bushes and tall pines, past groups of shaggy hill ponies being loaded with atta and salt for Indus Kohistan. We came upon what seemed at first sight to be some Heath Robinson contraption, constructed in the mountainside by an eccentric inventor, but which turned out to be neither more nor less than a full-fledged hydro-electric scheme. This amazing erection had been installed by a Pathan

from Mardan, one Abdullah Khan, and the turbo generators along with the electrical gear had been bought from a surplus dump. The Pelton wheels he had manufactured himself. Electricity is distributed to the 70 odd consumers at the rate of five annas per unit by overhead lines on wooden poles. As a side line, this enterprising gentleman utilizes the surplus energy to drive a bandsaw with which he cuts up timber which he later makes into boxes for the export of fruit and the delicious Swat honey.

A little further on, a house was being built by the side of the Swat River. This process presented a scene of incredible gaiety, with workmen carrying bricks and laying mortar to the accompaniment of an ancient *tubla*, the tempo beaten out by an old musician, sitting cross legged on the scaffolding, the antique equivalent, no doubt, of the modern 'Music While You Work'. We stopped for a chat with the owner who was busy superintending the construction work. Just beyond the house we crossed the river by a Bailey Bridge, surely another unbelievable sight in such a remote district. This was built by the 17th Field Company, R.P.E., as a mark of gratitude for hospitality received within the State, and as an engineering work while on manoeuvres.

The motor road comes abruptly to an end at Bahrein, where two foaming torrents meet, and whose main street is literally built across the rushing waters. Tiny houses are set into the hill side only a stone's throw from the boulders that fringe the rivers, and almost indistinguishable from them. The women of Bahrein are famous for their beauty, and several shy and lovely girls, their hair cut in the straight fringe so beloved of the Powindahs, cast curious and diffident looks in the direction of our little party. They dress mostly in black with a profusion of silver ornaments. Here we started on our long trek up the valley towards Kalam. We tramped for miles up and down the narrow path, sometimes simply composed of rough steps hewn out of the rocky bed, and all the way along, the foaming green torrent of the Swat River crashed and echoed in our ears. Then all at once, far in the distance rose the first snows, the white streaked peaks of Mankial, soaring 19,000 feet into the air and swathed in an eternal grey veil of cloud.

Sitting out on a boulder in the middle of the stream, trying inevitably to translate the beauty of the scene in terms of paint and canvas, I became conscious of a movement beside me. A young woman crawled out to my eyrie and squatted down beside me, quiet and serious. Soon she was joined by a small boy and a little girl. None of them spoke and I wondered if they had ever seen a picture before. I greeted them in my halting Pushto and tried to make some conversation. Between a few words here and there, to the accompaniment of smiles and signs, I learned that she had come from Kohis-

tan and was walking down to Bahrein with her family to collect a supply of salt. Proudly she showed me her bangles and earrings, and looked in vain for mine. I felt somehow naked and undressed in my old slack without ornament of any kind, almost a traitor to my sex. She stayed beside me for a long time, then slid off followed obediently by her children, as quietly as she had come.

In response to our request for an interview with the Wali, we were lucky enough to be invited by him. We learnt that in this matter he is particularly gracious, and makes it a point of honour, to meet all visitors of account.

The Palace is an unpretentious mansion, divided into three portions. Stepping out of the car, we were met on the verandah by the Private Secretary and on entering the door we were introduced without any pretence at ceremony to the Wali himself who had come out to meet us. Dressed in national clothes, he might have been a Khan, or landowner from the North-West Frontier, unassuming and charming. He greeted us warmly and we immediately felt at home.

He led us himself into his drawing room, a long, sunlit, comfortable lounge, which reflected the character of the owner in its unostentatious, quiet grace. There we sat and chatted about our impressions of the State and of how we had found it so much more civilized than many of the so-called civilized countries we had known in our travels. The Wali modestly disclaimed any credit for what we had seen, emphasizing the fact that it was his people who had made it what it was. My eyes strayed inevitably to the well filled bookshelves, and I was struck at once by the truly catholic taste that they displayed; the classics, administration, engineering, gardening, the latest contribution to science, travel and biography.

Breakfast was laid in the panelled dining room. Looking back my memory is laced with unforgettable impressions of that meal; of morning sunlight glinting on silver and napery, of conversation that ranged over the world; of great dishes of fresh fruit grown in the gardens and of the vista of hills and valleys seen through the open windows. Perhaps more than all these however was the impact made by the simple compelling charm of the Wali himself; of his versatile and agile brain, his wide knowledge of world affairs and his quiet humour. At first, naturally enough the conversation turned on the progress of the State and of the plans for the future. The Wali rather wistfully remarked that he doubted whether all his schemes would come to fruition during his lifetime. With a population of nearly half a million and an income of only three million rupees, the strictest and most careful economy must be practised in the State, and a budget adhered to that admits of no luxuries. I reflected bitterly how the balancing of books

always comes in the way of progress, and how economic aid by more fortunate countries could go such a long way in the hands of a man of such integrity and goodwill.

The last vision of that enchanted place that will always remain with me is the breath-taking view from the top of the Karakar Pass, looking back over Swat and forward into Buner. Looking out from under the giant pines, their gentle swaying branches like the sound of waves on a pebbled beach, down on the Lilliputian valleys spread like green handkerchiefs between the encircling hills, I could not but help feeling that the mountains are to Swat what the sea is to an island and wished with all my heart that this visible barrier 'built by Nature for herself, against infection and the hand of war', might remain forever thus, against the envy of less happy lands.

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Prof. Ardito Desio

TRAVELS IN THE KARAKORUM

BEFORE I begin an account of my travels in the Karakorum, that vast chain of Asian mountains culminating in the second highest peak of the world, K2 (Chogori), 28,250 feet high, I must first endeavour to describe briefly some of the most peculiar features of the orographic structure.

The Great Himalayan Range consists in reality of a series of ranges, together forming a great arc, whose outer side faces due south. To the north lies the boundless tableland of Tibet, to the south the depression of the Indus and the Ganges. At its two extremities the series of ranges falls away and curves southwards, forming in the east the mountains of Burma, in the west the hills of Baluchistan, on this side, however, almost adjoining the northern extremity of the Himalaya proper, is an enormous corrugation in the earth's surface containing a chain of exceedingly high mountains, commonly called the Karakorum, after its best-known and most important pass, the Karakorum Pass. The word "Karakorum" signifies in Turkish black (kara) gravel of earth, covered with debris (korum); and from its initial letters are derived the abbreviations K1, K2, K3, and others, which have been adopted by the Indian topographical office as a means of identifying a very numerous series of peaks without local names.

Whether the Karakorum constitutes a system of mountains in itself, or whether it forms an integral part of the Himalaya, is not very clear. But since the geographical nomenclature of the greatest mountain range in the world is for the most part conventional, it is usual to regard the Karakorum as one of the great orographical units of the Himalayan Chain.

As for the climate, the monsoon which brings the great rains to Pakistan and to India, reaches the Karakorum in a greatly attenuated form. It discharges much of its moisture onto the smaller chains and onto the plateaux which constitute the outposts of the Karakorum and which, at least in part, represents the true western continuation of the Himalaya. The Karakorum has less rain than the rest of the Himalaya, and consequently, even below the climatic limit of the permanent snows, is very bare and in many

places little more than a desert. This is more markedly the case on the northern and on the southern side.

It should not be supposed, however, that the Karakorum is a completely barren region. The great river which flows along its southern margin, the Indus, as well as some of the latter's larger tributaries—such as the Shigar and the Shyok, which rise in the heart of the Karakorum, and the Shaksgam, which flows down its northern flank—testify to the fact that the Karakorum possesses notable reserves of moisture. These reserves are obviously maintained by the glaciers, often scores of miles in length, which fill entire valleys with wrinkled masses of ice overlaid upto a great altitude with morainic debris. In addition, many smaller glaciers thrust their tongues down the slopes of the larger valleys. Raging torrents feed the oasis scattered about the imposing morainic fans deposited by the Quaternary glaciers near the entrances to the lateral valleys.

So the great glaciers of the present day are merely the last remains of the far larger glaciers which once flowed through all the major valleys of the region, leaving evidence of their passage in the striated boulders, in the scratches on the rocks, and in the morainic deposits that are found scattered about the slopes far above the level of the glaciers of today.

In the Karakorum there are three glaciers over 30 miles long. These are Siachen, the largest of all, measuring 46 miles and a half, Batura (34 miles), Baltoro (32 miles and a half). Half of the sixteen biggest glaciers in the Karakorum, belong to the southern slope, the others to the northern one, but only three of them are tributaries of the River Indus. This signifies that in some points, the watershed is rather displaced northwards of the chain axis. This occurs, above all, in the territory of Hunza, where the basin of the Indus River penetrates for a long extent into the northern slope draining the waters of four of the sixteen biggest glaciers in the Karakorum.

The Karakorum has been the goal of explorers for some centuries. Among these famous figures of the heroic age of exploration, special mention must be made of an Italian, Ippolito Desideri of Pistoia, perhaps the first European to negotiate the Karakorum Pass, a feat which he accomplished in 1715 with a colleague. Several other pioneers reached the extreme fringe of the Karakorum.

The reconnaissance of the Karakorum entered its most fruitful phase in the 19th century, when a number of explorers succeeded in penetrating into the heart of the chain, visiting the great glaciers, reaching the foothills of the highest peaks, and bringing back the first survey maps of the region.

Among these pioneers were Vigne, Falconer, and Thomson, all of whom were active in the Karakorum before 1850.

A few years before, Strackey had explored the end of the Siachen Glacier.

Next came Schlagintweit, famous not only for his daring as an explorer, but also for the abundance of data which he collected. We do not know all the details of his itineraries, but he undoubtedly crossed the Karakorum Pass in 1856 and also penetrated into the Baltoro reaching the Muztagh Pass. It is possible that he was the first to do so.

Godwin Austen is remembered above all as the man who, in 1861, explored and surveyed some of the largest glaciers in the Western Karakorum. Other key names are Younghusband, who after many adventures succeeded in crossing the chain by way of the East Muztagh Pass (17,773) and reconnoitred the central part of the Shaksgam Valley; and Martin Conway, who explored and surveyed the Big Four (the Hispar, Biafo, Kero Lungma, and Baltoro) Glaciers.

During the present century the Karakorum has been visited by numerous expeditions of a genuinely exploratory character. Many leaders are too well-known to call for more than passing mention, like Bullock, Workman, Bruce, Longstaff, the Duke of Abruzzi, and above all De Filippi, who led the greatest scientific expedition that had ever visited the Eastern Karakorum.

Here I should mention also that the exploration of the Karakorum was resumed after the hiatus caused by World War I, notably by Mason (1926), Trinkler and De Terra (1927-1928), and Viser (1922-1930). In 1929 the Duke of Spoleto led a scientific expedition to the Baltoro and the Panmah Glaciers, on the south side of the range, and to the central Shaksgam Valley and the Sarpo Laggo Glacier, on the north side, reconnoitring and surveying vast areas of the chain. I was a member of this expedition.

In the following years the greatest contribution to our geographical knowledge of the Karakorum was made by Dainelli and the two British expeditions of 1937 and 1939, which were led by E. Shipton. It would take too long to enumerate here all expeditions having a merely mountaineering character, which followed during this century and which became more frequent after 1954, the year in which we conquered K2. Much less numerous were the exploratory scientific expeditions, also because of political difficulties, that arose after World War II.

I have dwelt for a while on this geographic introduction, because I did not want to seem too presumptuous, speaking only of myself. Indeed, my travels in the vast chain of the Karakorum appear an easy thing, if we compare it with the explorations made during the last century, especially if we keep in mind the means the pioneers had at their disposal. When I recall my first journey in that region and compare it with my last one, I realize how much

easier it is now to penetrate these mountains.

But I say this with reserve. Once it was only necessary to obtain a general permit from the central authorities and one could go where one wished; now permits are not sufficient. Once, the biggest difficulty came from nature; nowadays, it comes from men.

My first entrance into the enchanted realm of the snows and glaciers of the Karakorum happened late in the spring of 1929. It was one of the most important events in my life, which will never be effaced from my mind. I remember still, as if it had happened now, the time when I set my foot on the Biafo Glacier, dominated by the grand mass of Mango Gusor, a peak 20,630 feet high. I was accompanied by the guide Evaristo Croux and by eight Balti porters.

After a preliminary visit to the Panmah Glacier, I joined the main team of the expedition who meanwhile had encamped at Urdukas, in the middle Baltoro, where was also the leader, the Duke of Spoleto. I was anxious to visit the head of the glacier valley, which I had previously known from the report of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition. Much to my surprise, my eight Baltis, who had been allowed to rest for some days at Base Camp, did not want to leave me. So, after a day of rest which was necessary to organize the new reconnaisance and to provide supplies, I resumed the journey over the ice going up the Baltoro, as far as Concordia. There, I could see for the first time that marvellous mountain which is K2.

It was foggy morning then. Going out of my tent, after a heavy snowfall, I saw amid the clouds the high pyramid of the mountain. It seemed to hang in the sky, as if it were a dream. It was a memorable day in my life. This vision haunted my imagination for thirty years, remaining but a dream.

With Croux and my little group of porters, I went up the Godwin Austen Glacier, to the foot of the giant, then farther, to see it well on all its sides. On May 21, I was again in the vast amphitheatre Concordia, where flow together the two main tributary branches of the Baltoro Glacier. The origins of the south-eastern branch presented an interesting problem. If Conway and the Duke of the Abruzzi had gone up, to the Chogolisa, none had yet revealed the mystery of the big branch of the glacier flowing between Baltoro Kangri and the group of the Gasherbrums, whose peaks exceed 26,000 feet.

In a snow-storm, amid a terrible din of avalanches, three days later, I placed the camp in the midst of a valley of which I could not see either the flanks, or the head. For two days we were confined inside our tents because of the raging of the blizzard. On the morning of May 26, we could see for the first time, at the head of the valley, a broad saddle, from where

descended an enormous ice fall.

The mystery was partly revealed. But it was necessary to look beyond the saddle. So, that morning, with Croux and only two porters, I started to the "probable saddle" of Conway's map. The ascent was dangerous and extremely trying, because of the great deal of recent snow, which had fallen during the preceding days. After some hours, the weather became menacing again. But only one accident made us give up that rash undertaking.

We were crossing obliquely a steep slope overhanging a vast crevasse gaping wide in the ice, when we felt suddenly the snow moving under our feet and, in a flash, we saw it breaking up into a thousand clods, that began to slide precipitately towards the gully below. I saw Croux, who was ahead, bound to me by rope, suddenly begin to use his pick with which he was trying in vain to catch hold of the snow somehow. It all happened in a moment. Before being swept away myself, in the very nick of time I threw myself into the crevasse which was open over my head, so that I acted as a counterweight for Croux.

A hollow din, accompanied by a noise as of broken glass, and of deep splashes, spread in the icy atmosphere. The rope tightened; I felt a gentle pull behind my back. Then nothing else. I was hanging with one foot in the empty space, next to the crevasse edge. I hoisted myself out. Croux was sitting on the glacier under me. The two Baltis, bound with us as well were keeping the rope tight, but they were standing in a very dangerous position, on the edge of the detachment in front of the avalanche. If another clod had been set in motion, it would have carried them away, and it would probably have carried us with them as well.

By a series of very delicate manoeuvres, however, we succeeded in getting out of that very dangerous situation and in resuming the return journey under a new snowfall.

The following night it continued to snow uninterruptedly while the roar of avalanches did not allow us to sleep. We were already short of supplies. We wanted to return to Base Camp.

But the morning of May 27 was a very clear one. We started again towards that magical saddle and, after eight hours of unimaginable fatigue and peril, we set foot on the top, which we dedicated to Conway, and which we named after him, while to the Duke of the Abruzzi we dedicated the glacier below. Within three days, by forced marches, we succeeded in returning to Urdukas, where I was expected to undertake the exploration of the Shaksgam, Valley, on the northern side of the Karakorum, along the boundary line, known as the MacMahon Line.

The Shaksgam Valley had been first discovered (1887) by Younghusband,

who came into it from the North, over Aghli Dawan. Two years later, he explored it again in its western side. Major Mason, (1926), explored its upper end. We had planned to enter the interposed part of the valley, and connect the two previous explorations by a survey of the unknown portion of the valley. But in vain.

With six companions and many porters, on June 9, I reached the top of the Muztagh Pass, 17,500 feet high. The descent was easy, with the help of skis. In a few hours we crossed the Sarpo Laggo glacier and reached Chang Tok on an old moraine.

The next day two of my companions and many porters, forming an auxiliary party, left a food deposit and returned to the base-camp.

I and the other three, with thirty six porters, proceeded on our way down, reaching the front of the glacier and the junction of Sarpo Laggo and Shaksgam rivers, marked by an isolated rock, from which I could see the impenetrable north wall of K2. Here we attained the MacMahon Line. We went on marching upstream for some days along the bottom of the Shaksgam Valley, crossing and recrossing the cold river as far as the first glacier which dammed the valley, the Gasherbrum Glacier. We climbed the left moraine, and succeeded in crossing the glacier rising with ice pinnacles to the right moraine. The next day we reached the Urdok Glacier and then for two days we ascended the glacier, and we pitched our tents at the head of the valley at the foot of the Indira col.

But there was a heavy snowfall during the night and the col was inaccessible for some days. The supplies being reduced to half, we decided to split the party. Balstereri and I proceeded towards the Upper Shaksgam with eight Baltis; the others returned to the Baltoro.

During the next few days we proceeded along the flat bottom of the valley upstream of the Urdok Glacier through an unexplored land as far-as the front of an unknown glacier that the Baltis named Staghar. After another day we found a protruding glacier. Its front reached the opposite side of the valley, so we were obliged to cross it higher up. We struggled for eight hours in the labyrinth formed by ice pinnacles, some of which were over 200 feet high, helping the porters, who christened the glacier "Singhye," meaning "difficult". On March 27, we sighted another large glacier, covered with pinnacles extending across the valley, the Kyagar. From the top of the rock, we were able to identify the stone signal built by one member of Mason's expedition three years ago. So, I could connect my topographical survey with that of the previous English expedition. For the first time, the whole MacMahon Line was explored. During our return march, we explored a piece of the glacier flowing down from K2, and the head of the Sarpo Laggo

Valley, where we discovered the new pass to the Baltoro Glacier, the Sarpola, 18,500 feet high.

When we returned to the Base Camp of Urdukas, after 40 days of excursion, we realized that paradise is not in Heaven alone, but right here in the base camp. During the last 20 days we ate only half of our normal food ration and so we were not exactly pampered.

My last tour during the 1929 expedition was on the Panmah Glacier. The fruits of this expedition were the first maps of the whole Shaksgam Valley and of the Sarpo Laggo Glacier, a large scale map of the Baltoro Basin and the first detailed map of K2. The geographic achievements are related in the official volume which appeared in 1936.

After this expedition, two more took place, both led by Shipton, who crossed the Karakorum range through the Sarpola, discovered by our expedition. The explorations of Shipton's expeditions obtained valuable results in the geographical field.

My first journey to the Karakorum was the necessary preliminary to all my subsequent travels in that range. Meanwhile, other occasions matured, and I directed my explorative and scientific activity to the mountains of Iran for a short time, then above all to Africa, to Sahara and to Ethiopia.

The Second World War hindered me, as it did us all, for several years. I spent my time between books and excursions on the Alps. But when the world conflict ended, I began to hope to achieve my alpinistic-explorative plan, which I had been arranging for a long time, and which I was going to realize in 1939-40.

Finally, in 1952, the Italian National Olympic Committee placed the necessary funds at my disposal for a preliminary reconnaissance in Pakistan. But an unexpected obstacle dashed my hopes; permission had already been granted to Dr. Houston, head of an American expedition, and for supply and transport reasons, another permit could not be issued for the same year. I was obliged to content myself with applying for permission to make only a preparatory journey in 1953, with a view to conducting a full-scale expedition to the Baltoro mountains in 1954. The negotiations went through varying vicissitudes of hope and disappointment lasting almost a year until in the middle of July when things looked very bleak, I learnt that the permit for the preliminary expeditions had been granted.

Before proceeding to K2, I visited, on the invitation of the representative of Pakistan Government, the valley of Stak, an affluent of the right bank of the middle Indus, to study the problem of a glacier which, during the previous spring, had advanced about eight miles in the course of three months, and had covered the whole valley, seriously threatening the underlying

villages. Thence, over two passes I reached the main route to K2, arriving at Askole, the last inhabited village, on September 18. I then proceeded to the Baltoro Glacier and its chief tributary, the Godwin Austen, reaching the slopes of K2 at about 15,300 feet on September 26. After carrying out a reconnaissance under the Abruzzi spur, I returned to Skardu, and four days later reached Rawalpindi, returning to Italy two months after my departure. On my return I learned that the Pakistan Government had granted me a permit for full-scale expeditions, and only from that moment could I set seriously to work to secure the necessary financial backing.

The basic plan, which I drafted immediately after my return, provided for two parties, a mountaineering and a scientific group; the former to undertake the ascent of K2, the latter the task of completing and extending the research carried out by earlier expeditions and particularly by the Italian expedition of 1929.

However, I cannot tell you now of the complicated and sometimes dramatic vicissitudes of the expedition to K2. I will only tell you that this very high and impregnable mountain has been previously attempted five times by climbers of different nationalities.

The first attempt was in 1902 by the International Expeditions of Ekenstein-Plannel-Guillarmod; the second was that of the Duke of the Abruzzi which, during 1909, opened the way along the south-east ridge, then called "Abruzzi Ridge". The other attacks were delivered by United States mountaineers led by C. Houston (1938-1953) and Wiessner (1939). These expeditions were able to reach the "shoulder" of the giant, and Wiessner climbed to a height of about 27,500 feet. Five climbers lost their lives in the course of these attempts, two of them Americans.

The story of our conquest is already known to many of you. Seventeen editions of my book have been issued in ten languages, among them Russian and Japanese; unfortunately no edition in the Urdu language has been issued until now, notwithstanding that this mountain rises in the country where Urdu is the most used language.

The tents were and may be are still, the best ones that are on sale. The same can be said for the four types of shoes, which were made for different uses. The choice of men was made by an absolutely scientific method, and the same can be said as regards their training and acclimatization· The technical methods used, as, for instance the small aerial ropeway transformable into skylift, and the various types of radio-connections, had no precedents in such enterprise. It is not out of a sense of pride that I say this: it is only to explain how, during a year of extremely unfavourable weather like 1954 not only in the Karakorum, but in the whole Himalaya, we succeeded

all the same to conquer such a high and difficult mountain as K2. Our brave and dear friend Colonel Ata Ullah, the magnificent Hunzas led by our and your Mahdi, decorated with the cross of Chevalier of the Italian Republic, the wonderful Baltis numbering 700 who provided the transport of the 500 loads of the expeditions, all offered a beautiful example of collaboration to make a success of such a difficult and rash undertaking in which we lost one of our best companions: Mario Puchoz. On July 31, 1954 our common effort enabled the valiant Compagnoni and his companion Lacedelli to win the very coveted goal and put the Italian and Pakistani flags on the top of K2.

There are people who say that our expedition was the most expensive that has ever been made in the Himalaya. Now I would discredit this story. They have forgotten that there were two expeditions in one: one with mountaineering aims, the other with scientific aims. They have forgotten that the film yielded more than the cost of the whole expedition, which was however equipped to deliver two more attacks, if one only had been insufficient. But as the giant was subdued at the first attempt we left on the glacier all that was of no further use to us. What could we do with it? But, if we had not succeeded at the first attempt, or at the second one, should we have given up? Not at all.

It has also to be remembered that whereas I was wholly engaged with the climbing enterprise, a group of scientists was operating in another field. Then, while the mountaineering group returned home, the scientists continued their work for two more months.

The scientific results of this expedition have been partly published in preliminary notes, but I can tell you that two of the six volumes in which these results will be related, are in print and they will be ready within a year.

Our topographical map of K2 (Scale 1: 12,500) has been judged one of the most beautiful maps of mountain tops that have been issued. It was made by the Istituto Geografico Militate Italiano. But, besides this map there are other ones, which are now but proofs. These topographical and geographical maps will be issued together with the volumes on our scientific results.

For one who has devoted all his life to science, these are the most desired rewards. Neither riches, nor honours, nor power, but these volumes, in which are recounted all our efforts, our passions, our talent. And we are satisfied when we have succeeded with our work in helping science to progress, even a little. We ask of life nothing better.

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Sylvia Matheson, F.R.G.S.

THE BUGTI TRIBES OF BALUCHISTAN

"LIKE a black-wind dust-storm springing from the hard baked soil, so the Tigers poured like a flood through the pleasant mouth of the pass..."

So runs one of the traditional ballads still popular among the Baluch tribes whose " tigers " are in fact, the fierce fighting men of the Bugti tribes.

Not four hundred miles north of twentieth century Karachi lies the mediaeval tribal territory of Marri-Bugti country. In this, nearly four thousand square miles of inhospitable desert and bare mountain lives a tribe whose daring and courage in warfare is only matched by their reckless generosity and hospitality to the stranger, as if to compensate for the unfriendliness of nature herself.

Hardy, handsome warriors, these Bugtis are the Zarkanis of history, the Tigers, the Rinds, known as Thickbeards, whose long well-oiled ringlets hang waist-length over their shoulders and whose thick, curly black beards are a matter for pride. Indeed, a Bugti's beard is so sacred that battles have been waged over the pulling of a beard. His most sacred oaths are sworn by the beard—particularly his Chieftain's; and the most shameful insult that can be offered a Bugti is to cut his hair and beard.

Once you have travelled inside Bugti territory—it is still a restricted area—it is easy to understand why so little is known of this hardy, quick-tempered generous tribe. Some of the highest temperatures in the world have been recorded here, especially in the low-lying country round Sui. Summer temperatures in the 120°F are normal and 130°F is not unusual, 140°F has been recorded. In winter the temperature drops to freezing. There are very few roads and most of the country is criss-crossed with camel tracks.

This is the country of a free and fearless people. Bugti women lead a hard, outdoor life, fetching water, tending the cattle or, in the few settlements, working in the fields, unveiled. And with the Bugti tradition of chivalry, they move about free and unmolested.

No true Bugti feels completely dressed without his tupak, a gun of some

kind ranging from the latest Czech automatic rifles to ancient matchlocks or flintlocks with long, heavy barrels, lavishly decorated with brass studs. The Bugti's accuracy with his clumsy, muzzle-loading weapon is amazing.

Where did they come from, these romantic, fine looking people?

To begin with, they are Rind Baluchis—the word "Baluch" merely means nomad or wanderer—and the Baluchis themselves are something of a mystery. They claim to have migrated from Aleppo where, before the Prophet's birth, they lived in the low hills surrounding the city. The Persian King Naushirwan in the Shah Nameh complains that "the ground had become black with Baluchis." They say, that when Yazid, the second Ummiyah Khalifa, fought with Hazrat Imam Husain and the latter was killed, the Baluchis who sided with him fled to Kirman and Seistan in Persia, thence to the Mekran.

"We are the servants of Hazrat Ali,
The true Imam of the Faith,
From Aleppo we came.
On account of the struggle with Yazid..."

This is the Baluchis' own tradition. But there are many conflicting theories about their true origin. Elphinstone believed thatt he Baluchis occupied the mountains of the Mekran, in southern Baluchistan, at the time of the first Arab invasion in 664 A.C. and Ibn Haukal, writing in the tenth century, asserted that the "Koch and Baluch lived in the Iran Zanin, bordering Hind and Sind." While some authorities believe the Baluchis are of Syrian origin, others take them to be of Turkoman stock and still others of Arab, Persian and even Rajput!

The Persian poet Firdausi referred to the Baluchis in his "Shah Nameh", when Chosroes attempted to destroy them; their banner, said Firdausi, bore the device of a tiger. Because of this tiger motif some authorities believe the Baluchis originally came from the Capsian where the tiger is supposed to have originated, and that in fact the Baluchis actually served under Chosroes, the sixth century ruler of Iran. At all events, the "Tigers" of the Baluch are certainly the present-day Bugtis who themselves claim to have come from Bug in Iran; physically they appear to have more of the Arab in their make-up.

The Baluchis as a whole do appear to be traced first in the north of Iran in the neighbourhood of the Caspian, about the time of the later Sassanians (sixth century A.C.) and probably settled in Kirman after the Muslim conquest there. Their move to Seistan at the beginning of the tenth century and thence into Western Mekran was probably caused by the Seljuq invasion followed by that of Chengiz Khan. Finally some of the Baluchis reached the fertile Indus Valley following Tamerlane's conquests at the time of

the Emperor Babur and the Arghun invasion of India. It is these Indus valley Baluchis who claim to have sprung from the four sons of one Jala Han; Rind, Hot, Lashari and Korai, and his daugther Mai Jato. Of the five Baluch sections, the Rinds are the aristocracy and most Baluchis try and trace some connection with the Rinds, the most famous of all being Mir Chakur, a chieftain who lived in the middle sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

It was about this time that the Bugtis began to settle in their present territory. Their early history, like that of their cousins and neighbours—and former traditional enemies, the Marris—centres round Mir Chakur Khan who is said to have joined forces with the Emperor Humayun, accompanying him to Delhi and dying at Lahore at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The Bugtis speak an eastern dialect of Baluchi with a large percentage of Sindi and Punjabi words, but their traditional songs are in an archaic dialect which few people today, even the singers themselves, fully understand. These traditional songs, known as Dastanaghs, are sung in high-pitched, nasal tones to the accompaniment of a Nar pipe, sometimes the double algozha flute and stringed instrument such as the Dhambiro or the Sarunda. Most ballads are in praise of such famous warriors as Mir Chakur, some are love songs, some deal with later encounters with the British. Their musicians known as Doms—they are Loris or gypsies, usually blacksmiths and carpenters—play the stringed instruments. Performers on the Nar, a reedless flute about thirty inches long, bound with strips of raw gut, are always true Baluchis. Often the songs themselves are composed by a poet who does not perform himself and today the theme has turned to the wonders of the Sui Gas Field, being just inside Bugti tribal territory, which has been for many Bugtis their first and only contact with so-called civilization. Songs of the 'Companee' and the benefits of water brought by pipeline some 40 miles from the Indus at Kashmor, to a part of the country which has been waterless for hundreds of years, these are the subjects of current Dastanaghs such as this one, written by Bingo Nothani:—

"From Sind comes the news that the Companee is going to the mountains.
From Kashmor she first came to Dholi and then crossed over;
She brought airplanes there; and immediately set up water machines and she built a steel town where motor cars roar day and night......
Subhan Allah! Companee has turned jungle into level ground.
Even men of the Khallpar clan now wear clean clothes and go to work the machines...

We make the roads for the Companee and also air landing ground...."
Or this,

"Come, let us visit the place where the Companee operates;
Companee's work is not difficult and we earn a lot of money there;
Tonight we will visit the Hawke's Domain,
Where the Companee is building steel forts over the ground.
Companee's apron spreads wide, from Sui to Uch and beyond.
She has even captured water;
It has been trapped; it is brought here in steel pipes from large rivers;
And the Companee is distributing wealth.
She is collecting still more workmen;
They are coming from all over to join the work;
People are coming from Sind and the Punjab.....
And so do the wild men from the hills;
Machines roar in the desert like rain-clouds.
Early in the morning the whistle goes for work;
Engines start off; we all rush to work.
We go to work with the same eagerness as the goat goes to eat green grass;
We have different jobs;
Some carry baskets, others wield the hammer;
Some load the donkeys, others drive them;
Companee gives each one money; all are satisfied;
We drove donkeys before, now we drive motor cars;
We ride in them too.
Companee is searching for treasured oils,
And we are guiding them."

Just as these songs reflect present-day Bugti conditions so do the earlier ballads tell of their past glories which, until the present day, have involved many a raid in force on Marri territory, with its subsequent retaliation. Both Marris and Bugtis have been nominal vassals of the Khan of Kalat. In the nineteenth century they came up against the British when they impeded Lord Keane's force on its way to Afghanistan in 1939.

A young Englishman, whose descendent, Sir Ian Jacob, is the present Director-General of the B.B.C., was an artillery Officer with Keane's forces and has left some fascinating notebooks written during this period. Lieut. John Jacob, as he was then (later to become a General), was a young man of many interests, ranging from proposals to abolish forced labour, to the constructions of canals; from a condemnation of interference in religious matters by visiting missionaries, to proposals for the construction of a proper port

at Karachi and detailed suggestions for the building of a road and railway from Karachi to Quetta—then known as Shal.

It was after a series of daring raids into British-held Sind that the Bugtis made their most audacious attack of all. Filled with admiration, Lieut. Jacob wrote of the cool and systematic method of the Bugti raid, but it was after this the Bugtis were proclaimed outlaws with a price of ten rupees on every man's head. Two year's later, in 1847, Islam Khan II, Chieftain of the Bugtis, surrendered to the then Major Jacob; it was Jacob's own suggestion that lands should be granted to them in Larkana, on condition that they settled down to a peaceful, agricultural existence there. But peace and agricultural pursuits are not in the Bugtis' nature, and it was not long before most of the Bugtis were back in their hills.

No matter how often they clashed in battle, the British had nothing but praise for the courageous and chivalrous bearing of their Bugti opponents. "War is looked upon as the first business of a gentlemen", wrote Edward Oliver in 1890, "and every Baluchi is a gentleman." Refusal to surrender to the British finally broke the strength of the Bugti tribe.

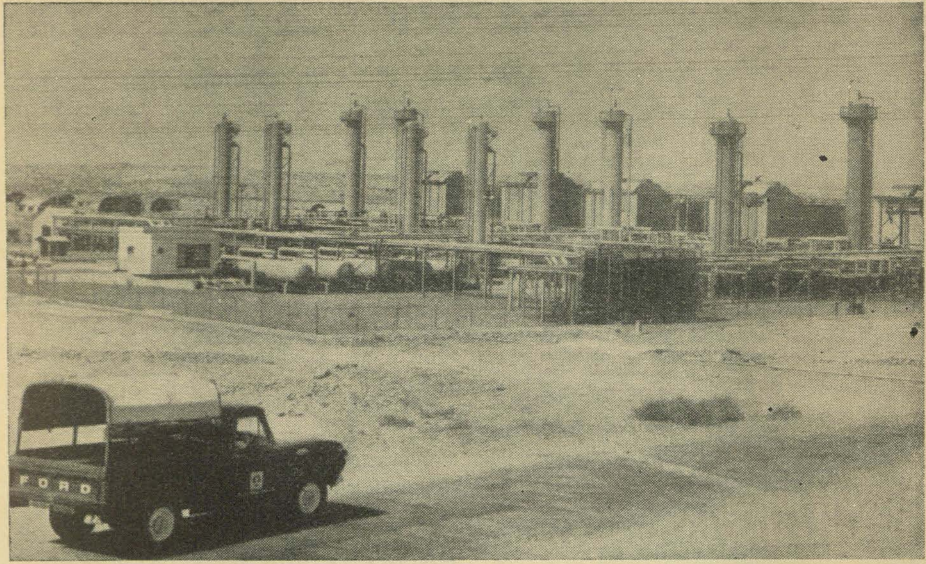
At one time and another the British occupied both Marri and Bugti headquarters for brief periods, but raids continued, even into the territory of their overlord, the Khan of Kalat.

It was now that Captain (later Sir Robert) Sandeman came on the scene. At that time he was Deputy Commissioner of Dera Ghazi Khan and after complaints not only from raided settlements in Sind and the Punjab, but also from the Khan, he proposed enlisting the tribes as allies, offering subsidies and employing tribal levies as guides, frontier patrols and trackers.

And so once again Sandeman came into the picture, marching alone through Marri-Bugti territory to reach Kalat in 1875. A year later, he had negotiated a treaty by which the Khan leased certain territories, (including Chagai, the Bolan Pass and Quetta), to the British in perpetuity and the Baluchistan Agency was established in Quetta. Now it is part of the new Republic of Pakistan.

Today the Bugtis, with few exceptions, live much as their ancestors have done for centuries, but with one great difference. They no longer engage in warfare.

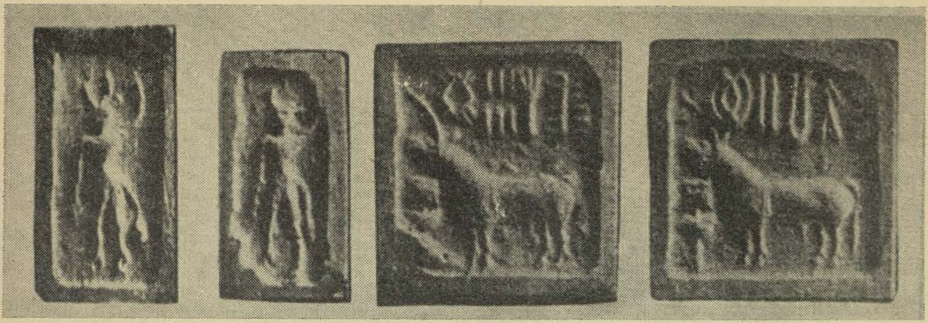
Some forty miles northwest of Sui, Dera Bugti, the headquarter of the tribe, founded by Bibrak the First, probably sometime in the late 17th or early 18th century (dates are difficult to come by in this part of the world) has changed little with the years, judging from old descriptions. Over a century ago John Jacob described it as being about 150 yards square, with strong, 20-foot high mud walls, round towers at the angles and a



The gas purification plant at Sui. The discovery of petroleum gas in this desert and its supply arrangements in the lengths and breadths of the country, have brought about revolutionary changes in the economy of Pakistan.

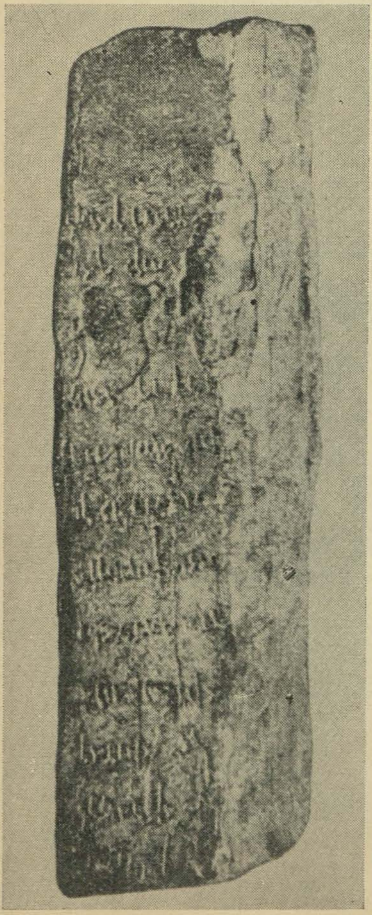
The annual fair at Sui brings the local population of the whole area flocking to the "gas town" and shows up the real life behind the new-fangled developments.





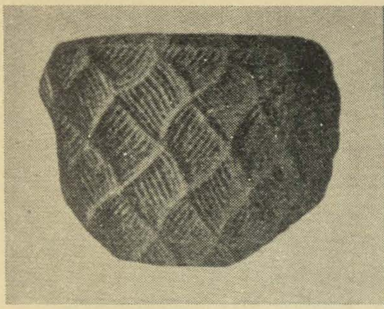
Octagonal seals depicting horned dieties also known in Mesopotamia.

Unique inscription found at Sirkap (Taxila) in Aramaic—official language of the Achaemenian Empire which embraced part of West Pakistan for some time.

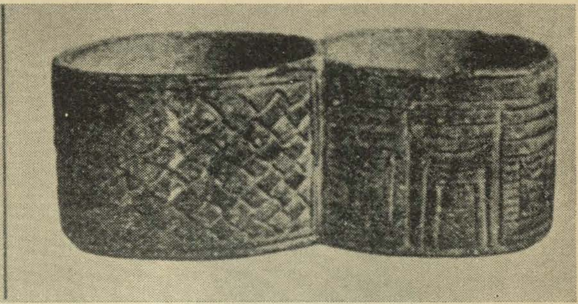


Examples of Harappan pottery, using motifs also found in ancient Middle Eastern civilizations.

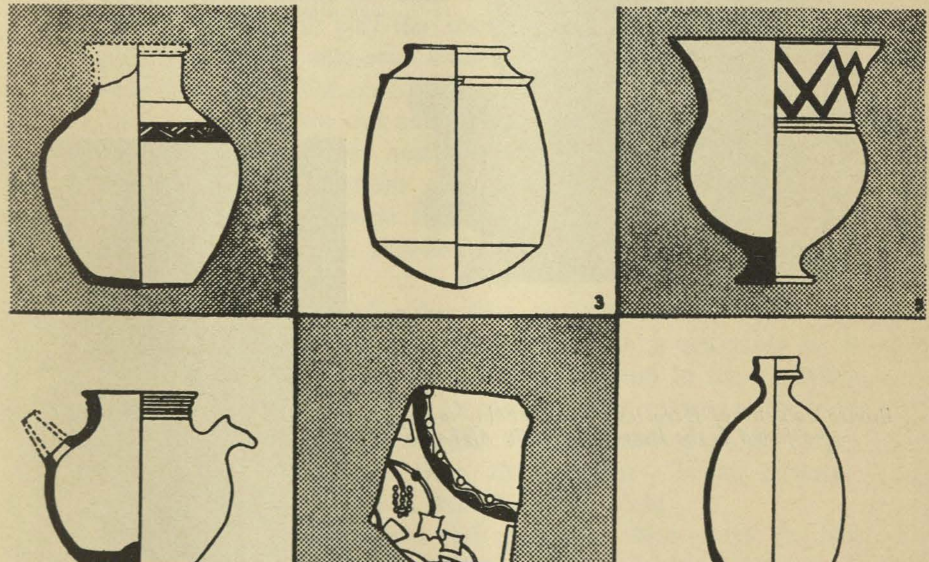




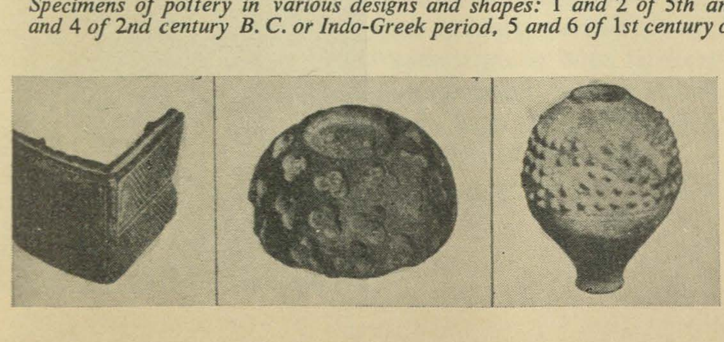
Fragments of a steatite vessel from Moenjo Daro.



A steatite vessel from Susa with the same motif as was found in the fragments from Moenjo Daro.



Specimens of pottery in various designs and shapes: 1 *and* 2 *of* 5*th and* 6*th century B.C.,* 3 *and* 4 *of* 2*nd century B. C. or Indo-Greek period,* 5 *and* 6 *of* 1*st century or Saka-Parthian period.*



Mat pattern, as on the extreme left, and trefoil pattern, as in the middle, has been found also on Mesopotamian sites of the 3rd millenium, whereas the knobbed ware, on right, is a typical product of the Indus Valley, but has been found also at Tel Asmar in Mesopotamia.



An oriental version of Apollo in terra-cotta with a lotus garland, found near Peshawar.

Bronze statuette of Heracles made probably in Egypt but found in the Begram hoard in Afghanistan.



gateway in the eastern face. At present its population consists of three to four thousand peoples, including about forty Hindu families who carry on their traditional shopkeeping.

With its mud-plastered houses and high-walled palace, modern guest-house, set in a charming garden, flanked by mosque and school and the jail full of cheerful, shackled prisoners who stroll casually round the bazar or sing and play the Nar in the prison courtyard, Dera Bugti is a strange mixture of old and new. Tribal law still prevails in Bugti territory.

The *Tumandar* still follows the traditional Bugti rules of hospitality, perhaps the most lavish of all tribes, and provides two meals a day for all visitors to Dera Bugti. Since this is the 'capital', there are always plenty of visitors and an average of some 600 meals is served daily by special servants. The future is still foretold from the lines on the shoulder-blades of newly-slaughtered goats; Doms still play the insistent, hyponotic rhythm of the *Faqiri* tune which sends the wild-eyed Fakirs into an epileptic, frenzy in which they chew and swallow live coal, fall upon each other in a rage, and wrestle with the devils possessing the sick and dying laid round about for their aid.

Bugti shepherd lads play their nostalgic melodies on reed flutes as they follow their flocks of fat-tailed sheep and curly blackhaired goats, and the Marattas whirl madly in the popular Jhoomer dance. Weddings are celebrated with camel and horse racing, shooting contests and dancing by the dim, romantic light of oil lamps.

The Bugtis are still a pastoral rather than an agricultural people—only three per cent. of Marri-Bugti territory is estimated to be cultivable in its present waterless state, but small patches of fertile land in the mountain valleys are sown with wheat and *Jowar*, occasional date palms and melons; these constitute the bulk of Bugti crops. For the most part, the Bugtis breed and sell camels and the wool from their flocks. Today, however, three is a new source of employment, the Sui Gas Field.

The Bugti is an adaptable fellow and men who, three years ago had never even seen a wheel-barrow and could only move one by picking it up bodily, now turn their hands to a variety of semi-skilled jobs in and around the great gas purification plant. Some have learnt to drive, as their ballads suggest, and at least one lad, studying alone in his spare time, has risen from serving cups of tea to a full, English-speaking clerical job in the office. To this extent at least, the finding of natural gas in Bugti territory has benefited the tribe, although contrary to general belief, neither the Bugtis nor their Chieftain has any direct financial gain from the discovery of mineral wealth, unlike the majority of Middle-Eastern territories.

Here, the Pakistan Government as a whole, and not the tribe, receives

any royalties made by the operating company. Doubtless in years to come the Bugtis who now perhaps wonder what good purpose has been served by the introduction of 'outsiders' to their hitherto exclusive hills, will see tangible benefits in schools, clinics and a higher standard of living.

But until that day comes, the majority of these "Rinds of the Swift Mares" who can truly boast "I have not made war like a jackal, but like a tiger have I burst through my foes...", remain hidden in their fortress-like hills, singing a little nostalgically of Mir Chakur and the epics of the past.

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Prof. Norman Brown

PAKISTAN AND WESTERN ASIA

WEST Pakistan is a region which has been conspicuously important in the development of civilization. This is not merely because the Indus Valley and the adjacent areas west of it were the seats of early civilizations, and rank in that respect only a little later than ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt. Doubtless every one is aware of the numerous archaeological sites of the third millennium B.C. there, the chief of which were first publicly reported in 1924 not so much as thirty years ago. The importance also lies in the fact that in the area of West Pakistan cultural blending, with the development of new forms of civilization., has been in progress throughout the entire period of its recorded history and doubtless in even earlier periods for which we lack historical documents but have archaeological data of other sorts. The effects of this cultural blending have been felt not only in what is now Western Pakistan but throughout the entire Indo-Pakistan subcontinent. It is the purpose of this article to deal with this aspect of West Pakistan's pre-history and history, making reference to the various periods in which cultures have met there.

The basis of the phenomenon has been the constantly recurring intrusion into the area of new forces of civilization from the West and North-west. There they would meet a civilization compounded of other forces which had entered previously from the same direction and the civilization which had been evolving in the main portion ot the subcontinent. A fact of geography is influential in this connection. The Indo-Pakistan subcontinent is well protected at almost all points by natural barriers of mountain, desert, jungle, marsh, or sea. Only the north-western and western sides in spite of notable mountain and desert protection, have passes penetrable by large bodies of men. These have left it vulnerable to a strong power, and they have been pierced, at least in historic times, by a number of inavasions which have seriously affected the subcontinents' life.

Further, the traffic has generally been one-way. The passes have served for admitting elements of civilization to the subcontinent much more

than for exporting it. West of the passes lay regions of low economic resources and development which offered no attraction to the people of the subcontinent. But to the people of the western regions, the subcontinent was a perpetual lure. Hence through the passes came intrusions of many sorts, some ethnic, some for military conquest and rule, some for no more than plunder. The most important were the ethnic. Through the passes have come peoples from Central Asia urged on by hunger or by the pressure of other hungry and stronger peoples at their rear. Such movements might progress slowly since the people were bringing their herds with them. The greatest would eventually alter the whole nature of the culture, becoming the dominant elements in the blend, imposing their languages or their theology upon their predecessors. Sometimes an invasion would be checked shortly after debouching from the Afghanistan mountains upon the plains of the Punjab; sometimes it had a power which carried it to the east, the centre, and the south of the subcontinent, perhaps in a slow advance that continued for centuries or even millennia.

When an invasion came through the Khyber or nearby passes at the top of the North-western frontier—or less seldom, the passes lower down that frontier—it occupied the first arable land below the mountains. Usually this was the upper apart of the Indus plain. This area in itself did not satisfy most invaders: they wanted more. The directions of further progress were fairly well standardized. Invaders who turned south into Sind found land of only mediocre arability, and, what was worse, they might be brought to a dead end against the sea or against the great Indian Desert on their left. In a few cases they seem to have crossed from lower Sind to Cutch, and from there to eastern Rajputana and Gujrat. Much more attractive was the eastward course from the Punjab, following the Northern Indian plain, which extends for a thousand miles between the Himalayan range on the north and the hills of Central India on the south, varying in width from one hundred to two hundred miles and probably always, as today, the subcontinent's most important agricultural region.

An invading element entering the north-west might be super-imposed upon a predecessor, which was still advancing towards the east or the south. This phenomenon gives civilization in the subcontinent its most basic feature, which is cultural overlap. This is least prevalent in the extreme South. It is most apparent in the North, where there exists, especially in Uttar Pradesh (formerly known as the United Provinces), the greatest amount of cultural mixture. It is less striking today in the North-west, now constituting West Pakistan, where the latest invading culture, which is the Islamic, has been in possession long enough to achieve, through combined military domination,

demographic operation, and cultural blending, a notable degree of homoge neity.

The result of the process for the North-west has been that throughout pre-history it has tended to face two ways culturally at once. When a new group entered, it was closer to its outside congeners than to elements already existing in the subcontinent. Yet, after entering, it was partly isolated by the facts of topography from those same congeners. The North-west, therefore, has always had double cultural sympathies, in part with the region east of it, in part with some region to the west or north. Let us see how this has worked during the past 4000 or more years, starting with the earliest period for which we have records of civilization.

We cannot say who were the earliest inhabitants of the subcontinent; we do not know what peoples or people, if any, living there today, are the descendants of the group which first owned civilization there. Our first archaeological data for Indo-Pakistan comes from sites in the Indus valley which we consider were occupied during a period from early in the 3rd millennium to about the 16th century B.C. It belongs to a number of separate cultures, of which the most widespread, named after the sites where they were first discovered are the 'Amri' or "Amri-Nal", which is probably the oldest, the "Harappa," which was the most important, the "Jhukar," which was the last.[1] No one of these closely parallels any culture outside the subcontinent. Nor have we knowledge of corresponding or even contemporary cultures elsewhere within it, not even in the Ganges valley, which is the place where one might be expected to have existed, and where archaeologists still do not despair of discovering one. Nevertheless partial parallels exist, which are suggestive.

The most important criterion for all is pottery, though the Harappa and the Jhukar also have other critical types of material. The Amri culture is known so far only in Sind and Baluchistan. Its painted pottery has been tentatively associated with Obeid ware in Iran of the 4th or 3rd millennia B.C. It has no known contemporary or later parallels in India. The inference would be that this culture and the people owning it entered the Indus valley from the West. [2]It may have come by the passes of the extreme North-

1. For convenient discussions of the various cultures, *see* Stuart Piggott, *Pre-historic India* Penguin Books, 1950; R.E. Mortimer Wheeler, *Five Thousand Years of Pakistan*, London, Royal India and Pakistan Society, 1950; E.J.H. Mackay, *Early Indus Civilizations* London, Luzac, 1948.
2. The *Beginnings of Civilization in the Orient*, *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, Supplement No. 3, 1939, article by W.N. Brown, "The Beginnings of Civilization in India," pp. 39 f.

west and filtered southward, though so far we cannot support that theory by examples of Amri ware in the Punjab. Or it may have entered the Indus valley through the Baluchistan passes. We clearly know too little about the Amri culture and its relations to speak with any degree of assurance.

For the Harappa culture, which is by far the most widely represented of all and endured by far the longest time, we have much better data. It had commerce with the West. There are abundant parallels with the West in motifs of pottery decoration, designs on stamp seals, and pottery figurines. They exist especially with Mesopotamia but also with Egypt and Crete.[3] We also find many parallels in pottery and seal motifs and in style of scuplture with historic Indian material, a thousand to fifteen hundred years later. The Harappa culture is known not only in Sind, but also in the eastern part of the Punjab at Rupar on the Sutlej River, and in the south at Rangpur in Kathiawar.[4] We do not know what people professed the Harappa culture; we cannot read their script, for they had a script, preserved chiefly on the many seals which they left us; we know nothing about their language; nor do we know precisely how to interpret the connections of that culture with western cultures of the second millennium B.C. or with later Gangetic valley culture of the first millenium B.C. Nevertheless it seems clear that it faced two ways at once, to Iran on one side and to India on the other, and that therefore the North-west in the 3rd and early 2nd millennia stood culturally midway between Western Asian cultures and native Indian, whatever that latter was like then or wherever it was centred. We have enough data to let us see that in the north the Harappa culture was progressing eastward across the Punjab and in the south-east was advancing across Cutch toward Central India. Who or what stood in its way we cannot say.

When we come to the Jhukar culture, which is inferior to the Harappa—for example, it has no writing—we are more poorly informed. There are fewer known sites, and these are all located in Sind. It lies above the Harappa strata at Chanhudaro, has affinities in its seals with Elam and possibly Cappadocia, and its pottery bears resemblances to that of the Obeid culture.[5] It seems just as western as the Harappa, and less like later Indian.

The cultural sequence of North-west India, as far as we knowit in the 3rd and early 2nd millennia B.C. is then, first, a period, perhaps brief, of re-

3. See exposes of such material in Heinz Mode, *Indische Fruhkulturen*, 1944; and E.J.H. Mackay, *op. cit.*
4. See map in R.E.M. Wheeler, "Harappa 1946", *Ancient India*, No. 3, January, 1947, p. 58.
5. See Mackay, *op.cit.*, p. 4; Brown, *op.cit.*, p. 42.

lationship with Iran, then a long period of mixed Iranian and later Indian affinities, followed by another short period of relatively close Iranian connection.

In our present state of knowledge, we may regard the period of the Indus Valley cultures as the first epoch in the history of civilization in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent. The second epoch is again one in which the North-west figures basically. This is the period when the Aryans entered through the passes of the North-west, at a time assumed to be about 1500-1200 B.C., and possessed the culture of the Rig Veda, which is the first and most important book of the early Indo-Aryans and was probably compiled by 1000 B.C. The book is religious in purpose and has very little historical information, yet it and the closely related Yajur with parts of some works composed a little later, tell us all that we know about the Indo-Aryans at that time. We have no material remains of these Aryans such as cities, burials, art, crafts.

Incomplete as the data are, we can still establish certain general and suggestive facts. First, the area which the Aryans of the Rig Veda held consisted primarily of the Punjab; it seems likely also to have included a part of Afghanistan to the west; it may have extended a short distance in the east beyond the Punjab into the Doab of the Ganges and the Jumna. Second, these Indo-Aryans regarded themselves as culturally different from, and, of course, automatically by their own definition superior to the people whom they found in the land. The latter were enemies against whom the Aryans fought with the aid of Indra, the king of their pantheon and their patron in war. They disliked the ways of the non-Aryans, applied derogatory epithets to them, condemned their religious practices, denominated them sorcerers and adherents of the demons, and when they received any in their society, whether as captives or otherwise, made them serve without the privileges of citizenship and religion which they themselves enjoyed, an attitude generally considered to be one of the elements contributing to the formation of the caste system. Thirdly, the Aryans brought in a language unrelated to any already existing in the subcontinent. It belonged to the Indo-European language family, while the families already there were the Dravidian, now represented in southern India, and probably the Munda, now scattered in various parts of western Bengal, Bihar, and the Central Provinces. The result was linguistic clash, leading in varying measure, in different regions, to linguistic blending. As the Aryans have continued to live in the subcontinent, and have fused with the non-Aryans, the conflict of languages followed by blending, with the Aryan element being the dominant, has continued. The evidence of the Rig Veda shows that during the centuries when the Aryans were occupying the Punjab and composing the hymns of the Rig

Veda, the north-west part of the subcontinent was culturally separate from the rest of India.

The closest cultural relations of the Indo-Aryans at that period were with the Iranians, whose language and sacred texts are preserved in the various works known as the Avesta, in inscriptions in Old Persian, and in some other scattered documents. So great is the amount of material common to the Rig Vedic Aryans and the Iranians that the books of the two peoples show common geographic names as well as deities and ideas.[6] The Aryans took into the subcontinent names of streams which they had known before in Afghanistan and Iran, much as British settlers brought and used in America such names as Thames or Severn or Avon. In the Rigvedic, or Early Aryan, period of civilization in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent, the North-west was again marked off from the rest of India. Aryanism, which in later historic times became the orthodox definition of native Indian civilization was, until sometime after the beginning of the first millennium B.C., a foreign culture in the country.

Following the Vedic Period, Aryan civilization and non-Aryan blended in the valley of the Ganges, especially about the 6th century B.C., to produce a characteristic native Indian civilization, marked by distinctive features of social organization, legal institutions, religious practice and philosophical speculation, and art forms. This was all enshrined in Aryan languages.

During this latter period, that is, in the 6th century B.C., we pass from pre-history in the subcontinent to one for which historical records exist. For that century we have a small amount of data concerning Magadha, in eastern India, where the founders of Buddhism and Jainism preached, and for some nearby regions.

In that century also we have mention of the North-west in the accounts and inscriptions of the Achaemenian kings of Persia. These monarchs transgressed the line of mountains and highlands that lie west of the river Indus and won themselves territories in the Indus plain. Cyrus, founder of the dynasty, who reigned from 558-529 B.C., cannot definitely be shown to have reached the Indus, though he conquered Afghanistan and part of Baluchistan. His successor, Cambyses, seems unlikely to have extended the Persian Empire to the East. But Darius I, who reigned 521-486 B.C., affirms in his inscriptions at Persepolis and Naksh-i-Rustam that he conquered the territories of the Indus valley. Herodotus adds further information concerning the Persian occupation, the enormous amount of tribute paid by the Indian satrapies,

6. See a summary of such material by A.V. Williams Jackson, *Cambridge History of India,* Vol. 1, 1922, chap. 14.

and other items. It seems that Darius I held the entire course of the Indus from the Upper Punjab to the Arabian Sea and some land to the east of the river—how far east is not known, but most authorities seem to think that he had the sections of Sind west of the Rajputana Desert and had penetrated into the Punjab beyond the Indus. His successor, Xerxes, 486-461, had Indian soldiers among his forces along with troops from regions in Afghanistan and Baluchistan. It seems that Persia continued to hold territory in India beside the river Indus through the period of decadence of Achaemenian rule and down to the defeat of Darius III in 330 and the invasion of the Punjab by Alexander.

So scanty is our information about the North-west during Achaemenian times that we can say almost nothing about the cultural effects of the Persian domination. How close the Indo-Aryans were to their brothers the Iranians in Cyrus' time we have no record. Hints in Avestan literature tell us little. Indian literature, except for controversial Vedic passages, is silent. By deduction many conclusions have been drawn—few of them can be demonstrated to be true. Some of the most impressive seem to be those concerning the palace architecture, sculptural techniques of official pillars, and practice of carving edicts on rocks under the emperor Asoka (ca. 274-237 B.C.) in post-Achaemenian times. These were evidently modelled upon Persian prototypes, and we may assume, therefore, that in the kingdom of Magadha in eastern India, which had been gaining prestige since the sixth century B.C. the fame of the great Achaemenian rulers to the West was well established and the institutions of Persia were known and counted worthy of imitation. Similarly, Kharoshti, one of the two Indian scripts which appear in the 3rd century B.C., in India's first preserved inscriptions, very likely entered India from Iran for commercial uses at that time. But how much the upper North-west retained of its old Vedic character and how much it took from the Iranians of Achaemenian times we are in no position to say. The degree to which it felt itself allied to the west, that is to Afghanistan and Persia, as well as the degree to which it felt itself either assimilated to, or different from, eastern India we also have no means of ascertaining. The one generalization we can make is that politically the North-west was again separate from central, northern, and eastern India. The fact seems clearly to have facilitated the invasion of Alexander and to have contributed to the cultural divergence between the North west and the rest of the subcontitnent in the centuries after his time.

Alexander's invasion of the Punjab (326/27-325) is sometimes mentioned as marking the beginning of Greek influence upon the subcontinent. Though this statement is in a sense true, it is probably more accurate to say that be-

cause the Achaemenian empire included the North-west and Alexander took it over in conquering that empire, it was natural that Hellenism, on developing in that empire after Alexander's time, should enter the North west. The history of the area after Alexander's time is for many centuries tangled and confused. The old Persian satrapies were at first part of the kingdom of Alexander's successor, the general Seleucos Nicator. But Chandragupta (321-297 B.C.), the founder of the Maurya dynasty at Pataliputra in eastern India, appears to have got most of the area from the Greeks, but how much by war and how much by diplomacy is not certain.

His grandson, the celebrated Asoka (probably ruled 274-247 B.C.), had his border in Afghanistan, though like the British in our own times his actual "dominions" did not extend so far, possibly not farther than the present western edge of the Punjab, and he merely exercised influence without full rule over "the border peoples" beyond. The Maurya Empire appears to have broken up some time around the year 200 B.C., and a number of kingdoms more or less Greek in character existed in Afghanistan and the North-west, in their turn followed by kingdoms ruled by peoples from Central Asia, of whom the most notable were the Sakas and the Kushanas. Most of these came through the passes of the extreme North-west, but at least one group of Sakas came from Seistan to Baluchistan and into lower Sind, then across Cutch and into Rajputana.

During much of this time, the North-west had political affiliations with Central Asia and with Iran. The political status was partly paralleled by the cultural. There were cultural elements introduced from Central Asia, as by the Kushanas, but the great intrusive force was the Hellenistic. The Indo-Greek dynasties used Greek as well as Indian languages in their courts, and kings struck their coins in both. Art was Hellenized; the temples had classical Greek and Roman characteristics which had been transmuted into Persian forms, and the sculpture was marked with Greek motifs and techniques, and adopted Greek iconographic types, though the subject matter was Buddhist. Meanwhile, farther east, India had her own types of sculpture.

The expansion, then contraction, and final withering of Hellenism in India should probably not be detailed here. Some elements of Hellenism were assimilated by the native Indian culture. These were perhaps a few in mathematics, medicine, and especially astrology, possibly also some in literature and philosophy. When the Huns in the fifth century A.D. overran the Punjab, destroying as they conquered, Hellenism collapsed in the subcontinent for good. The period of Hellenism, lasting some 600 or 700 years, terminated about 500 A.D. and native Indian culture rolled back again over at least part of the North-west.

Politically, during the time when Hellenism in India was decaying and in the centuries afterward, the North-west remained separate from northern and central India. The Gupta Empire, which was at its height in the middle of the 4th century A.D., and the empire of Harsha in the middle of the 7th century A.D., barely reached into the Punjab and included none of Sind.

In the century immediately after Harsha, that is, in the 8th century, new elements from the West began to claim the north-western part of India.

The invasion was military and was by Muslims. On the cultural side it was strongly religio-centric, as probably had been the Aryan invasion two thousand years before. It was unlike the Hellenistic, which never contended with the native Indian on religion or the social institutions sanctioned by religion, but readily adopted Buddhism. Islam was brought by Arabs from lower Mesopotamia to Sind at the beginning of the 18th century and established itself there firmly, never since to be dislodged. About three centuries later it entered the upper part of the North west from Afghanistan, brought by Afghans and Turks. The first great incursions came from Ghazni starting at about the beginning of the 11th century. These were raids rather than settlements. In the latter half of the 12th century a further series of conquests began, this time based on Ghor in Afghanistan. By 1161/1186 Islam had won Lahore in the Central Punjab; by 1193 it had swept across North India as far as Benares; by 1199 it had invaded Bihar; and in 1202 it took the western part of the Bengal. Further Muslim conquests in succeeding centuries extended to almost every corner of India. The zenith of Muslim power and cultural magnificence was under the Mughal dynasty from the 15th to the early 18th century.

Though Muslim power and with it Islamic culture were carried throughout the subcontinent, its strength varied widely in different regions. In some places, notably South India, the Muslim element remained minor, occasionally negligible. In some others, such as the present Uttar Pradesh, the division of the population was more nearly equal. In still other places there was a heavy preponderance in favour of the Muslims. One of these last was the North-west, where Islam had entered. There not only was the rulership Muslim, the people too almost all became Muslim. Once again, the North-west had become marked off from the rest of the subcontinent, with a characteristic cultural differentiation.

Islamic civilization came into the subcontinent with the accumulated tradition of all Near Eastern cultures. It had behind it the cosmopolitanism that flourished under the Caliphate and united the western Muslim world starting with Persia and stretching across the Near East, Asia Minor, and North Africa until it reached Spain. It had all the art and literature of Persia

at its command. It was the heritor and developer of Greek astronomy, mathematics, and medicine. It had its own legal institutions and produced some of India's greatest governmental administrators, such as the Mughal emperor Akbar. Noble and beautiful buildings adorned its cities. Intensely and uncompromisingly monotheistic it was, but within that limitation it fostered philosophy. In the subcontinent it promoted its own social democracy, which contrasted with the Hindu caste system; it developed new schools of thought, and produced an extensive and often scintillating literature. At a Muslim court was cultivated the celebrated Mughal school of painting. The Muslims cherished their own music, which has come to dominate much of northern and north western India. From the meeting of cultures came some synthesis, as in costume and in the language Urdu, the *lingua franca* of the northern part of the subcontinent, which owes much of its vocabulary to Persian and Arabic, though all the syntax is indigenous.

Muslim power in India developed a characteristic type of civilization. Though the Hindu and Muslim cultures have had considerable effect upon each other, the process of blending, such as has been effected of Aryan with non-Aryan in northern India, is still relatively little advanced.

Periods during 2500 years of history when the Punjab, which is the most important section of the North-west, has been culturally assimilated to the rest of the subcontinent, or even to North India, are few if any at all. The centuries most likely to deserve the characterization seem to be the 6th to the 12th A.D. The centuries in which the Punjab and any substantial part of North India have been politically united are also few. They are as follows: perhaps a part of the fourth and third centuries B.C. under the great Mauryas; possibly a brief period under the Indo-Greek Buddhist King Menander in the 2nd century B.C., and another brief period under the Kushanas in the 1st or 2nd century A.D. (depending upon dating); a formal association under the Muslim kingdom of Delhi from the last quarter of the 12th century, which however, frequently broke down in practice; a real association under the great Mughals during the 16th and 17th centuries; finally, another century of close political association under the British, who after annexing Sind in 1843 took the Punjab in 1846.

Today Pakistan as a Muslim nation looks westward to the lands where Islam was born and became great. West Pakistan especially illustrates the same phenomenon of association with Western regions which it has exhibited in the past. It feels itself culturally akin to those areas outside the subcontinent rather than to the areas east of it, though these are geographically close to it and economically its natural partners. It is trying to supplement the spiritual connections with the West with transmontane poli-

tical and economic intercourse.

This desire appears in Pakistan's foreign policy, of which a major feature is association with other Islamic nations. It has sided with the Arab nations on the question of Israel. It has aimed generally to cultivate pan-Islamic friendship.

As Pakistan's Foreign Minister, Zafrulla Khan, claimed of his country (August 18, 1951), "It has served actively...in the cause of independence of Indonesia, Libya, Eritrea, and Somaliland." Yet none of these nations has many ties with Pakistan other than the cultural. But promotion of Muslim culture, the late Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan said in Washington in May, 1950, ranks among Pakistan's national aims second only to the integrity of the state itself. He also said (May 4, 1950):

"Culturally, we feel a natural affiliation with other Muslim countries and our relations with them are of the friendliest. We are keenly interested in the progress and development of the Middle East countries and in the maintenance of their independence, as they are in ours. When I talk of our friendship with the Middle East countries, I do not wish you to infer that I am talking in terms of any power bloc. I am merely talking of the natural and religious links, the common culture and the identity of economic outlook that exist between the people of these countries and our people—links that will stand the strain of many a test and will I am sure prove a stabilizing factor in Aisa."

After Liaquat's assassination his successor Khwaja Nazimuddin, said (October 21, 1951), "Islam is a body, and the Muslim states represent the limbs of this body. Pain inflicted on any one part of the body gives pain and anguish to the whole body."

It is then no surprise in our time to find West Pakistan looking to the West rather than to the East. For that area the strongest ties of international life are the cultural. This is a current manifestation of an ancient tradition.

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M. Sprengling

PAKISTAN IN EARLY SASSANIAN TIMES

As Moenjo Daro's dwellings of the dead threw new light on a sector of Pakistan's deepest antiquity, so new source material and new work is rewriting early Sassanian times in Pakistan.

Religiously the followers of Bardaisan and after them Mani's early mission appear there, reaching as far north as Kandahar.

Politically the early Sassanian empire reaches farther east than was formerly supposed, though not as far as some, notably Ernst Herzfell, first thought.

The new Shahpur I (Sapor) inscription in Parthian and Middle Persian Pahlavi and in Greek, and a new inscription of the high priest Kartir with a new reading of another, poorly legible, and two more welding these two together, all in what may be called a definitive reading, are now in the hands of the present masters of the Oriental Institute of Chicago, waiting for them to find means as they can and methods of publication, as they see fit.

In brief form, with no literary or other aids at hand, this writer, who first read and published in preliminary form much of the new material, can say that early Sassanian history touching Pakistan now shows:

1. An early form of Christianity, poetically imaginative, Asiatic rather than Greek or Roman, was founded at Urfa (Urhai, Edessa) in Mesopotamia by Bardaisan (Bardesaes) just before the rise of the Sassanians. Bardaisan was interested in India and Indian lore. Probably as "Thomas Christians", his followers made their way to India with the Acts of Judas Thomas and its beautiful "Hymn of the Soul".

2. Influenced by Bardaisan (and others) Mani then founded his religion to succeed and displace Christianity and other religions just as the Sassanian empire was rising on the ruins of the Parthian. The climate seems not to have been healthy for such a venture in Iran (Persia) and Iraq under Ardashir I. Anyway during his reign Mani followed the Bardaisanite "Thomas Christians" eastward, not as was once thought to learn, but to found a branch of his own church in or just north of what is now West Pakistan. Probably

in this connection Mani or his followers appropriated the "Hymn of the Soul" with minor changes to suit their ideas.

3. This religious drift eastward into Pakistani area is connected with the expansion of the early Sassanian empire in this direction. How far Ardashir I went is not certain. Shahpur I clearly includes in his empire the greater part of West Pakistan, drawing the boundary up through Peshawar as far north as Tashkent. Shahpur's coronation brought Mani back to Iraq to a pretty clearly tolerated position in the empire, perhaps even at the court of Shahpur I.

4. With this the long unknown founder of Sassanian (Zoroastrian) Mazdaism, the high priest Kartir (not to be confused with the courtier Kartir, son of Ardahan) rose to power and prominence. Under Shahpur he was charged with the spread of his reformed Mazdaism over the lands that Shahpur for a short or long time incorporated in his empire. Not under Shahpur, nor under his favoured son Hormuzd-Ardashir—but under the sideline of two (or three) priest-ridden Bahrans (Varahrans), Kartir tried to establish his religion *alone* in their empire and attempted to eliminate by harsh persecution Brahminism, Buddhism, Judaism, two forms of Christianity, and Manichaeism, here first called Zindikism. The Bahrans were followed, not without violence, by another Shahpur son, Marseh (Narses, Narsaios, Narisahi), who, as sort of heir-apparent like England's Prince of Wales, had been made Shah of Seistan, Baluchistan, and Hind (Sind) "to the seashore," that is, West Pakistan and a bit more. The as yet imperfectly published Paikuli inscription and other known facts show that Marseh defeated the Bahrams with Kartir and others and not only deposed them, but sought to cancel them out of history, in Kartir's case with astounding success for more than 15 centuries. Marseh then renewed the war against Rome, neglected under Kartir's Bahrams, at first successfully, in the end disastrously. Shahpur (Sapor) II, "of the long reign", did much to avenge the defeat of his grandfather Marseh and to stop Rome's aggressive advance eastward.

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Dr. V. Gordon-Childe

PAKISTAN AND THE WEST

4,000 Years Ago

FOR archaeology and ancient history the disinterment of the Indus Civilization is still the most important event of the twentieth century. Till 1918 no one had dreamed that in the valley of the Indus existed a literate civilization fully comparable to those that flourished in the valleys of the Nile and the Tigris-Euphrates between 3000 and 2000 B.C. History, if such it could be called, seemed to begin with the unwritten hymns of the apparently illiterate Aryans who invaded the Punjab at some indeterminate date long after 2000 B.C. "Cities" (*purah*) were indeed mentioned in the hymns, but *purah* were interpreted in the light of the hill-top refuges and fortified villages built by the barbarian Celts in Britain before the invasion of Julius Caesar. Yet these illiterates were supposed to have brought to the Indus Valley from the west such rudiments of higher culture as metallurgy and the wheel, if not also such primary requisites for any progress as stock-breeding and agriculture themselves.

Thereafter a few words in Assyrian tablets (800—650 B.C.) gave evidence of some intercourse with the literate west. And Darius of Persia about 500 B.C. mentions the Seven River Land (Hapta Hindava) as a province of his far-flung Empire. But it was only after the annexation of that Empire. by Alexander of Macedon (c. 325 B.C.) that the great subcontinent began to figure effectively in the general stream of Ancient History.

The excavations of Harappa and Moenjo Daro completely transformed the scene. They exposed vast, orderly and populous cities giving every indication of huge accumulations of material and cultural capital, of formal government and of literacy that is taken as convenient criterion for distinguishing civilization from barbarism. In the sequel the recognition of distinctive products of the newly discovered civilization in the ruins of Ur, Kish, Eshnunna and other Mesopotamian cities not only enabled archaeologists to date these "prehistoric cities" more accurately than any local monument before the Buddhist age, but also demonstrated quite regular commercial intercourse between these two widely separated areas. A vision of regular caravans

crossing the mountains and desert of Iran, of fleets of dhows following the coast across the Arabian Sea and of Indus merchant colonies established in Ur and Kish, is by no means fanciful. The Indian merchant colony at Babylon described in the Baveru-Jataka must have had precursors before 2000 B.C. and long before Babylon became a capital. By that time, then, Pakistan was already in a position to contribute to the great cultural heritage transmitted to modern Europe and enriched by the Babylonians, Greeks and Arabs.

To define that contribution is impossible. The Indus script is undeciphered and extant texts do not look as if they would be very informative when read. We know *a priori* that the Indus people, just as much as the Babylonians, must have organized some of their knowledge as science. A decimal numeral notation, a system of socially approved weights and measuring instruments afford direct evidence for the science of mathematics. They can give no indication whether or not the Indus mathematicians had anticipated the remarkable achievements of the Babylonians in the direction of place-value, quadratic equations, series and "Pythagoras' Theorem" (attested, be it noted, only after 1750 B.C.). In art the Indus sculptors and modellers may have anticipated the Greeks, but failed to influence the formalism of Mesopotamian and Egytian Bronze Age plastic.

The general outlines of the Harappan civilization will be familiar to readers of this Quarterly from the masterly summary by Sir Mortimer Wheeler in 5000 *Years of Pakistan* and from Professor Piggott's fuller account in *Prehistoric India* (Pelican). It would be pointless to repeat what they have said with greater eloquence and fuller knowledge of the country and its remains. But I should like to emphasize a few points.

The Harappan civilization extended uniformly over 1000 miles of country, an area four times as big as Babylonia and twice as big as Egypt where equally uniform cultures reigned about the same time. Piggott explains this remarkable uniformity of architecture, costume, art, pottery, cult, equipment and script in political terms. It would correspond to unification in a single empire with twin capitals, Moenjo Daro and Harappa. The parallel uniformity of Egyptian civilization was demonstrably the counterpart of the unification of the Nile valley and delta under the Pharaonic monarchy. On the other hand, the equal uniformity of Sumerian culture in Mesopotamia was compatible with the political independence and jealous rivalry of a number of city states. Which analogy shall be applied to pre-historic Pakistan?

Wheeler has discovered both at Moenjo Daro and at Harappa powerful citadels dominating both cities. His excavations did not go far enough

to decide whether the citadel held the palace of a human ruler or the temple of a god. It is not, therefore, possible to decide whether cultural uniformity did denote political unification. Effective means of communication and transport alone can be unquestionably deduced from it. In fact the Seven Rivers were moving roads, and the popularity of model carts and carriages as toys prove how common such vehicles must have been at a time barely 1000 years after the invention of the wheel itself.

If the political frame-work of the civilization remains uncertain, elements of the social structure can be recovered. After the first publication of the Harappa excavations the city plans themselves disclosed the contrast between a bourgeoisie of prosperous merchants and a proletariat of artisans and labourers. The former inhabited commodious two storeyed houses of many apartments, including bathrooms; most had a private well and shops or magazines on the ground floor like the modern merchants' "godowns". In one case such a room was fitted up as a water-seller's stall. The workmen's quarters on the other hand consist of rows of two-roomed detached cottages, each in a small yard. But prior to Wheeler's excavations one looked in vain for the royal tombs or the temples that disclosed the concentration of capital in Egypt and Mesopotamia. Yet it could be deduced *a priori* that concentration of wealth was a prerequisite for the transformation of a barbarian village into a literate city. The citadels disclose that the social surplus was in fact concentrated in either the Egyptian or in the Mesopotamian manner. They enclose or dominate great granaries in which food, the indispensable primary form of capital wealth, was physically accumulated. To them was brought by carts and boats the produce of an extensive country-side and from them were supported the urban population that did not grow or catch its own food. We do not know how the peasant was induced to produce and hand over a surplus of food beyond the subsistence needs of his family, nor whether the product was paid out in wages to free workmen, as rations to *corvee* labourers or slaves, or on some other system.

Yet, whatever the exact relations of production, the Indus economy certainly worked. It maintained a large population and kept going a complex system of production that was the basis for an efflorescence of art at a relatively high level for at least 500 years. For judging both by the many building periods and the depth of debris in the Indus cities and by the time range assigned to typical Harappan imports in Mesopotamia, it must have lasted about that time. But the architecture and relics recovered at all levels are astonishingly uniform. Within the passage of even time thus represented, no significant progressive nor yet regressive changes can be observed in

house plans, forms of tool, fashions in personal adornment, pot forms and decoration, plastic art, seals, script, nor yet in the techniques for their production.

This rather monotonous uniformity over a long period is, let us insist, really a tribute to the efficiency of the adaptation to the environment that the Harappan civilization had rapidly achieved. It need not change because it worked so well. At the same time it can be called stagnation and stagnation must in the end mean death. This stagnation cannot be attributed merely to isolation; the well attested commerce with Mesopotamia refutes that explanation. It is rather the nemesis of the concentration of wealth. Such is indeed essential for the expansion of any industrial system from the barbaric stage of subsistence agriculture to the civilized level of specialization and differentiation of function. But once this has been achieved such concentration, by restricting effective purchasing power to a tiny closed circle, limits the internal market and prevents a demand for popular consumption goods and the labour-saving devices that have been the mainspring of technological progress further west. Egypt, Mesopotamia and Rome exhibit the same contradiction, but less dramatically, for they were more exposed to attack and subsequent revival by less civilized peoples on their borders. Even in Pakistan collapse came in the end. The latest Harappan buildings on several sites exhibit obvious sign of impoverishment and decay: the architecture is slovenly, the houses are slummy, the town planning regulations, formerly strictly observed, seem to be ignored. And then illiterate barbarians from the west plundered the cities and squatted among the ruins. Some band among the destroyers is doubtless to be identified with the Vedic Aryans. But archaeology alone cannot identify these as they have left no written documents to record their presence.

Though the Indus script is undeciphered, the whole character of the Harappan civilization implies that it was pre-Aryan; for instance, horse-drawn chariots are indissolubly connected with peoples of Indo-European speech in the Near East, but horses and war chariots are unrepresented in Harappan layers. Yet many of the fundamental achievements of the Harappa civilization survived the catastrophe and the ensuing Dark Age, and live on in the folk culture of modern Pakistan. The village carts of Sind are identical, even to wheel span, with those that rolled along the broad streets of Harappa and Moenjo Daro. Village potters have preserved unchanged the technical traditions of building, embellishing and firing pots that were applied, 4000 years ago, though they have varied shapes and patterns to suit the tastes of fresh customers. The same continuity could be illustrated by fashions of personal ornament and dress and by surviving pagan cults. All exemplify

the magnitude of the Indus people's achievement in the Harappan Age.

The Harappan civilization was not brought ready made from outside and imposed on Pakistan. It was created in the Indus basin, in the environment to which it is so nicely adjusted. But it was not created out of nothing and the raw materials from which it was built up are not native to Punjab or Sind. The prime prerequisite of any civilization, the "Neolithic economy of plant cultivation and stock breeding, could not have originated on the alluvial plains; for the wild grasses from which its wheats and barleys are derived and the wild ancestors of domestic sheep are natives of upland regions, most probably the Iranian plateau to the west. Metallurgy again could only be discovered in the hilly countries where ores occur in nature. These and other elements must have been brought to the Indus valley from outside. But they were not introduced already harmoniously blended in a civilization.

No doubt many of the elements from which the Harappan civilization is built up are shared by the contemporary civilizations of Mesopotamia and Egypt. A long list of common elements could be drawn up, ranging from "writing", "wheeled vehicles and the potter's wheel" to "brick architecture", "the metallurgy of copper and bronze" and "mixed farming". The words all denote bare abstractions. The signs of the Indus script are quite unlike Sumerian pictographs or Egyptian hieroglyphs; the construction of Harappan carts is peculiar to the Indus basin; the sizes of bricks are as different as the plans of the houses built therefrom. Even the simplest tools wrought by the Harappan coppersmiths can be distinguished at a glance from those produced by their fellows in Elam, Mesopotamia, Egypt or Greece. No doubt these abstract terms really denote a diffusion of ideas, inventions and discoveries and of the material means of their realization through the Middle and Near East. In some cases it may be arguable that the Tigris-Euphrates valley can claim priority over the Indus basin. For instance, a good case can be made out on general thoretical grounds for thinking that the wheel was invented and applied to the mass production of pots and to transport in Sumer about 3500 B.C. Thence it would have been diffused to Iran and so at length to Pakistan. On the other hand, McCown would accord priority to Iran and a centre on that plateau might accord better with the distribution of the first wheel-made pots and wheeled vehicles. But priority in invention is a chronological question. We possess a reliable relative chronology, i.e., a sequence of culture-periods for Mesopotamia, and others, quite independent and rather less precise, for parts of Western Iran. But no regular interchange of manufactures distinctive of culture-periods yet permits firm and precise synchronisms between any two regional sequences. McCown's scheme, according

priority to Iran, relies on agreements in the patterns of locally made pots or similarities between locally made pins and seals. But such parallels are rather ambiguous. There may be a great time lag between the creation of a device in one region and its adoption in another, and it may likewise enjoy popularity in the one much longer than in the other. As a result very divergent chronologies have been proposed for Iran.

The same sort of ambiguities apply to the origin and diffusion of intelligent metallurgy. Once more the social and economic conditions for the establishment of an organized metal industry existed earlier in Sumer than anywhere else, and this circumstance has been used as an argument for a Mesopotamian origin of intelligent metallurgy (i.e., as contrasted with the use of native copper as a superior sort of stone) and in particular of alloying copper with tin to make bronze. McCown's chronology for Iran, on the other hand, assigns priority in this domain too to the plateau. Now the "Sumerian" copper smiths very early devised some very distinctive and practical types of tools and weapons, in particular the shaft-hole axe. Now this device was not used in Pakistan in the Harappan phase, but was introduced to the Indus valley by the barbarian invaders. In other words, the Harappans, like the Egyptians and most Bronze Age Europeans, stuck their axe-heads into the split shaft instead of fitting the shaft through a hole in the head as we do with iron axes today. Hence, if the metallurgy of bronze had been diffused eastward from Sumer, the process of diffusion must surely have started before the Sumerians invented the shaft-hole axe, i.e., not much after 4000 B.C. It is, therefore, perhaps more likely that the fundamental discovery was made on the plateau and subsequently diffused both to the West and to the East.

The same sort of arguments will apply even to the Neolithic revolution—the beginning of farming—itself. If then the cultural elements enumerated above reached the banks of the Indus from the West, that does not mean they started on the Tigris; indeed the starting point must not be placed too far west. Because the pre-historic deposits of Mesopotamia are very deep and very well-known and culminate in a precocious literate civilization with historical dates, we almost inevitably tend to imagine the culture sequence they denote started earlier than the village sites of Iran which is less well explored and remained illiterate very much longer. For the same sort of reasons and their greater proximity to the first sources of written history, the sites in the western end of the Iranian plateau are liable to be thought older than those on its eastern margin in Baluchistan, which have scarcely been explored at all. But there is as yet no evidence to justify this prejudice. Baluchistan lies within the zone where the ancestors of the plants and animals

on which the later civilizations of the Near and Middle East and Europe are based, grew wild. Anywhere within the Neolithic Revolution could arise. Now the earliest expressions of that revolution are the pre-pottery levels of Jericho in Palestine and Jarmo in Kurdistan. But today we know a pre-pottery Neolithic also from Pakistan, from Kile Ghul Mohammad near Quetta! Again, later on we have indications of Neolithic culture in the Zhob Valley whose domestic stock included specifically eastern Zebu cattle (*Bos indicus*).

Such observations tend to allow the cradle of Neolithic farming to be shifted or rather extended towards the borders of Pakistan. The same may turn out to be true of some of the later elements that eventually were blended in the Indus Valley into such a vital organism as the Harappa Civilization. At present the process of blending the stages in building up the Harappa civilization cannot be traced on the spot. Beneath the urban Harappan levels at Harappa and Amri are remains of simpler villages. The pottery from them suggests relations with the Zhob Valley in the first case, and with the Nal Valley at Amri. But it is already wheel-made in each case and that implies already an advanced stage of culture allowing an aggregation of population into large villages.

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Sir Mortimer Wheeler

ANCIENT TRADE IN WEST PAKISTAN

BARRED from the east by desert and jungle, West Pakistan in ancient times looked westwards by land and sea. Only when, in the middle ages, powerful Islamic armies thrust through into the North Indian Plains, was the traditional bias towards the west seriously modified; and even then the Indus region retained close and special cultural links with the lands which we know as Iran and Iraq.

How far back these western links go we cannot at present determine. It is certain, however, that the earliest civilization of West Pakistan—the famous Indus civilization of four thousand years ago derived most of its material elements from Iran through the Baluch borderland, whilst it is more than probable that at the same time the whole idea of civilization and writing as distinct from their material embodiment, came from the great river valleys of Iraq or Mesopotamia.

It is important at the outset to distinguish between those two elements material things on the one hand, and ideas on the other. The material character of the great Indus cities differred at many points from that of the ancient Mesopotamian cities such as Ur or Lagash. It had a far closer relationship with that of the Baluch villages which, in one form or another, flourished for several centuries before the Indus civilization, as we know it, began. But these villages were restricted in their development by the mountainous region in which they subsisted. Only when some of the villagers, greatly daring, found their way down to the river plains of West Pakistan during the third millennium B.C. was the further and decisive step towards civilization possible. And, when that time came, these pioneers already had a pattern, an *idea*, of civilization ready to hand in the great valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates. There, for several centuries, cities had already flourished, a political system had been evolved, and a workable script had been in use for the keeping of accounts and other records. The Indus people now took over these ideas and remodelled them to their own liking. The new Indus script differred completely from that of Mesopotamia, and the new

Indus cities, such as Harappa and Moenjo Daro, differed widely from their prototypes in the west. But there can be little doubt that the Indus citizens learned from Mesopotamia; learned and adapted, without slavishly copying what they learned.

Trade, no doubt, sustained this important though distant relationship between the Indus and the Two Rivers, principally, no doubt, by way of the Persian Gulf. Tangible evidence, however, is slight. Indus Valley seals have been found in Mesopotamia, and presumably travelled there on bales, possibly of cotton which has been found at Moenjo Daro. One Indus seal has been discovered even as far afield as Syria. Beads and pottery and little stone or pottery boxes for incense or cosmetics were interchanged on a small scale. Timber may also have been exported, but of that no trace survives. From other directions, too, goods were occasionally traded to the Indus; the blue *lapis lazuli* from Afghanistan, turquoise from Iran, jade from Central Asia, and a jade-like stone from Mysore.

In this interchange, the island of Bahrein in the middle of the Persian Gulf seems to have acted as the principal commerical rendezvous. Particularly in the time of the Larsa Dynasty in Mesopotamia, soon after, 2,000 B.C. cuneiform texts tell us that merchants from Ur on the Euphrates were exporting garments, oil and other commodities from their homeland to "Telmun", which seems to have been Bahrein, where they traded them for copper, beads and ivory. These wares were brought to the island from "Makkan" and "Meluhha", which may with some probability be regarded as Indus territories. This sea-trade may have been supplemented by overland caravans, but was in all likelihood the main channel of intercourse between the two civilizations, that of Sumer and Akkad on the one hand and of the Indus Valley on the other.

Nevertheless, the material evidence for Indus Valley trade in the third and second millennia is surprisingly small, even with all allowance for the probability that much of it may have been in perishable substances. In the light of present knowledge. It was not until the 1st century A.D.—perhaps fifteen centuries after the end of the Indus civilization—that West Pakistan became the scene of a vigorous and far-reaching commerical activity. By that time the region was well within the reach of history, and both written record and archaeological relics have something to tell us about the activity in question.

First, the historical aspect. When written records begin to throw a little light, however fitfully, upon the vast spaces of Asia, there are already traces of a far-flung system of trade in luxury goods. China had a monopoly of silk-production, and silk was widely sought; India produced the

best spices, particularly the pepper which, for over two thousand years, has enlivened the world's cooking; precious or semi-precious stones were found in India, Afghanistan and Iran; the most famous pearls came from South India, incense from South Arabia; and from the West this trade was balanced by manufactured goods of a considerable variety. In all this complicated interchange, West Pakistan probably contributed nothing in the way of natural products, but it nevertheless played a very active part.

The reasons for this activity were partly geographical and partly political. The primary goals of the Asian trade were China on the east and the Mediterranean on the west. Between these extremes, alternative caravan routes from China outflanked the Gobi Desert and converged on Balkh, the ancient Bactra, on the steppe of northern Afghanistan. To-day this great site is a mass of mounds and crumbling walls no less than seven miles in circumference, with a tiny modern town or village in the midst. At one time, it was known as the Mother of Cities and here met carriers and merchants from all parts of Asia; for here the main current of east-west trade was joined by another from the south-east, coming from the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent through a cleft in the mountain-barrier of the Hindu-Kush. This branch-route passed by the former city of Begram, near Kabul, whence, by way of the Kabul river it crossed the Indus to Taxila, near the modern Rawalpindi. Thence alternative ways led to the Indus delta, in the neighbourhood of Hyderabad (Sind), or to Broach, the ancient Baryagaza, in Gujrat.

Now the importance of this branch-route to Pakistan and India lay not merely in its use for the diffusion of goods to or from the subcontinent. It lay also in the fact that the direct axial route between East and West across Asia was frequently blocked in Iran by the hostility of the Parthians and their successors, the Sasanids, to the neighbouring Roman Empire. This antagonism led to the setting up of something like an "Iron Curtain" across Iran and eastern Iraq and the consequent blockade of trade by excessive dues or absolute prohibition. Thus impeded, the traders to and from China and the Mediterranean did not cease to trade but had to find alternative and devious lines of traffic. In fact, they used the branch-routes through the Hindu-Kush for this purpose, leaving the axial route at Bactra and shipping their goods to or from the West at Indus or Gujrati ports. The whole situation was not unlike that which arose recently from the blocking of the Suez Canal and the consequent diversion of east-west trade round the Cape of Good Hope.

In this fashion, during the first two or three centuries A.D., West Pakistan became a vital transit region in Asian commerce. From two main sources some detailed knowledge of this through-trade is forthcoming. The first

of these is historical; it is the well-known commerical guide-book written by an un-named Egyptian Greek soon after A.D. 60, and has come down to us as *The Periplus of the Erythrean Sea*, or, in other words, *The Navigation of the Red Sea*. By the "Red Sea" the writer meant not merely the sea now so called but all the seas traversed by the oriental trade of the period; the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, the Persian Gulf, and even the Bay of Bengal. His knowledge was extensive, and much of it has the ring of personal experience about it. He tells us of the trade between the Graeco-Egyptian ports of the Red Sea (in the modern sense of the term) and the marshy delta of the Indus, which he transcribes as the "Sinthus". In his day the region was occupied by Scythians, ruled perhaps from far-away Taxila; and the two principal market towns hereabouts were Barbaricum and Minnagara. The latter may have been at or near Hyderabad in Sind, but neither has been convincingly identified, and both of these important places remain a challenge to Pakistan archaeologists.

The author tells us that through Barbaricum there came from the West "figured linens, topaz, coral, storax (an incense), frankincense, vessels of glass and silver, gold plate, and a little wine". In return, from various parts of Asia came perfumes of various kinds, turquoise, *lapis lazuli*, skins, muslin, silk yarn, and indigo. It is clear that already, by about A.D.60, the trade of central and eastern Asia was using the devious Indus route. And, at about this time, other political factors obtruded on the scene. In the later part of the 1st century A.D. the Kushans, a sect from central Asia, overran Bactra and advanced south-eastwards along our trade-route into the subcontinent. Thus a measure of unified control was established along that route and, reinforced by the wide outlook and business acumen of the new Kushana rulers, this arterial trade was ecouraged. Cities beside the route—Taxila, Peshawar, Begram and doubtless others—now took on a new lease of life as commercial check-stations and customs-depots.

Thus it is that archaeological excavations both at Taxila and at Begram have yielded, amongst much local material, a rich series of objects culled from this transit trade. The most remarkable discovery was made at Begram, where French archaeologists in 1937-39 uncovered two walled-up rooms in a palace or other large administrative building and found within them a collection of objects which is unique in Asia. Beside the remains of lacquer-wares from China was a magnificent series of carved ivories from India and a great number of bronzes and glass-ware from the Roman West. It would seem that the store contained the customs rake-off from passing caravans over a period of a hundred years or more in the 2nd and 3rd centuries A.D. This great treasure is preserved mostly in the National Museum at Kabul, but

some part of it is in the Musee Guimet in Paris. It has not yet been fully published.

Then again the excavations carried out for more than twenty years by the old Archaeological Survey of India revealed a more limited number of objects which has been traded in from the West and can now be seen at Taxila itself or in the National Museum at Karachi. They include a silver representation of the Greek god Dionysius, a charming bronze statuette of the Egyptian child god Harpocrates made probably by a Greek at Alexandria, two or three Graeco-Roman gems, a spoon and various bronze and glass vessels of Graeco-Roman design, and a number of plaster heads which are Western rather than Oriental in character. These heads bring us to another aspect of the trade which we are now discussing.

Although this trade has been properly described as essentially a transit-trade in so far as West Pakistan and southern Afghanistan are concerned, there is one aspect of it which left a durable impress upon certain of the regions through which it passed. From Alexandria, which was one of the main Western bases of the trade, examples of plaster or stucco sculpture found their way in cargoes and caravans to the Kushana Empire, to which Taxila and Begram both belonged. The material, stucco, occurs in large quantities along the Mediterranean coastline near Alexandria, and the flourishing schools of art in that city used it profusely. Now, in the 1st and 2nd centuries A.D., this art or skill penetrated to the Kushana cities and, in addition to the examples mentioned at Taxila, others, also of Western type, were included in the Begram treasure. In one way and another, local patrons thus became familiar with this cheap but effective Western mode.

Now it so happened that at this time Buddhism, though not the only religion of the Kushana empire, was in special favour at the Kushana court. It happened also that the Buddhist creed, which had begun long before as a philosophy rather than as a religion, was now approximating more and more to a religious faith, with the Buddha as its venerated centre. This process of deification, as it may loosely be called, produced new iconographical needs which the traditional Buddhist art was not wholly equipped to meet. On the other hand, classical Western art had long been familiar with parallel problems, and that Western art now came to the rescue, at first through the normal channels of trade and later, doubtless, by deliberate acts of patronage on the part of the Kushana nobility. This new patronage of the West by the East may even have included the occasional importation of Western artists and craftsmen; for example, the ancient story that King Gondophernese purchased St. Thomas as a slave in Jerusalem for the purpose of

building his palace at Taxila may not be true but must have been sufficiently possible to achieve acceptance.

The reality and extent of this Western influence upon the Buddhist art of West Pakistan and even far beyond its borders is indubitable but must not be exaggerated. Western types such as Apollos, fawns, cupids—even mythological scenes from the West, such as the legend of the Trojan Horse—were imported into the Buddhist Orient, and with them the art of modelling or moulding in stucco as a cheaper alternative to stone-carving. At the same time, these borrowings were quickly turned into a local currency. The Western ideas were assimilated to the Eastern genius and helped to build up a new artistic tradition which was essentially of the East. A visit to the museums at Karachi, Lahore, Taxila or Peshawar will readily illustrate the measures of this assimilation. By reason of it those museums contain today a wealth of sculptural art which, dating from the days before Islam, is nevertheless a proud witness to the wide horizons of an ancestral Pakistan.

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Dr. Giuseppe Tucci

EXCAVATIONS IN SWAT

How is it, some may ask, that an Italian thought of it when in Italy there are so many ruins and antiquities underneath the soil still waiting vainly for the spade of the archaeologist? I must confess that this question appears to me as queer as my initiative may seem to these inquiring friends. This world is becoming so small, distances do not exist any more. Were it not for the cruel jest of politics, we could find sympathetic understanding and congenial home everywhere. There is indeed no part of this world in which we can feel ourselves strangers. There is nothing under the sky, no event, no passion, no document of the past, no toil of the present, no hope of the future, there is nothing , to which we can be indifferent, because everything everywhere has the imprint of man, speaks to us of our dreams, achievements, delusions or anguishes. Moreover, we can consider Pakistan as the threshold between East and West. The time has now come to get rid of a mistake still lingering in our historical studies, which consider Europe and Asia as two different and independent parts of the world, as if both had followed or carried out peculiar traditions with no connection whatever. The Euro-Asian continent has, since the dawn of history, been strictly intercommunicating through immigrations, invasions, conquests, trade, pilgrimages and interchanges of the arts and ideas. There has always been, in spite of the apparent remoteness in space, a proximity in history, which brought Asia and Europe together either to collaborate or to fight. I could go even further and say that the extreme limit of the Occident has been the Indus river. Let us stop for a moment and recollect briefly four thousand years of history. We do not know what there was to the east of Moenjo Daro, but we are certain that Moenjo Daro's people communicated on a large scale with the West by sea and land routes.

Later in the 6th century B.C. the Achaemenians of Iran reached the Indus, conquered Asia Minor and Egypt and attempted for the first time to bridge over both politically and economically, the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean sea. Following their steps, Alexander ordered a survey of the

sea routes from the Indus to the Red Sea in the hope to connect the Easternmost boundaries of his kingdom with his western dominions. Then in the 4th and 3rd centuries B.C. the Greek generals in North East Afghanistan continued with hard fighting and more obstinacy the policy of the Macedonian, and in Balkh some of the most beautiful Greek coins ever made were engraved, just as the Gandhara art was to mould the Buddhas and the saints of Buddhism into Greek or Roman forms. Iran always remained a mediator between East and West. The empires of the great cultural centres which developed and crumbled from the Mediterranean to the Western shore of the Indus maintained for centuries the most prosperous and active interchange of ideas and of goods; but they were subject to the same and almost contemporary collapse and underwent the same convulsions determined by the invasion of new tribes rushing from the Central Asian reservoir; and those tremendous events are reflected not only in the swift rise and fall of the empires but also mirrored in art. Therefore we notice everywhere the artistic inspiration, at a certain moment dry up and languish in a de-stylization, which in its turn became a style of its own. Such is the case of Roman art, stiffening into Byzantine art and of the dying Gandhara art both consumed in a decadence which we witness from Rome to Swat. Later, the advent of Islam spread new social ideals, new forms of art, and promoted a universality in science which brought about a fusion of classical and native traditions. Islamic thinkers from Ibn Rushd to Ibn Sina found their inspiration in the speculations of Aristotle and Plato. At the same time they deeply influenced the renewed mediaeval Christian philosophy.

Swat, in spite of its remoteness in space, culturally is not a stranger to us. In the West we came to knowa bout it as school boys reading in the Greek and Latin authors the exploits of Alexander who had captured its towns, and when we became acquainted with oriental art we found that Swat was one of the most important centres of classical tradition. My interest in Swat started many years ago in the course of my Tibetan studies. Swat is in fact for the Tibetans even today a holy land, like Jerusalem for the Christians and Mecca for the Muslims. It is a holy land because it is considered the birthplace of a famous exorcist and teacher called Padsammabhava. He was invited by one of the first Tibetan kings who had accepted Buddhism and he consecrated a famous monastery, but first of all he overcame the aboriginal and hostile gods of Tibet and made them too believers in Buddhism. In fact, Swat where Buddhism had penetrated probably not very much after the great Emperor Asoka in the 4th century B.C., became shortly one of the most important centres of Buddhist learning in India. But when the Chinese pilgrim Hsuan Tsang went there in the 6th century

A.D. he found that Buddhist creed was in decadence. He found the largest part of its 1400 monasteries deserted or in ruins and the monks greatly reduced in number and of little learning. Moreover there had been a great change in the religion itself. While in the beginning Swat had been one of the leading centres of Hinayana Buddhism, at the time of our Chinese pilgrim in the 6th century it had turned into a cradle of Mahayana school.

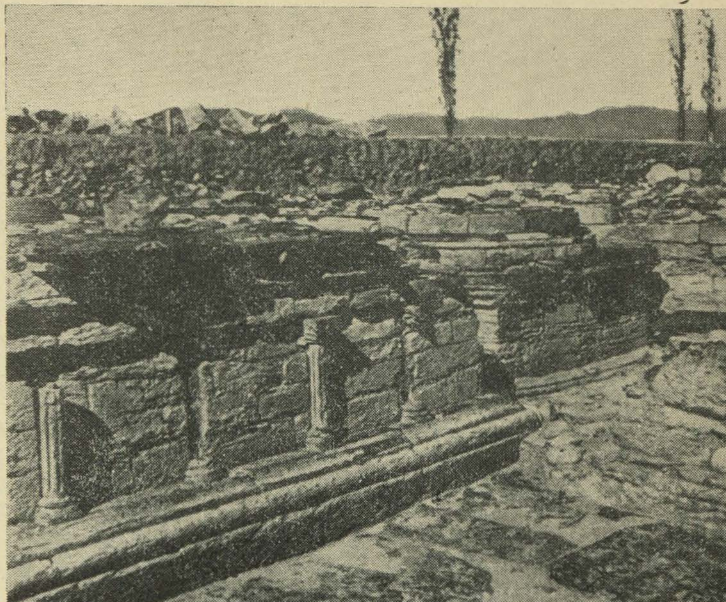
Later, another sudden change took place in Swat. It became the most active centre of the esoteric school which had similarities with the gnostic sects of the West. The way to magic was opened; Swat became one of the most holy places due to the magic achievements of its people, the country of witches and of magicians. But at the same time it accepted and transferred into Buddhism many foreign ideas. Swat was on the border of those routes which linked East with West and where followers and devotees of the most different beliefs and religions came into contact with Nestorians, Zoroastrians, Manichaeans, and Christians; Islam also left its imprint on some Tantric books, like the Kalachakra, written somewhere between Swat and Turkistan, and in which the Mecca is mentioned and the name of Allah is recorded.

The archaeological mission which went to Swat recently, under my leadership, was composed of myself, Professor Gullini, Doctor Faccenna and four supervisors. Prof. Gullini of Rome University has had the privilege of bringing to light among other monuments, the gigantic temple of Fortune in Palestriana and the temple of Jupitor in Terracina; Doctor Faccenna was incharge of many extensive excavations in the proximity of Rome and specially in the necropolis of Tivoli. All the supervisors had long training in many campaigns of excavations.

In a country like Swat where there are hundreds of places of archaeological interest the first difficulty is the choice of the place where to dig. Two localities appeared to me of peculiar importance—the first was a vast plain near the town of Mingora along the bank of the river Jambhil. For more than one mile the river had eroded its shores and brought to light huge walls in which one could easily distinguish the layers of the successive destruction and re-building. The locality is called Butkara. In this place the monastery of 'Talo' was located, of which some Chinese pilgrim of the 6th century A.D. has given a brief but accurate description; this monastery contained according to him 60,000 golden images. Such a number cannot of course be taken literally. 60,000 only means an extremely great number of images just as the Tibetans call many of their temples "Kumbum" ("the Chapel with 100,000 images"). "Golden" must be understood in the sense that the images whether of stucco or

of stone were gold gilt as it has largely been proved in the course of the excavations which brought to light many images beautifully covered with golden leaves. Probably we are here confronted with the most important or certainly one of the most important religious buildings of Swat. The first thing to be done was to uncover the remains of the stupa and the surrounding area, which there was every reason to believe was the sacred place of worship to be visited by pilgrims. In other words the problem which I wanted to solve in Mingora was specially one of the history of art. A careful excavation undertaken by trained archaeologists could give us the clue to many still unsolved problems concerning the evolution of Gandhara art. Is it right to speak of Gandhara art in a general way? Or shall we distinguish in it, as it is more logical to suppose, different trends corresponding to the local traditions and artistic propensities of the various countries where it spread? Art is nowhere uniform. It includes a variety of styles, forms and expressions in which you can read the imprint of the peculiar province where it develops. Then I intended to find out the succession of styles from the very foundation of the building upto its final destruction and thus identify if possible the stages through which Gandhara art passed from its first blossoming to a following stagnation and then to its definite decay.

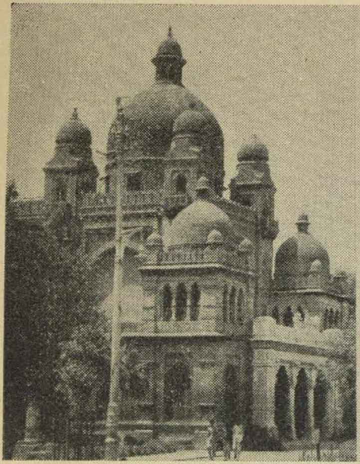
So far, we have partially uncovered the remaining part of the huge central stupa on which large sculptured slabs of stone representing some stories of the life of the Buddha are still extant. We discovered that when this old stupa collapsed, another one was built on it. We brought to light also the corridor meant for the ritual circumambulation of the pilgrims, its successive periods being testified by the various layers of the pavement, one of which is composed with pieces of the most beautiful glass of a very brilliant yellow, green and blue. But evidently the stupa was erected around a more ancient one, which is certainly inside the actual building, and which one day we will no doubt excavate. The central stupa was surrounded by many minor stupas (more than sixty of them have been discovered so far), in some of which we found intact the relic casket with its small golden container and in a case also a coin of Azes II which gives us an approximate indication of the time of its foundation. Most probably in the third century A.D. the monuments were destroyed by a terrible flood; the buildings collapsed, the images and the sculptured slabs were washed away and broken into pieces. It was a fatal blow to the country and to its artistic traditions but, as it always happens, in spite of the most awful events, life never stops; it starts again with a renewed impulse. The survivors piously collected the broken pieces, employed them as a material for the new buildings or used the back of



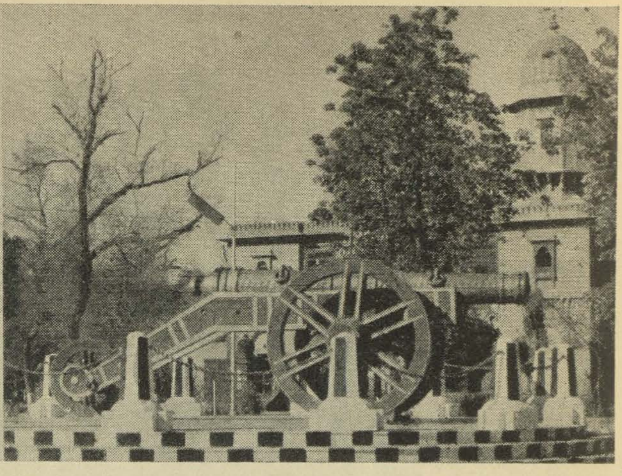
A stupa dug up near Mingora in Swat by Italian archaeologists led by Prof. G. Tucci. Visible in the foreground are Corinthian pilasters.

Another view of excavations on Buddhist sites in Swat.



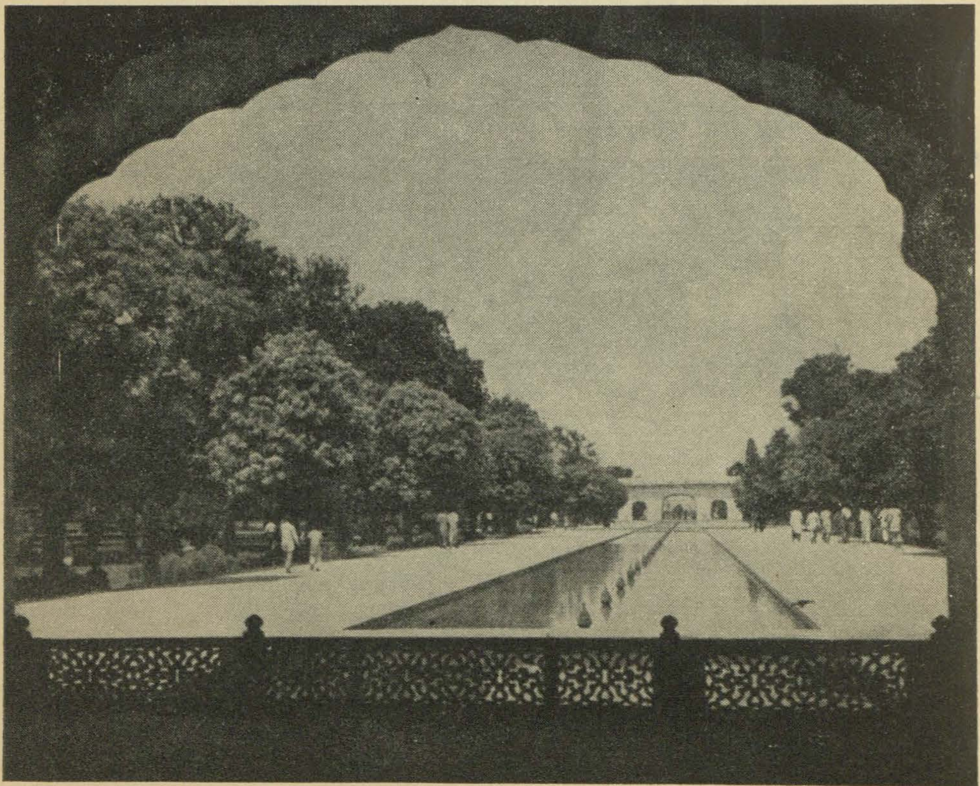


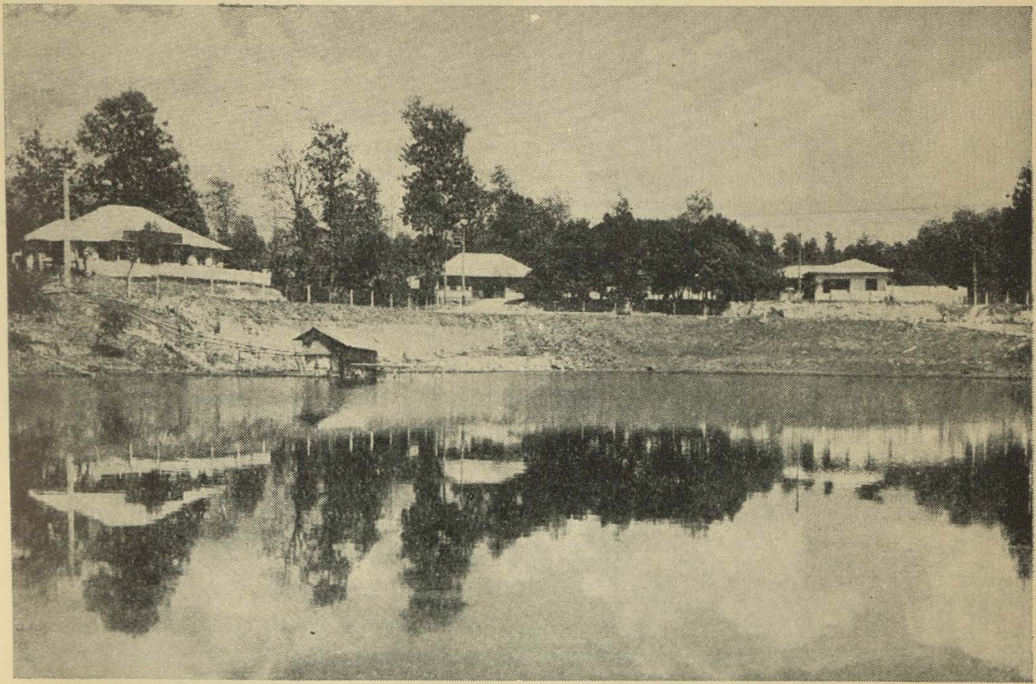
The Central Museum, Lahore, which contains some unique collections of Muslim coins, calligraphy, and painting, as also (Buddhist) Gandhara sculpture, besides much else.



Kim's Gun, made famous by Rudyard Kipling, was once the fire-belching and all-conquering "Zamzama".

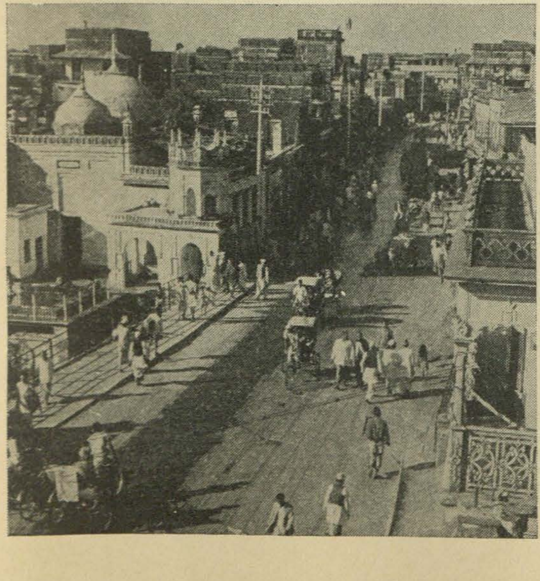
Shalimar Gardens, Lahore, perhaps the only one fully preserved Mughal garden out of scores laid out by the nature-loving Mughals in the plains of Indo-Pakistan.



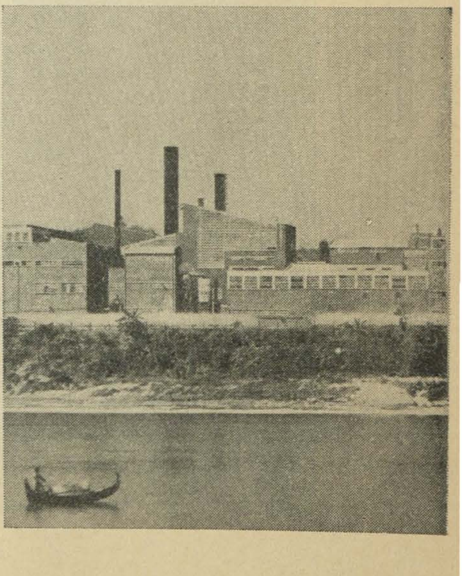


New Rangamati town, headquarters of Chittagong Hill Traets, East Pakistan.

A street in Chittagong.



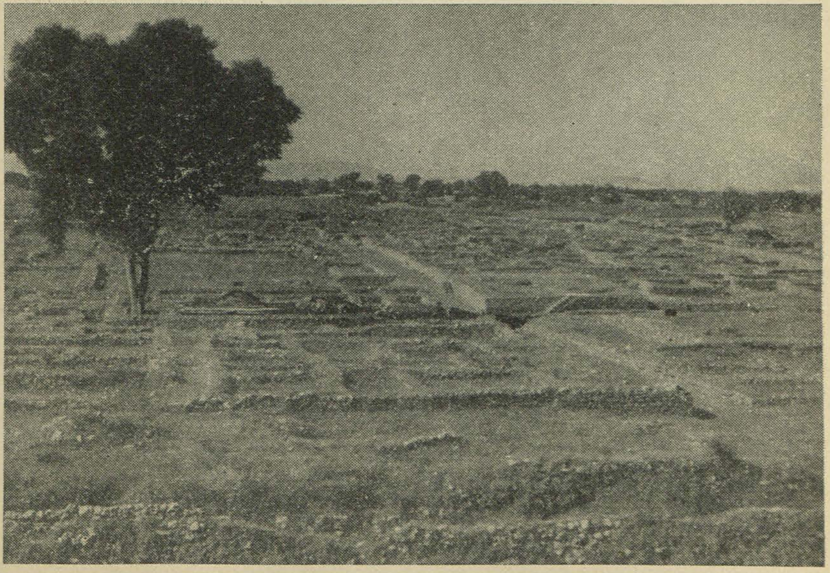
A part of the Karnaphuli industrial complex at Chandragona, East Pakistan, comprising a paper mill, a rayon plant and a chemical factory.





The Buddha in Dharma Chakra Mudra (pose of meditation), a Gandhara sculpture from Sahri Bahlol, West Pakistan (2nd-3rd Century A.D.).

A view of the old well-planned city of Sirkap at Taxila in West Pakistan, laid out in the second century B.C. by the Bactrian Greeks.



them for new sculpture; thus without realizing it, they rendered easier the task of the future archaeologist who can in this way compare in the same pieces the co-existing examples of two different styles documented by the reliefs carved on the front and back faces of the same stone. More than three hundred images or bas-reliefs have been found partly damaged, partly well preserved and some of them can easily match the best specimens discovered so far. They mark, at the same time, the various trends of culture which in the course of historical events influenced its developments from the first blossoming which I would date to the time of King Menander (150 B.C.) when the classical beauty of the Hellenistic works of Asia Minor, now definitely under Roman sway, set in, upto the Persian impact which introduces purely Iranian motives or Greek inspiration modified by Iran. The pictorial and the descriptive art of the best Kushana period follows and then the free surface is filled with figures as in the bas-reliefs of the Roman stone coffins with the same horror of the void which is so characteristic of Indian art and so missing in the metaphysical symphonies of Chinese painting.

The other locality where we started our work is Udigram—Udigram, the village of Udai. This place still preserves the old name which has been transliterated by the Greek authors as Ora. It was the leading town of the country at the time of Alexander and such it remained for centuries, though it appears that all the country was divided among various feudal chiefs, each one of them ruling from his own castle upon a small territory and recognizing alternately the paramount power of some of his colleagues or the suzerainty of the great empires of India. The ruins climb along the slopes of the hills, are surrounded by gigantic walls and flock towards the citadals which look down upon the valley from the heights of the mountain. It is a place which must have been very strong and so cleverly built as to defy the most aggressive conquerors, so as to render more celebrated the capture by Mahmud of Ghazni. Legends slowly grew around the decaying squalor of the ruins and inspired some songs inherited by the Pathans who drew away definitely the local Swati population into the Hazara district, about the 15th century. These legends sing of the long siege and of how the daughter of the King Gira fell in love with one of the generals of Mahmud and revealed to him the location of the water supplies and how the town thus fell, not to revive again.

The pottery and the coins, which we have discovered in large quantity and which range from those of Pantaleon (first quarter 2nd century B.C.) upto those of Chengiz Khan, tell us the history of the place. In this small piece of land, perhaps four thousand years of history has left its traces written in the different layers of the town, so many times destroyed and re-

built from the proto-historic rock carvings upto Chengiz Khan.

We started our excavation in three different places. First we uncovered some rock carvings representing wild and domestic animals which seem to go back to pre-historic or proto-historic times. Though we went about 20 feet deep, virgin soil has not yet been reached. Then we brought to light a part of the lower town most probably a bazaar where life ended in the 3rd century A.D. but started many centuries before, because, as we can guess from the extant ruins of the lower layers, it was certainly existing at the time of Alexander the Great. Then we started to uncover the extensive ruins of the castle, the oldest part of which most probably belonged to the local chiefs against whom Alexander fought his victorious battle. I think that the residence of the Governors during the Greek period was also there, while the Kushans who followed enlarged the fortress. The excavations in this place are extremely difficult because there is extensive intermingling, and super-imposition of walls of different period one above the other, so that it is not at all easy to determine the plan of the various layers. It is an interesting document of the endurance of man who, when he settles in a place, sticks to it with such obstinacy that no natural event or calamity of war can persuade him to abandon it, and on the tombs of his father the son goes on building the hopes of the future.

We shall arrive at greater certainty and precision after other excavation campaigns, but the most important historical events which the locality underwent are already clearly established by the investigation so far completed. The gap between the pre-historic or proto-historic rock carvings and the Achaemenian period is to be filled by future excavations. Of the Achaemenian period, which witnessed the invasion of Alexander, we discovered a few buildings. But the following periods, Indo-Greek, Indo-Parthian, Indo-Scythian and Kushan are well documented and the methods of the masonry of each period can easily be identified with its own peculiarities; the succession of the inhabited layers is clearly established. A great room with pillars of the Indo-Greek period deserves special mention for its vastness and significance.

Our next campaign, when we shall have uncovered some rooms in the castle, will enable us to date accurately some of the various destructions of the main buildings and their causes. This much is certain that after the Kushana King Vasudeva of the 3rd century A.D., the Sassanians took control of the locality, as is documented by their coins and chiefly by the large and imposing steps which have really an imperial grandeur, reminding one of the best architectural monuments of Iran. In the 6th century A.D., the invasion of the white Huns was like a storm. The country never fully recovered afterwards from the desolation this invasion caused. It then fell

under the Shahi rulers of Kabul, later of the Kings of Ohind, until Swat was definitely subdued by Mahmud of Ghazni when the conversion of the people to Islam began.

But even the Ghaznavid rule did not last very long and the place was overrun by bands of the Mongols of Chengiz pursuing upto the Indus the defeated and fugitive ruler of Ghazni.

These are the main conclusion which can be drawn from our first campaign. Like all scientific conclusion they are likely to be modified. But as a whole the historical development of one of the most interesting countries of Asia is likely to be determined with these excavations.

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Hector Bolitho

REVERIES IN LAHORE

It is refreshing beyond measure to leave the agitated, treeless port of Karachi—the new capital city of Pakistan, teeming with merchants and refugees and the machinery of government—to make the journey eight hundred miles inland, to Lahore, the "Versailles of the Punjab".

You welcome the cool train which carries you away from the arid harshness of the Sind Desert, towards the trees, the gardens and the stately tombs of Lahore. Here the trees have deep roots, for the earth is deep and well-watered—warm wet food for the trees, instead of the stingy dryness of the coastline sand. The moment you arrive in Lahore, in the evening, you are enthralled by the vast trees. When it is dark, they seem like herds of fabulous elephants, moving against the sky. You are immediately conscious of the rich earth beneath you, from which all this life springs.

Just as you sense the depths beneath the city, so you sense the expanse of its history. Alexander the Great must have passed quite near, after he defeated Porus, ruler of the Punjab, in 326 B.C. You may drive one hundred miles north of Lahore and stand on the bank of the Jhelum—a strong, solemn river. This also is an incredible excitement; to pause there and think of Alexander's flotilla making its way down, to the wild meeting with the Chenab, and then on to the Indus, and the sea. There are great stretches of quiet, dead land on the river bank. Here you may listen for the chanting of the oarsmen, during their slow, perilous journey home.

It is a pity that Mahomed Ali Jinnah, the creator of Pakistan, was not enthralled by the voices of history. He might have enjoyed the figures of Porus, who rode into battle on an elephant, and Alexander, on the back of his valiant horse, "Bucephala"; and the words they exchanged. "How shall I treat you?", Alexander asked the vanquished warrior, and Porus answered, "Like a King". Even Jinnah's cool blood might have been quickened by such valour, such examples from these giants of behaviour.

It is attractive to think over this: that, within a few miles of where Alexander rode at the head of his army, the monumental Pakistan Resolu-

tion was passed in 1940. At the great meeting in Lahore within the bowl of earth called the wrestling ring, the decision was made that the Muslim people would sever themselves from the Hindus and form their own nation. One afternoon, I stood on the edge of the earth wrestling ring; it was flooded and at least fifty children were swimming in the water. There was no sign that here Mahomed Ali Jinnah hypnotized the multitude with the promise that they would be free, and strong, and great. The words of the stubborn, brave men who dare to turn the tides of history do not alter very much. Alexander said, "It is sweet to live with courage," and Jinnah said, "Failure is a word unknown to me".

I thought of this one evening when I was walking through the gardens of the university in Lahore; of this immemorial theme of courage and daring. As I passed by a screened window, I saw, inside, a Muslim student bent over his books, with a lamp beside him. I asked the boy, "What are you reading?" and he said, "Shakespeare—I am reading about Henry V at Agincourt.". Rather pretentiously, I said, "Now all the youth of England is on fire and silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies". The boy seemed pleased and I went away, thinking of such men as Alexander, and of him riding nearby. Then I thought of Jinnah, who pleaded with these young Pakistanis to eschew the dalliance that comes so easily in this sun-drenched climate that saps the strength and fire they need, if they are to keep faith with their dead leader.

While I was in Lahore, I made a habit of rising at five o'clock each morning and driving to the edge of the city, to the Shalimar Gardens. In the first light of the morning they were as entrancing to me as the fountains of Dresden, or Sans Souci, at dawn, when the marble statues seem to wake up and emerge milk-white, naked, from sleep between the trees. Many of the exciting places I have known and remember most warmly seem to belong to the washed, trembling light of the new day: Greenwich Palace seen across the Thames from Poplar, floating on the river edge, with shreds of night mist still dawdling in the morning light; Windsor Castle, seen only as the foresters and the deer see it, from the high level in the Great Park. Then it is not of grey stone, as Wyatt rebuilt it, but of gilt and ivory, in the first lovely moment of the day. Shalimar Gardens gave me similar pleasure: the white marble walls and fountains and pagodas, spaced with sublime correctness over the surface of grass, catching the first splashes of light; the brazen gold light that the Punjab enjoys.

You enter the gardens beneath a broad, deep arch, so that the full splendour is spread before you suddenly: the magnolia-petal turrets, the outer walls of red sand-stone and creamy, confectionery marble; and the high, massive trees. Some of the trees are very old: they have seen, since they

were little trees, the passing of Mughals, Sikhs and Britons. Immemorial, sullen trees, surviving the follies of all the people who have struck attitudes, dreamed, or picnicked in their shade.

Beneath the great trees at dawn, are the only other men in the garden, sweeping up the dead leaves: old men and boys, coffee-brown, bent, their panther thighs showing between the folds of their sparse clothes. I imagined that these little sweeping men perhaps lived in nests in the trees; that they were as old as the trees; a race of different animals, who slithered down the trunks at dawn, to sweep up leaves, all day, until, with the night, they climbed back into their nests to sleep. Servitors of the ancient trees, slithering down, snake-like, to sweep up the offending scales that fall from their masters, when summer goes. Theirs was the only sound—the taffeta-silk whisper of their leaves, being brushed through the grass.

In the luxurious days when the Mughals strutted here, the lawns were of clover. The grass lawns, mown and correct, were an English Victorian innovation. The Mughal Kings must have looked very sumptuous and aloof, moving over the close-cropped clover; deeper green velvet than grass. On hot days, the Kings could order the four hundred and fifty fountains to be turned on; not only for beauty's sake, but because so much artificial rain, leaping up from the white marble basins, cooled the air and made the torture of the heat more tolerable.

As I moved from the shelter of the trees, and the company of the leaf sweepers, I came to the immense beds of canna lilies—each bed a battalion of red or yellow flags, with the horizontal morning light shining through them so that the big petals looked like flags of ruby, or yellow glass. I cannot tell you how splendid they were; so immense and extravagant and fiery. Then came another sound, after the leaf sweepers—a hundred bright green parakeets, setting up such a fuss; a jubilee of little emarald birds, above the red and yellow flowers. Then another movement; the blossoms falling from the gold mohur trees; a rain of sealing-wax red blossoms, falling among the cannas. When the birds had fled, I could hear the blossoms making faint thuds as they hit the lawn.

Beyond this exotic sight was another, long beds of flowers, where hollyhocks and mayflowers grew, prim as in an English vicarage garden. But, as I walked by the marble platform on which the Mughal kings no doubt sat, while the houris danced and the refreshing fountains played, the cannas and the green parakeets came into view again; and I believed that the Emperor Shah Jehan really walked here, sometimes bending down to touch the red roses, brought across the mountains, from Persia.

The history of Lahore—indeed, of all the Punjab—is revealed in the

names of the monuments and streets. You can walk between garden, fortress and tomb, along the narrow bazaars, and trace the four ages of Punjab history; from the heyday of the Mughal Kings, to the present regime of Muslim emancipation; from *Akbari Mandi* the market named after Akbar the Great, who began to rule in 1556—and *Anarkali Bazaar*, in memory of his favourite dancing girl, to *Jinnah Gardens*, named in our time. In between there are Sikh and British names, to account for the intervening centuries.

There is one object in Lahore, known now as *Zam-Zamma*, or Kim's Gun, which has watched all these changes of power. The gun, beautifully engraved, and so amiable in looks that you cannot believe its cruel history, was cast in 1757. It was known then by its Mughal name, *Malik-i-Maidan*—the 'King of the Battlefield'. The name *Zam-Zamma* was the soldiers' onomatopoeic description of the splendid booming sound when the gun was fired. When the Sikhs thundered over the land, they captured Zam-Zamma and renamed it Bhangi's gun, the Bhangis being their chief fighting sect. The Sikhs succumbed, the British came, but the gun endured. *Zam-Zamma's* fighting days were over, and—so typical—when the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Lahore in 1870, the gun was placed on a platform and "declared open" as a monument; a monument of peace for urchins to climb and louts to lean against, in the excess of summer heat. You will remember the opening sentences of *Kim*:

"He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun *Zam-Zamma*, on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaib-Gher—the Wonder House, as the natives call the Lahore Museum. Who holds *Zam-Zamma*, that 'fire-breathing dragon', holds the Punjab; for the great green-bronze piece is always first of the conqueror's loot."

One walks away from the gun, through the bazaars where the children struggle out of the dust as if born of it, and where the arrogant camels strut, with their decorations of turquoise-blue beads and silver bells; one walks out, towards the fort and tombs. The names that have survived, on mud walls and street ends, tell the long story. Yes, one hears again the rustle of the Mughal robes in some of these names: *Aurangzeb Street*, *Shish Mahal Park*, and *Kucha-Chabuk Sawaran*. The last of these was the "street of the cavalry men". Someone translated the name for me as "the quarters of the nail-pegging horse riders". One day I lunched in an old house opposite *Barood Khana*, the arsenal, or the place where some of the Mughal gunpowder was stored. My host was descended from one of the great Mughal families. As we talked of the splendour of his ancestors, he reminded me of the coming of William Hawkins to Lahore, from the Court of James I to the Court of Jehangir; and of Sir Thomas Roe in 1612, busy with the chan-

ces of spreading England's trade with the Mughal Empire. And as we ate, and talked, in the lofty, cool room in the old city, I thought of these two Englishmen of three and a half centuries before. They must have known the gardens of Hampton Court and Windsor—perhaps they had walked also among the tombs and forts of Lahore, as I had done, that very morning. The illusion became so real to me in the days that followed, that, when I stood before Jehangir's tomb, late one evening, I almost saw the ghosts of the two Englishmen, in their Elizabethan clothes, mixing so incongruously with the Punjabi crowds.

While I was lunching in the old house, in front of where the Barood Khana, the arsenal, stood, I heard what seemed like a muffled drum beat on the other side of the wall. I asked what it was and I was told that the silver beaters were at work; that they would soon send some of the sheets of beaten silver for me to eat with my sweetmeat. After a few minutes the servant came, and the rich dish of almond paste and other excitements he set before me was covered with a sheet of fine silver, fine as a butterfly's wing, so fine that it trembled, like gossamer rather than metal. I ate the silver which was, my host told me, very good for my heart. I asked him if he knew the origin of this custom and he said that, according to his old teacher, the Queen of Sheba had taken sweets to Solomon, wrapped in sheets of pure gold and silver, so fine that he was able to eat them. "They are good for your heart," my host repeated, "the Mughal Emperors ate their sweetmeats wrapped in silver".

When I returned to the room of my hotel, I read a page or two of Latif's *History of Lahore*, particularly those describing Shalimar Gardens:

"During the troublous days of Ahmad Shah, the Sikhs laid their ruthless hands on this magnificent garden, and robbed it of much of its decorative works. A costly pavilion of agate was removed by Lahna Singh, one of the three rulers of Lahore, and sold for Rs. 24,000 to stone-polishers in the city. Ranjit Singh barbarously defaced the gardens by removing a large portion of the marble embellishments..... "

After reading this, I began my search for Sikh street and place-names with something of the emotions I feel in the London district of Kensington, when, having seen such names as Cheniston Gardens, De Vere Gardens, Abingdon Road and Earl's Court Road—all Norman and Plantaganet names—I suddenly find myself in Cromwell Road.

I became so engrossed in reading Latif's Lahore that I raced on, ahead of my theme. So I turned back, through the terrible history of the Punjab in the early 18th century; the massacre, the intolerance and inhuman cruelty. It helps us to 'place' this part of Indian history if we remember that, in

England, these were the years of Queen Anne and the first of the Georges.

We read, in Latif, "During the commotions that followed the death of Bahadur Shah, the Sikhs emerged from their mountain retreats and laid waste the Punjab from Ambala to Lahore." Then, "Abdul Samad Khan... falling upon the Sikhs, defeated them in a pitched battle—and put three or four thousand of their number to the sword...Nearly two thousand heads of the slain Sikhs were stuffed with hay, and, having been stuck upon spears, were sent to Delhi... active persecution of the Sikhs was kept up; thousands of their number sought shelter among the recesses of the hills, and those who remained either had to renounce their religion and abandon the outward form of their belief, or were seized and put to death."

It is too easy, as we read of these horrors, to condemn the devilry in India, and forget that the barbarous excesses of the Civil War were still fresh in English memories; that little more than fifty years had passed since Cromwell's body was dragged through London on a sledge, followed by "the universal outcry and curses of the people".

The street names of Lahore, celebrated villains and heroes, without discrimination, and the city fathers of yesterday showed a nice tolerance in allowing Mughal, Sikh and British names to stay, side by side. Of the Sikh names there are Guru Nanak Street, named after the originator of the Sikh sect, Guru Arjun Nagar, Chowk Phula Singh and Chawk Jhanda Singh. A bookish little man with whom I spoke on a street corner told me that chowk means a square, or market place. I also found Maharaja Ranjit Singh Road, in memory of the famous one-eyed Sikh ruler who made a treaty with the British, and kept it.

So we come to the pages of British Indian history and to the British street-names. The first of these is The Mall—the main shopping street. It was amusing, as I watched the bedlam of shops, crowds, and quick noisy traffic to realize that this name, transplanted from Westminster to Lahore, goes back to a favourite pastime of Londoners in the reign of Charles I—the game of Pall-mall or simply Mall. The name was originally given to the splendid thorough-fare in which the game was first played: then, sentimental Englishmen, exiled in foreign lands, painted the name at the end of their shopping streets and boulevards—rather like soldiers who called their trenches Piccadilly and Leicestor Square to remind them of home.

The British names fell on Lahore soon after the Punjab was annexed in 1849. We can walk along Egerton Road, Cooper Road and Nicholson Road; we may pause in Aitchison Park, or pass along Mayo Road, named after the great Viceroy who was assassinated in the Andaman Islands in 1872. The pattern of British rule in the last of the 19th century becomes alive as we look

up at these nameplates. We are pleased to read Lawrence Road, named after Lord Lawrence, the "Saviour of India" in his time, who was the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, in 1859, and then Viceroy of India, after Lord Elgin, in 1863.

But there are signs, already, that the memorials to British rule must make way for new heroes and names. The Lawrence Gardens, laid out during the governmentship of Lord Lawrence, have been changed to Jinnah Gardens, and the sunken rose garden within this lordly park is named after Fatima Jinnah. Whatever name the gardens enjoy, they are refereshing and lovely. I used to walk there sometimes before breakfast, between the artificial hills which were aflame with poppies, cinerarias and carnations. It was pleasant to sit on the edge of a lawn and see the robust young Punjabis, wrestling and lifting weights and pausing now and then to enjoy the sight of their own muscles, in big looking-glasses placed for this purpose on the lawn.

There is one change in the monuments of Lahore that saddens the heart of the Englishman as he passes by. Queen Victoria's statue has been removed from under its ornate stone canopy near the Punjab Assembly, and it is now in a corner of the museum. Muslims are taught by the Quran to abandon all effigies and graven images, so there was a convenient argument against allowing the sitting bronze figure to remain beneath her canopy any longer. But someday, when tempers are quiet and life again permits the value of gesture, I hope that the Queen will be brought from her dark store; and that some Punjabi boy, who has studied his history, might carve on the base of the bronze the remark Queen Victoria made when the draft of the Indian Proclamation was placed before her, in 1858. She thought that the phrasing was entirely wrong in spirit; that, as a "female sovereign" was speaking to "a hundred million Eastern people on assuming the direct government over them", the Proclamation should "breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence and religious toleration."

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Douglas Ife

CHITTAGONG IN THE 18TH CENTURY

ROME was built on seven hills but Chittagong is built on at least seventy and the history of the second port of Pakistan is almost as interesting as that of the Eternal City.

Chittagong is the only town, or at least the only one I know, whose possession has been disputed by adherents of the four great religions of the world. The modern dominance of Islam (the percentage of Muslims in the Chittagong district, 77.3, is even higher than the provincial average) disguises the fact that culturally the Division is a parallelogram of forces in which Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity have also played a part. This unique historical pattern is plainer in the Hill Tracts, where the Muslims are far out-numbered by both Buddhists and Hindus; indeed this district, though adjacent to Chittagong, has the highest non-Muslim percentage in Pakistan.

Chittagong, according to the *Imperial Gazetteer of India* "originally formed part of the extensive Hindu Kingdom of Tippera", but "was conquered by the Buddhist King of Arakan in the 9th century". The Mughs, as the Arakanese are called in Bengal, appear to have retained the district until the Mughals came.

The hold of the Mughals was uncertain. About 1538 the Portuguese burnt the town, which they called *Porto Grando*, to avenge an insult to their envoys. The struggle between the Mughals and Afghans (1560-1570) enabled the Mughs to re-conquer the area. (Todar Mul ignored this reverse and in 1582 Chittagong was assessed as a part of the Empire.) The Mughs made over the town to the Firinghis, a gang of Portuguese out-laws. The Firinghis made piracy their profession and dealt out impartial treachery to both sides. Driven out of Porto Grando they found refuge in the island of Sandwip and continued to harry the coast of Bengal. The behaviour of the Firinghis became so intolerable that in 1664 Shaista Khan despatched a strong force, which captured their island stronghold. Chittagong was taken by storm and re-named Islamabad.

The East India Company were quick to realize the possibilities of the port; indeed it was Chittagong, not Calcutta which the Directors first wanted to make the headquarters of their Bengal trade. In 1685 Sir Josiah Child, who had started a foolish war against Aurangzeb, sent Admiral Nicholson to the Karnaphuli with a dozen ships of war. This expedition was an utter failure and four years later Captain Heath, finding the Mughal defences stronger than he expected, prudently withdrew. It was not by force but by diplomacy that the Company acquired Chittagong and this did not happen until 1760, by which year Calcutta was well established.

It is in 1760 that the records in the Chittagong Collectorate begin. On December 1st, the President of the Council at Fort William appointed Harry Verelst as Chief of Chittagong.

"We must recommend to you to carry yourselves towards the natives and inhabitants at Chittagong in such a manner as to give them a good and favourable idea of the English Government and thereby to encourage others to come and settle under your protection."

This is probably the oldest letter of the British period in Pakistan. It is endorsed as having been received on December 2nd which suggests that the Dak was sometimes more efficient 200 years ago than it is now. But probably one of the two dates is a mistake.

Shortly afterwards the Chief received this letter:—

"As we are in hopes the province of Chittagong will in a short time become a valuable and important acquisition, we esteem it by all means necessary to build a good Factory House with proper Warehouse for the Company's Goods. We desire you will send us a survey on the spot you think most proper for such a building, with that of the Town and River", which seems almost topical in these days when so many factories and warehouses are being built in the town and its vicinity.

Even an 18th century factory was expensive to set up and the Chief's colleagues at Dacca and Luchypore (Lakshmikantipur?) continually pressed him for money. Here are extracts from two letters, written in February, 1761:

1. "We have been favoured with the receipt of yours under date the 28th ultimo advising us of your intending shortly to despatch 50,000 Rupees for the use of our Factory and request you will hasten a further supply as soon as possible for we have not a Rupee in the Treasury."

2. "The sooner it may be in your favour to send us a further supply of money the more advantageous it will be for the company's Business here which is almost at a stand from the poorness of our Treasury", which reminds one of the problems Pakistan had to face 186 years later. A letter from Dacca, sent in April, 1761, suggests that the Chief himself was sometimes guilty

of extravagance:

"Your favour of the 31st ultimo forwarding an Invoice of Elephants has been duly received. As we have no hopes of disposing of these bulky articles here, we shall on their arrival consign and send them to the Chief and Council of Muzadabad" (Murshidabad).

About two months later the Chief received this letter from the Council at Fort William which suggests that there was no Kheda in the cold weather of 1761-62:

"*With regard to Elephants*: as they are a heavy charge and we have no prospect of ever disposing of them we should have you by no means catch any more of them at present."

It is nice to know that the Company which watched expenses with an eagle eye, was willing to do something for science:

"The Hon'ble Court of Directors have sent us out Instructions for taking an astronomical observation of the Transit of the planet Venus over the sun, a phenomenon, which will happen on the 8th June following. It is advisable of course not to alter the clock for some weeks before the time, but rather to register the Errors in going; if the error can be ascertained it is as well as if the clock kept exact time."

This letter, which was probably sent at the request of the Royal Society, was written seven years before Captain Cook was sent (again at the instance of the Royal Society) to observe the transit of Venus in the South Pacific; a voyage which led to the charting of New Zealand and of the east coast of Australia (1768).

Here is an extract from a letter dated June 15th, 1761:-

"We have received a packet from the Hon'ble the Court of Directors per ship Hawke now at Fort St. George, in which we are advised of the Death of our late glorious Sovereign King George the Second of blessed Memory, who died suddenly on the 25th October, 1760. The Lord Marshal of England having ordered all persons to put themselves into the deepest mourning, we have desired the same Testimony of our Public Concern may be showed here by inhabitants appearing in the deepest mourning on Sunday the 21st instant", which the Chief did not receive until George II had been dead for eight months and the day of mourning was over. Even in these early days Headquarters made insufficient allowance for the time the Dak takes to reach the M fussil.

It is astonishing how many letters have survived from the earliest days. We have more letters of 1761 than of 1861: indeed there is a gap from 1777 to 1863 during which only maps and survey papers are available. Almost all the receipts for 1760-62 are addressed to Harry Verelst but there is an

interesting letter dated March 31st, 1761 from one Thomas Amphlett to "the Hon'ble Henry Vansittart, Esqr., President of the Council of Fort William", in which the writer reports that he has been examining certain timbers:

"The Tellxall is tough and light and I am informed durable, runs from 80 to 90 feet long, and presuming that the trees are in general straight and of a large girdle, do apprehend that it's the best timber in Bengal for most uses. This wood being very near as light as Teak, I should imagine that at particular Seasons of the year any quantity might be floated here throughout the rivers from Chittagong, which would save the Company the great expense of sending ships for it.

"The Coray is heavy strong and durable, runs from 30 to 35 feet long, will be very good for the trucks of the Gun carriages and for many other uses. One hundred and fifty of this kind should also be indented for."

This letter shows how quick John Company's men were to appreciate the value of the forests which are now the finest in Pakistan. Mr. Yusuf Ahmed (then Conservator of Forests, East Bengal) told me that Tellxal referred to is *Telsur*(*Hopea Odorata*) and the Coray, *Koroi* (*Albezzia Odorata—Issima*). But it is a little surprising that there should be no mention of the monarch of the Chittagong forests—the *Gurjan*.

Harry Verelst was promoted to the Council at Calcutta and eventually became President. His successor John Read, received a circular letter from Calcutta in August, 1773:

"Sir.... Understanding it has been customary among some of our Collectors to correspond with each other in the Persian language, we now think it necessary to prohibit this practice, as well because we deem it improper between English Collectors, as because, where they are not possessed of an immediate and actual knowledge of that language, it may occasionally subject them to be imposed upon by their Munshees, and be productive of the consequence of embroiling the affairs of their respective districts."

Although we cannot but admire the scholarship that enabled Englishmen to correspond with each other in Persian, and even to prefer that language to their own, the fashion, had it developed, would have deprived us of many splendid examples of 18th century English; like the letter the Chief received in March, 1773 from Mr. Barton—his subordinate at Luckhypore:

"Beware, gentlemen, how you cast any reflections on me to save yourselves. It is a matter of no moment or concern to me whether or not I have your censure or applause. I have not affixed my signature to the "Books of Invoice", not because you were pleased to express your disapprobation of the measure, but because I do not think it consistent to avow public errors with the sanction of my name".

No one is infallible, not even the most junior, and the insubordinate Mr. Barton got a wigging from no less a person than Warren Hastings. On August 4th, 1774, the great man wrote to Henry Goodwin condemning Bartons' "unbecoming style, presumption and folly subversive of all authority and repugnant to the common rules of good manners. We insist on his making to you in writing a suitable apology for such contumacious a behaviour."

Prior to Hastings' arrival in 1772, there are many references in revenue matters, but nothing to the administration of justice, and one cannot but suspect that several irregular sentences were passed at this time. However, Hastings quickly drew up a scheme which contained all the germs of the present system, both civil (*Diwani*) and criminal (*Faujdari*).

These old letters contain many references to the *Faujdari Adalat*; one dated November 18th, 1773 from Hastings to John Read enclosed 12 warrants for execution. Five men were sentenced to death for Decoyting and murder, and one was to be released. Most of the others were convicted for Decoyting or Housebreaking; 3 were to be confined in chains for 3 years, 5 to be imprisoned for 3 years and 8 to get 50 strokes of the *Corah*. Judged by 18th century standards most of these punishments are mild. But two men were sentenced to have their right hands and left feet cut off and the Chief seems to have objected. On July 11th, 1774, Hastings replied:

"The officers of the Nizamat Adalat have again declared the propriety of the sentence and that it is strictly conformable to Mohammedan Law.... The Natives are not to be tried by our notions of Justice but by the established law of the country (except in very extraordinary circumstances where it has been usual for Government to interfere)."

The Collector of Chittagong was careful to report the cases of persons sentenced before the establishment of the *Faujdari Adalat*. The most interesting was that of a slave called Jack sentenced for "fornication with his master's girl" and the uncouth unofficial summary of his case might well form the plot of a novel:

"Jack, sentenced for fornication with his master's girl, was slave of Sergt. Browne who is dead leaving all his property, the slave of course, included, to the girl he kept, and she wishes to have him released."

Slavery seems to have been common in the Chittagong district at this time. Indeed the Collector of Chittagong addressed Warren Hastings on the subject in 1774. I have not been able to see this letter but an abstract reads:

"Any person without means of subsistence may sell himself and his offspring for ever, become the absolute property of the purchaser. The master may sell his slave only when he himself is destitute. A slave can

only marry a slave and that too of the master's choice. Slaves do all menial duties which a hired servant would not do for fear of demeaning himself. To alter this arrangement would cause great distress to respectable but poor families who live on their slaves and also would be unsatisfactory to the slaves themselves who owing to usage have no desire to live otherwise."

It would seem that slavery in India was gentler than in the New World, the result, not of violence but of poverty. Many persons deliberately sold themselves into slavery whereas in America slaves had to be brought to the market under duress. The subject offers an interesting field for research. It would be interesting to know in what parts of India slavery lingered on until 1833, when it was made illegal throughout the British Empire.

Engrosed as he usually was with high policy and administrative reform Hastings was never too busy to study detail or reduce expenditure. In March, 1773, the Collector of Chittagong received a letter from the Council at Fort Williams:

"We will not admit of the continuance of. . . .charges for the repairs of the Bungalows and mile-stones as we think it a needless and improper Expense."

Hastings' passion for economy led to the formation of a "Dawk Committee" at Chittagong. I omit many graver matters in order to quote at length from the proceedings of a meeting held on July 24th, 1776:

"Law, Bright, Cotes, Ellerker, Calvert, Dodds, Forde and Cornelian form themselves into a private Dawk Committee, the Honourable Company having withdrawn their Rs. 60/- a month subscription. They give notice to Henry Goodwin, Chief of Luckeypore, that if he ever opens dawks addressed to "F. Law" they are unanimously resolved that he shall be prosecuted with all the rigour of the Law."

"The wall of the burial ground to be repaired by the Committee."

"The road from Shawbrose Hill through Feringhee Bazar to the river to be repaired from the Committee's fund."

"Mr. Goodwin is refused admittance to the benefits of the Committee."

"Cotes, Calvert and Shardon fined Rs. 5/- each for late attendance, Bright fined Rs. 20/- for non-attendance."

"The dawk bungalows to be repaired and subscription book to be placed in each, inviting strangers who use the bungalows to subscribe for the convenience."

"No gentleman to dismiss any servant without giving him a certificate and no gentleman to engage a servant without seeing his certificate."

"The bearers having assembled at the time of the Boards' sittings and interrupted their proceedings by making a confounded noise in order to

obtain an increase of wages of 4 annas a month, it was resolved that such man laid hold of should receive 12 strokes with a rattan, which was accordingly put in execution and it is agreed that on any further insurrection of the kind, they shall receive the same Encouragement."

Order having been restored it was noted that:

"The proprietors and ladies of the settlement dine with Mr. Law on the 1st day of each month."

The meeting ended more happily than its decisions. The fine imposed upon Bright was too heavy. He refused to pay and informed the Committee:—

"As your sentiments and mine differ as widely as slavery and freedom, I decline being a member of your Meeting."

With the Chief of Luckhypore hostile and half the members smarting under fines the "Dawk Committee" could not last long. Yet during its short life this voluntary body, which seems to have had no funds except the fines it imposed on its members, did some useful work for objects less ephemeral than itself.

To the 20th century official the most striking feature of this correspondence is the beautiful penmanship, and the most bewildering practice—condemned by Fort William—of dealing with several disconnected subjects in the same letter. (Thus on September 19th, 1778, the Chief acknowledged the receipt of (1) a prisoner charged with being instrumental to the death of Mons. Gilemanns' child, (2) a Bill of Exchange! It is seldom possible to trace the reply to a particular letter and we are never likely to know whether the contumacious Mr. Barton apologized to the Chief of Chittagong or whether Sergeant Browne's girl persuaded the authorities to release the slave whose mistress she was, first in one sense, then in the other. The student of these old letters is like an eavesdropper who hears what is being said into a telephone, but cannot hear the reply.

One of the graves in the Chittagong cemetery bears the grimmest epitaph I have ever seen: "*Judge not that ye be not judged*". There were many men in the 18th century—and not of one race or religion—who found the extraordinary temptations of the time too strong for their virtue. But the failings of these ardent pioneers do not diminish but rather increase our interest in the letters they left behind. These letters reveal, with rare frankness, an age when officials wrote better English than they do now and lived more vividly; each in his own bungalow on the top of his own hill. The modern official may be less quarrelsome and more high-minded but his prose is a jargon and his existence drab. No one will want to read his correspondence when he is gone.

Not all the original Chittagong letters—not even all I have quoted—are still in East Bengal. Some are in the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta; others have perished or disappeared. But we have enough to stir the imagination with forgotten names like Porto Grando and Islamabad, and to illuminate the short and tragic lives of the men whose graves are still to be seen in the old cemetery of Chittagong. It is hoped that arrangements will be made if they have not been made already, for preserving these old letters and making them accessible to those who wish to examine them.

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Sir Mortimer Wheeler

PAKISTAN: HOMELAND OF GANDHARA ART

THREE museums in Pakistan—those at Lahore, Taxila and Peshawar—contain between them the finest collection of Gandhara Art in the world. That is as it should be, for Gandhara was the ancient equivalent of the north-west frontier region of modern West Pakistan. The tract of plain and mountain which extends westwards from the middle Indus to the Khyber Pass and northwards across the Malakand into Swat was the homeland in the early centuries A.D. of a school of sculpture of astonishing individuality and persistence. Far beyond the limits of its homeland its influence was felt in southern India on the one hand and in Central Asia on the other. It was wholly or mainly associated with the diffusion of Mahayana Buddhism, and was the the strange product of combined need and opportunity. Briefly, the story is this.

The Buddha was an inspired teacher who, about 500 B.C. in the Ganges Valley, preached a moral philosophy of moderation and detachment, seeking an ultimate deliverance from accumulated sin in supreme negation. Originally he was revered not as a god but as a prophet, and it was as improper to represent him sculpturally or pictorially as it is to represent the Prophet of Islam. But with the passage of time this attitude underwent a change; reverence merged into worship. By the end of the 1st century A.D. many Buddhists had begun to regard the Buddha as a divine being to whom prayer might properly be offered; and the visible figure of the deified Buddha was now required as the focus of this new and spreading cult. Here, however, arose an important difficulty. There was no ready-made artistic tradition into which the personality of the Buddha could be fitted. A remarkable combination of circumstances came to the rescue.

First, in the latter part of the 1st century A.D. a powerful and able dynasty from Central Asia, the Kushans, assumed control of the north-western quarter of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent, roughly from the Vindhya Hills to the Hindu Kush, and rapidly built up a wealthy domestic economy with wide political and cultural horizons. External contacts can be traced in

religion, in monetary standards and, above all, in trade; particularly in the trafficking of the Roman Empire, which at this time was likewise entering upon a phase of unprecedented prosperity.

This is the second factor: the interest of Western commerce in trade-goods from Asia. In one way and another, Asia was able to provide many of the luxuries which the Roman Empire could now afford. Thus the south of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent produced desirable gems and spices, such as the pepper which was exported in quantity to the pepper-barns beside the Tiber at Rome. But, above all, the silk which was now the fashion amongst the wealtheir classes of the Roman Empire, was a monopoly of China; and accordingly across Asia from Inner Mongolia, past the Pamirs and through Iran, two-way traffic brought Chinese silk laboriously to the West and, in exchange, Roman works of art and craftsmanship to the East.

But there was a recurrent obstacle to the regular ebb and flow of this trans-Asian trade. The arterial trade-routes across Iran were, more often than not, blocked by the Parthians, implacable rivals of Rome. Accordingly, the Chinese trade with the Roman Empire was deviously diverted round this Parthian barriers, either through Indian middlemen or through the heart of the Kushana Empire in the north-west. From the city of Bactra, which lay athwart the main "Silk Route" in Afghan Turkestan, a branch highway was followed south-eastwards through the Hindu Kush past Begram near Kabul to the Peshawar plain, and thence by the Indus or by a precursor of the Grand Trunk Road to the western ports of the subcontinent. Thence it continued by sea to the Persian Gulf and Palmyra or to the Red Sea, and so to the Mediterranean.

Now this deviation, though primarily a political accident, was of the highest significance in the history of art. The trade between Rome and China was something more than a trade in mass-produced shop-goods. The Chinese were discriminating buyers and demanded works of quality in exchange for their silk. The best illustration of this is offered by the famous discovery at Begram, near Kabul, in 1937 and 1939, of two sealed-up rooms packed with the finest glassware that the Roman Imperial factories could produce, together with bronzes and other objects of high quality; notably a number of sculptured plaster plaques of a kind which was a speciality of Alexandria. These goods were, no doubt, the rake-off exacted by the local principality as customs-dues from the long-distance caravans as they passed through during the 1st and 2nd centuries. In other words, Roman or Graeco-Roman arts and crafts had been brought in this fashion to the very heart of that Kushana Empire which was at the time the richest patron of the Bud-

dhist monasteries. And they were capable of supplying the artists employed by these Buddhists with models for that new Buddhist Art which the circumstances of the time demanded.

Much has been written about this impact of West upon East in a formative period of Eastern thought and expression. There is at least no doubt about the fact. Between the 2nd and the 5th centuries A.D. sculptors in and about Gandhara working in the green schist of Swat, or in terracotta, or in the plaster or stucco which had been shown to them by trade-goods (or even by occasional migrating technicians) from the great centre of antique stucco-work Alexandria in Egypt, introduced Graeco-Roman figures and scenes into the growing Buddhist repertory. The deified Buddha usurped the triumphant figure of a Roman Emperor. The Apollo Belvedere found his way in small local replicas to Charsadda near Peshawar. From the same productive site comes a stone carving of a scene from the Siege of Troy, adapted possibly to a Buddhist tale. Putti or cupids of Western origin hold up swage or wreaths in Western style but Eastern rendering. A Western goddess, Minerva, was carved in schist on a Buddhist shrine. And so on; examples are infinite. But let all this not be misunderstood. The Eastern artist was adopting and adapting Western forms, but was not merely copying them. The result was a new art which was essentially that of the land in which it was produced: Gandhara and the many and lengthy highways that converged on Gandhara, itself far too restricted a geographical term. All great schools of art are derivative in variable measure, but that does not impair their originality. Gandhara art is a very considerable and original art.

And there is a final question. Was the influence all one way? Did Gandharan art, in the broadest sense, have some reverse influence upon that of the West? The possibility has not been adequately studied. But I have seen at Sabratha, the Roman city on the shores of Tripolitania in North Africa, a distinctive stucco head which might almost be a replica of another from the great Buddhist site of Hadda, just across the Afghan border from Gandhara. And I strongly suspect that research may discover other examples of the kind. Perhaps a Pakistani scholar will some day turn the telescope round and show us, more fully than thitherto, how far the Buddhist thought and expression of Pakistan and its environs may also have influenced Western art and thinking, may have given as well as received.

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Ethel Jane W. Bunting

RUBBINGS OF SIND

"Rubbing" is a very old art technique, probably first used by the Chinese to reproduce on paper actual facsimiles of carving on stone or embossed terracotta. As an art medium it has been in existence for at least a thousand years or more and has been used particularly in China and Japan where it is still a leading art form. Within the last century rubbings were made in Cambodia of the deeply incised historical and mythological scenes on the temple buildings in and around Angkor. In Thailand they were made from the carved facade of the Temple of the Wat Po, which tells the story of the Ramayana. In England, at the end of the eighteen hundreds, the "brass rubbing" of tombstones was a fashionable pastime and has recently been revived and spread to the United States. In parts of Central America and Mexico beautiful rubbings are being made of the Aztec and Mayan "stelae", or carved stone statues and glyphs.

However interesting representational rubbings are as art, often their real value is to the historian who can collect in his study the actual replica of calligraphy, dates and genre pictures and thus "read" history as carved on stone in remote places hundreds of years before. Rubbings have even been made of palaeolithic or stone age scratchings and pictures discovered sometimes in caves or sometimes in the open. Because it has been the custom of people all over the world to bury with their dead items of common usage at the time, or to paint or carve these items on the tombs, rubbings are made more often than not of carvings in graveyards or commemorative buildings. Although most of the rubbings so far done in Pakistan are of the fabulous designs found in the Muslim necropolae in lower Sind, genre items are found on the Baluch Chaukhundi-type tombs in the way of jewellery, arms, tools, warriors, horses, camels and a few other small animals.

There are two basic methods of making rubbings. One is to apply the ink or colour medium directly to the stone and to place the paper on top, making a "tirage" or print. This method can only be used successfully on polished stone and is obviously detrimental to the original if used exten-

sively. The second method—and this is the one used in taking the rubbings in Sind—is to affix the paper against the carved stone and then to apply on the paper the ink or colour medium to the parts of the figure or design that stand out. Both methods may be done with wet paper but it has been found that dry paper and nearly dry ink or paint are most satisfactory on the local sandstone. Wet paper has only been used effectively on the marble inscriptions. Perhaps on some of the harder stone it will be possible to develop a wet paper technique, as this has the advantage of being clearer than a dry rubbing, but it will have to be under controlled conditions as the sun and the wind in the field make it nearly impossible to maintain even moisture for the necessary time to complete the rubbing. However, the dry method can produce a correct copy of many of the carvings and is very effective artistically, bringing out the imperfections of the original artist which lends a human touch as well as the warmth of the actual stone. A variation of these methods is the "squeegee" done on heavy wet paper which comes off three dimensional and is used mostly to reproduce calligraphy.

So far the subject matter of Sindhi rubbings can be divided into three groups: jewellery, arms, figures and animals found on the Baluch Chaukhundi-type tombs; calligraphy; and the designs of the Mughal period, both arabesque and geometric. If one should try to determine the beginning of Muslim art, it would be found to lie in calligraphy, which, not only itself developed into three basic forms—Kufic, Nastaliq and Naskh—but also was used as a highly developed art form from the time of the early manuscripts right down to the exquisite stone carvings of the Mughal period. The Persian workmen who were imported to help build the forts, mosques and tombs for which this period is noted, introduced designs which had originated elsewhere, but which, under the Mughal emperors, took on a purely Muslim form.

But the really unique rubbings of Sind are those made from the Baluch Chaukhundi-type tombs. In the first place the tombs themselves are very different from those found elsewhere. They probably date from the middle of the fifteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, although they are still being made in a cruder form in some parts of Sind today. They are completely covered with geometric designs as though the stone cutter had an "horrore vacuae". Often there are two tombs side by side, a man's with turban carved on it, reminiscent of the Rajput custom of placing a warrior's turban on his upright sword when buried on the battlefield—and woman's, with a plain headstone. Sometimes on the man's headstone and less frequently on a stone incorporated in the tomb, a warrior on horseback is carved, often with a bearer carrying extra arms or a *hookah*. Occasionally there is a plaque showing the arms used at the time, bow and arrows, spear, gun,

knives and sword and shield—and in the later tombs one finds the Baluch comb, the Quran, and book-stand, frequently repeated. In one a hunter is shown chasing hare and ibex, another is fording a stream where fish swim in a symmetric line. The warrior is nearly always on horseback and the action in some of the carvings is startling. On the women's tombs is carved the jewellery, at the foot the anklets, and the earrings, nose-rings, bracelets and neckpieces at the head. Much of the jewellery shown is worn by the lower Sindhi desert women of today, although it varies from graveyard to graveyard.

The stone is usually a soft yellowish sandstone but varies considerably in hardness and somewhat in colour from one location to another. When first quarried, it is soft and hardens with exposure in much the same way as the stone used for the same purpose in Cambodia. Some detail is lost in the rubbings of some of the designs, as the depth is often three cuttings and the rubbings can only reproduce the top carving. However, the general effect, particularly in colours, makes a remarkably interesting decoration and also makes it possible to study the designs more easily in relation to the designs in other media. It is interesting to note that most of the designs found on the tombs can still be found in the textiles, pottery and jewellery of Sind.

The opening of the 1960 All Pakistan Museum Conference held in Frere Hall, Karachi, was the occasion of the first public exhibition of rubbings made in Pakistan. Not quite a year before, by modifying the different methods, a group of American women had started making rubbings of the designs from the tombs at Makli Hill and Chaukhundi. So much interest was shown in this exhibit that it was sent to Peshawar to be shown in the museum there. Today there are rubbings from Pakistan in at least four museums in the United States and three Universities. The Pakistan Embassy in Washington opened its new auditorium last year with its walls decorated with a collection of rubbings, part of which was later loaned to an airline to advertise travel in Pakistan. A Sindhi rubbing and a piece of hand-blocked Pakistan textile, the design of which was taken from the rubbing, has been on exhibit this fall in Phoenix, Arizona, showing the use of indigenous designs in local textiles. The Chicago Natural History Museum, which probably has the largest collection of rubbings in the world, has requested a representative collection from Pakistan to add to their permanent working files. A most effective use of rubbings is in the State Bank of Pakistan where they hang in the library as an example of how old, indigenous designs and techniques can be incorporated in ultra-modern surroundings.

Although it is entirely possible that in the future, rubbings may be done

in other parts of Pakistan, so far they have been restricted mainly to the monuments of Sind. They are not only decorative, but provide a source rich in the possibilities for future design uses in small industry and architecture. Their very imperfections bring the present day "rubber" close to the unknown artist of long ago, and the satisfaction of being creative—if only at second hand—is well worth all the effort and discomfort one encounters working under the broiling sun and hot winds of the beautiful Sindhi desert.

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G. M. Butcher

PAKISTANI ARTISTS MAKE GOOD ABROAD

LAST year five young painters—Safiuddin Ahmed, Murtaza Bashir, Ali Imam, Ahmed Parvez and Anwar J. Shemza—formed themselves into London's "Pakistan Group". The first exhibition, which took place last November (1958), was also the first of its kind ever to be organized in Europe.

As a group—and in so far as one is ever justified in generalizing about group tendencies—these painters seem concerned to make painting an integral reflection of the real life of Pakistan today. This means that they are interested neither in the self-conscious revival of traditional forms nor in copying—as such—the methods and problems of European painting, old or new. But, equally, as they are on the edge of the *de facto* frontiers of their particular cultural situation, there are no precise rules for them to follow. It is no reflection to apply this kind of measurement to the work of these painters; it is, rather, an attestation of character for those choosing to forswear the easy answers of established procedures. There may, after all, be some truth to the contention that sweat, toil and suffering are necessary attributes to the development of the artistic personality.

This is certainly true of at least one member of London's Pakistan Group: Safiuddin Ahmed. Born in Calcutta 37 years ago, he has passed through most of the possible stages of family ostracism, lack of professional recognition and simple penury—as well as the horrors of Partition. Turning points in his career have included graduation in 1946 from the Government School of Arts and Crafts in Calcutta, migration to Dacca, East Pakistan, in 1947, his subsequent appointment as lecturer in graphic art at Dacca's Government Institute of Arts, and his intensive period of work and study in Europe, primarily in London, since 1956.

Now, as a fitting climax on the eve of his return to Pakistan, Safiuddin Ahmed has just held a one-man exhibition of 16 paintings and etchings at London's New Vision Centre Gallery. It is interesting that this gallery is noted for its devotion to abstract art; but lest this offend anyone, it might be as well to remember Miss Stein's warning that what may at first seem

strange "after a time....does not seem strange". For, after all, even the abstract artist himself usually begins along conventional lines, only to become accustomed, little by little, to the development of an idiom increasingly freed from dependence upon the naturalism of appearances.

This is not in the least to say that Safiuddin Ahmed's works bear no relation to nature; quite the contrary is true. As Fazle Lohani has written in the catalogue: "The subject-matter of Safiuddin's etchings and paintings is flood—the natural calamity which has been almost a regular feature in the life of the Gangetic delta....and from which, like many of his people, (he) has suffered most." His point of departure, in fact, is that complex of patterns in gushing water, ebbs and whirlpools, low clouds and high tides, of a land submerged by flood.

One might compare this with Henry Moore's remark that he "can see a reclinning figure in anything, a smudge on the wall, an ink blot, a pebble". Although both attitudes are equally dependent upon nature in her more fundamental aspects, the two approaches are, in another respect, quite different. Moore begins with a preconceived image which he then 'reads into' his material. The symbolism of his imagery, therefore, takes on an ambiguous quality deriving equally from the preconceived image and from the material. Safiuddin's imagery, on the other hand, is more a translation of the forces of nature—abstracted from the visible scene—into line and form on a flat surface.

So far I have not discriminated between Safiuddin's paintings and his graphic works. This is as he himself would have it. For him the approach is the same; form, line, symbolism, each pertains equally to whatever medium he chooses to use. In this, however, one may disagree. As I see the matter, there is a particular affinity between the range of line, form and colour which seems to dominate the art of South Asia today, and the various media of graphic work as etching and engraving.

I have no hesitation in saying that Safiuddin is both an important pioneer in the use of such media, so far as Pakistan is concerned, and already a master craftsman, by European standards, in their use. One need only mention that his graphic works have, within the past year, been selected for exhibition by St. George's Gallery (London), by the Royal Society of Painters, Etchers and Engravers (London), by the International Triennial of Original Coloured Graphic Art (Grenchen, Switzerland), and by the Royal Academy (London).

My last point of basic aesthetic importance is one on which I have written elsewhere in the following terms:

"In Western art there is the underlying idea that a painting must have

an internal structural unity; that the ambiguities of the symbol must have an internal interweaving and self-consistency. In traditional Islam, on the other hand, the various units of a work of art are brought into close contact, but they are not in the same way manipulated into a formal unity. There is a kind of deliberate exploitation of contrast and diversity. The dome is always in contact with the minaret, but it is never 'unified' with it. The traditional Western conception of internal unity in the work of art leaves comparatively little room for creative interpretation on the part of the spectator; whereas, on the contrary, traditional Islam has made quite a point of just this element of spectator-participation. For example, in song, 'voice' is not all-important (as it is in the West); it is left to the auditor to 'imagine' the perfect rendition."

If this general argument be granted, I think it may be possible to see its effect in comparing Safiuddin's painting, "The Net, the Boat and the Sun", with his colour etching, "Flood". To make this comparison even clearer, "In the Grip of Flood" may be considered as holding an intermediate position between the two. In the first of the three there are the sweeping forms of a small vessel under sail; then, in the second, there are the same shapes serving as trees under the stress of floodwater; lastly, there are the same shapes again, but now they are even more detached from natural referents, while at the same time the forms themselves present an imagery tending to 'spread out' into its separate components. To put it more simply, the increasing detachment from any obvious relation to natural objects both obstructs 'reading' the image as an identifiable whole, and requires the continued participation of the spectator in his compulsion to 'create' an intelligible meaning for himself. Understood in its widest context, this may well be one of the essential characteristics of all great art; in a more limited context, it probably touches upon one aspect of the particular genius of the art of traditional Islam.

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Sir Olaf Caroe

KHUSHHAL KHAN KHATAK AND HIS POEMS

Zuh tanha puh khhe puh gham da rango nam yam
Yusufzai di faraghat puh kisht o Kar;
Afridi, Mohmand, Shinwari, goral! suh Ka?
Da Mughalo lakhkar prot puh Ningrchar!
Drust Pakhtun luh Kandahara tar Atak
Sarah yo da nang puh kar pat o ashkar.

I, only I, care for my nation's honour,
The Yusufzais are at ease tilling their fields,
Afridis, Mohmands, Shinwaris, what are they about?
See! the Mughal host lies in Ningrahar
And the true Pathans, every one from Kandahar to Attock,
Should stand openly or in secret to the cause of honour.

In this and many other poems Khushhal, the Khatak poet, bewails the failure of most of the Pathan tribes to join with the rebellion he led against the Mughal Emperor Aurangzeb. With the Yusufzais he had a personal feud and he is inclined to dismiss them as hopeless; his own tribe, the Khataks, and even some of his own sons, had deserted him, and here he does not think them worth even a mention; the Afridis and Mohmands had helped him often and it is only here, in a last despairing cry, that he laments their final failure. And in so doing he refers, not for the only time, to the limits of the Pathan country, sketching roughly from Kandahar city in the south-west to the Indus ferry at Attock. (There was no bridge then, 300 years ago, except when Mughal armies crossed on a specially improvised bridge of boats.)

It is worth observing that, again and again, Khushhal thinks and speaks of his fellow Pathans by all the well-known names of the tribes which inhabited the terrain within present day Pakistan and which lies roughly between the Indus and the Durand Line. There is a slight extension in the

South-West to include Kandahar, but even so he does not mention the Abdalis, as the great Durrani tribe were called in his days. They are outside his picture and do not seem to matter. Khushhal's vision is limited to the valleys of Peshawar and Kohat, and to the mountains which surround them, from Swat to Tirah. These were the tribes on the main routes from the Mughal capital at Delhi to the outlying Mughal Province of Kabul, whether by Khyber or by Bangash. It is these whom he reminds of the call of *nang* or honour. Let us examine the historical background of the relations between the Mughal Empire and these Pathan tribes.

We first hear of Khushhal's tribe, the Khataks, when Akbar arrived at Attock in 1581 on his way to Kabul to bring his refractory brother Hakim under control. One of the Pathan maliks who then presented himself before the Emperor was a certain Akorai, whom Akbar's advisers mentioned as competent, if given encouragement, to protect the King's highway from Attock to Peshawar. It was thought that Akorai and his tribesmen would have an interest in warding off the continual forays of the neighbouring and powerful Yusufzais who made a habit of raiding caravans passing from Attock towards Kabul. Akorai agreed to this commission in return for a fief of the country from a point a few miles south of where Attock bridge now stands as far as the modern cantonment of Nowshera. He received also the right to collect the tolls upon this road. Soon after this, to signalize his position and his fame, Akorai founded the small town of Akora, upon a bluff over the south bank of the Landai, looking north at the low ranges which bound the Yusufzai country across the river.

Akorai was the great-grand father of Khushhal. Under Akorai himself, his son Yahya and his grandson Shahbaz, the Khataks remained loyal Mughal vassals, and as such were able to overrun considerable stretches of the then rebellious tribe situated north of the river opposite Akora. They even planted a colony under the hills of Swat further north, where they became the ancestors of the Khataks of the area known as Baizai. Echoes of this Yusufzai-Khatak tribal rivalry can be heard throughout Khushhal's poetry; it was a struggle in which his father Shahbaz, like Akorai and Yahya before him, met his death in 1641 during the reign of Shah Jehan.

Khushhal always speaks admiringly of Akbar's successors, Jehangir and Shah Jehan. Not only had his family been raised to eminence in the service of the Empire but the imperial favour had also been maintained. Jehangir, it is true, died before Khushhal came to manhood—he was about fourteen at the time—so his memories were no doubt reflections of what he had heard from his father Shahbaz, and words may have been coloured by bright thoughts of his own youth when he wrote that, in Jehangir's reign,

Hind was like paradise. But Shah Jehan he knew personally and served. He had walked more than once through the Khyber by the Emperor's litter and he admired him. He wrote of him as *qadrdan Shah Jehan*, Shah Jehan the discerning, and in more than one passage laments that poverty of expression precludes him from offering praise that the monarch deserved. And indeed it was Shah Jehan who in 1641 confirmed Khushhal as Chief of the Khataks and Guardian of the King's highway to Peshawar. Khushhal then went to the Delhi court where he got himself attached to Amanat Khan and Asalat Khan, leading nobles, and in their train took part in various campaigns in Kangra, Balkh and Badakhshan, where he won considerable distinction.

In 1649-52 Khushhal, on return from foreign wars, decided to take the struggle against the Yusufzais on his home front to a further stage and induced Shah Jehan, who was still Emperor, to add certain Yusufzai village north of the Landai to his fief. This was too much for the Yusufzais, who determined to see what could be done by offering at least a nominal submission to Delhi. Their Chief, Bahaku Khan, appeared at court and succeeded in securing the protection of the Emperor's son, the ill-fated Dara Shikoh, who persuaded Shah Jehan to pardon the Yusufzais and withdraw the Yusufzai area from Khushhal's fief. Thus rivalry between Yusufzai and Khattak was linked with court intrigue, and was soon caught up in the struggle for the succession. During the war of succession Bahaku, as is duty bound, supported Dara; Khushhal, who had been approached by Dara but rebuffed him, prevented the Yusufzais from offering him asylum by driving off a Yusufzai *lashker* awaiting the fugitive on the Landai bank. When therefore Aurangzeb emerged successful from the struggle he was at first favourably inclined to Khushhal and confirmed him in his chieftainship.

But at this point there took place a change in the local governorship. In 1661 Muhabbat Khan, the Governor, commemorated in the name of Peshawar's chief mosque, was transferred to the Deccan and replaced by Syed Amir, with one Abdur Rahim as Deputy in Peshawar. (The Governors of the Kabul Province resided according to the season in Kabul or Peshawar, with a Deputy who remained in Peshawar throughout the year.) Abdur Rahim obtained an imperial mandate for the abolition of the tolls for crossing the Indus. A general remission of tolls had been ordered shortly after Aurangzeb's accession in 1658 but had not yet been extended to the Frontier, where special conditions prevailed. Since Akbar's time the collection of the Attock tolls was a privilege which had vested in Akorai and his successors, and it followed that Khushhal was hard hit and resented the new orders. An endeavour was made to justify the measure as one of relief to the common

man, but even if it is not to be attributed merely to Yusufzai envy against an hereditary enemy, it is hard not to conclude that it was prompted by influences which felt that Khushhal and his Khataks had too long enjoyed a monopoly of imperial favour at the cost of other and possibly more difficult and dangerous tribes.

Khushhal did not proceed to overt action against the new measure. But in 1664 he was summoned to Peshawar by Syed Amir and despatched in chains and under escort to Delhi, whence he was sent forward to spend over two years as a prisoner in the Gwalior fortress. And even on release from Gwalior he remained under house arrest and was not permitted to return to his country. It was not until 1668, when on Syed Amir's removal as a result of failure to maintain peace, Muhabbat Khan once more arrived in the north, that Khushhal was set at liberty and accompanied him. But in 1670 Muhabbat was again relieved and replaced by Amin Khan who had been Governor of Lahore. Amin was the son of a diamond merchant from Golkonda in the Deccan, and a person to whom Aurangzeb had taken a fancy. He has been represented as dissolute and arrogant, and it was not long before he met his fall.

On his way to Kabul from Peshawar in the spring of 1672 his army was heavily attacked by a confederacy of Mohmands, Safis, Afridis and Shinwaris, incensed by the action of one of the Governor's subordinates involving the honour of some Safi women. The action took place on the Loargai plateau where Landi Kotal now stands. After a whole day's fighting the imperial forces were defeated with immense slaughter, everything being lost, troops, treasure, elephants, families, including Amin's own wife and daughters and those of the nobles serving under him. Amin himself only escaped and reached Peshawar by a secret path over the shoulder of the Tahtarra mountain. Later some of the captives were ransomed, but the Governor's wife—the reason is clear—refused to return and became a recluse. Khushhal had been present at the battle in the Governor's train, seemingly in the capacity of a hostage. What he did in the fighting is not clear; it is probable that he stayed at the mouth of the pass at Jamrud. After two defeats Muhabbat Khan came up for the third time, and sought to prevail on Khushhal to return to his allegiance, but the latter wrote that he had had enough of the Mughals and their ways and went into active opposition. His attitude was stiffened when in 1674 Aurangzeb himself came north to pacify the rebellion. For the Khyber disaster had been followed by further and serious reverses to Mughal arms, in 1673 and in 1674 in Mohmand country. In all these actions, and in a later successful assault on the fort at Nowshera, Khushhal took an active and rebellious part, aided by the Afridi chiefs Aimal

and Darya Khan. He also resigned the chiefship of his tribe to his eldest son, Ashraf, and the rest of his life is a confused patchwork of forays, journeys into various tribal areas to seek assistance, half-hearted reconciliations with the authorities, and quarrels with his own sons, more than one of whom, notably Bahram, turned against him and took the Mughal side. He died in 1689, aged seventy-six.

Khushhal's patriotic poems are inspired by two passions, the first his hatred for the Emperor Aurangzeb, the second his pride in what he calls the *nang*, the honour, of the Pathan.

The first poem—*Bia luh Rumah ra paida shuh da bahar*—I have tried to set in some form of heroic rhymed couplet which shall give an idea of the spirit of the Pakhtu; the remainder are in *vers libre*, based on work done ninety and seventy years ago by Raverty and Biddulph, with some variations to improve the sense. The opening verse in the first poem, a war ballad, is reminiscent of certain English romances opening with a prelude of the same kind, unconnected with the subject of the poem:

O Spring, O spring I love, whence hast thou come?
O fields that glow like rose-plots, glow and bloom!
O liby, O wind-flower, O daffodil,
Pomegranate, jasmine, herb of sweet basil,
O rainbow glory for a carpet spread,
With brightest gem, the tulip glowing red!
See! every maid plucks roses for her breast,
And flowers adorn each youth's proud turban-crest,
While quivering bow searches a melody
And each string throbs with long-drawn ecstasy.
Cup-bearer, fill the flagon, fill it high;
Khushhal shall sing of war in revelry!
And old Khushhal will rise, a youth again!
In life, in death, let honour be his guide,
So shall his memory in the grave abide.

The poet-warrior's deepest hostility was reserved for Aurangzeb. There is a strong school of historians engaged in the defence of Aurangzeb, whom many admire for his orthodox piety and zeal, as contrasted with the apostasy of Akbar and the self-indulgences of Jehangir. He is offered as a saint who displayed upon the throne the austere virtues of primitive Islam, his fratricides committed according to the times in self-defence against heretic brothers interested in profligacy. Others, like Khushhal, continue to regard him as

the English Protestant has been taught to regard Philip II of Spain, a man of misguided religious zeal, narrowly conscientious and persistent in attention to detail, but in essence cruel; concealing a sinister purpose behind every action. Here we are concerned not with an assessment of these contrasts, but with the impact of the Emperor's actions on the minds of the Pathans in the Empire's Frontier Province.

In considering these it is fair to note two things. The first is that Khushhal had good reason for disliking a ruler who had deprived him of the ferry and highway tolls enjoyed by his forefathers since they were granted by Akbar to Akorai. Those who defend Aurangzeb point out that this deprivation was not peculiar to the Attock highway; it was part of a general act of remission of all the taxes collected on every highway, frontier and ferry throughout the Empire; it was in fact one incident in a general policy designed to benefit the trade and the common man, and it can be represented as a wise act of statesmanship, resistance to which on the part of Khushhal was self-interested and small-minded. The second point is that the alienation of Khushhal and his Khattaks was bound up with the tribal aversion of Khatak for Yusufzai; a rapprochement with the Yusufzais inevitably spelt the cold-shouldering of at least one faction, that of the chief, among the Khataks. In other words Khushhal should have poured the vials of his wrath not on the wise and well-meaning Emperor, whose only fault was that he decreed measures for the public good which impinged on private vested interests, but on the Yusufzais and the local officials whom they misled.

There is substance in all this. But for Khushhal too there is this to be said. He did not resist the withdrawal of the right to collect tolls; he did not go into rebellion at that time. Yet despite twenty years' personal service to the monarchy, and the loyalty of the father, grand sire and great-grand sire to the Empire's camp, in 1664 he was placed under arrest at Peshawar, sent to Delhi in chains, confined at Gwalior for over two years, and not released until 1668 on the special intervention of Muhabbat Khan. What of that say Aurangzeb's partisans? Given the vitriolic attacks of the poet on his king, and knowing as we do that Khushhal's release was a main factor leading to a dangerous rebellion in the course of which the imperial armies were defeated in six battles, Khushhal was lucky to escape with four years restraint. Aurangzeb would have been justified in cutting off his head, and the fact that he did not, shows his magnanimity. In proof of Khushhal's treachery it can be pointed out that he was with Amin before the battle in the Khyber, but his poems show that he not only joined in Amin's defeat, but straightway went into open rebellion against the King and spent the rest of his life in that fashion.

Khushhal had certainly the defects of a people never constant in respect for authority as such, and never forgetting a slight put on himself, as he saw it. Such men can be held only in the bonds of a loyalty which is personal to him to whom it is offered, and it is hard to think of any such emotional bond between the cold-blooded Emperor and his headstrong vassal in the north. Even now the tribal spirit is so strong in them that Pathans will chafe under authority; 300 years ago the slightest affront would stir the instinct of the tribesman to get free, to strike off every bond and be a law to himself, obeying only the *nang* of the Pathan. Khushhal would have seen no wrong after the Khyber fight in going into outlawing. The logic of the Emperor would have seemed to him hypocrisy.

All said, we have to judge between two men. Which voice is the more authentic, that of the King who killed his brothers and imprisoned his father to reach a throne, and with all his genius and persistence led an Empire to decay; or that of the warrior poet whose words still kindle fire in the hearts of his compatriots? The lover of the Pathan will have no doubt. Nevertheless the Pathan is not seldom a tiresome and contumacious subordinate. Even Khushhal had to lament the tribal lack of discipline, the unreadiness to work with others, the imputation of personal motives. One thing is certain: a government which acts as did Aurangzeb's will never command Pathan loyalty.

As we know from the poem to spring, Khushhal had secured valiant assistance from the Afridis under their maliks Darya Khan and Aimal Khan, but with the Yusufzais he failed, and failed completely. This failure was rooted in history. The Khattaks had basked in Mughal smiles when the Empire was fighting the Yusufzais, and had taken advantage of the imperial aid to occupy large slices of Yusufzai territory. Now that the Khataks were out of favour, the Yusufzais saw no reasons to help them—very much the reverse. Khushhal himself seemed unable to see this; he quite unjustly scorned the Yusufzais as cowards, and the colour of the verses he wrote about them has to be corrected with this in view. In his eyes they were double-dyed villains, first because they were hereditary foes and secondly because, when he approached them, they would not play. The opening verse in this article is in point, and so is:

No great acts will be wrought by the Pathans,
Heaven ordains that petty should be their achievement,
I seek to set them straight, they straighten not;
Crooked is the vision of the ill-intentioned.
No regard have the Yusufzais for Pakhtu,
Get you gone from these disgraced Pakhtuns, Khushhal!

During his wanderings in search of Yusufzai reinforcement he went as far as the Swat Valley—an unusual journey for a Khatak in those days, for the tribes were wont to keep to their own ranges. His descriptions of Swat are of great interest, mainly for the reason that they introduce us to another marked trait in the poet's character, his passion for the loveliness of nature's settings, and particularly for flowers and verdure. In this he resembles Babur, and it may be said that every Pathan has in him something of the passion that haunted Wordsworth. Of Swat Khushhal writes:

In climate it is glorious, far lovelier than Kabul.
Bleak is Kabul, Swat is mild and gentle.
Its air and verdure are like unto Kashmir,
Though it spreads not out so finely;
In every abode there are cascades and fountains,
Fine cities there are, fine dwellings, and fair markets.
Such a country, with such a clime and such streams,
Wherein every place is by nature a garden of flowers,
Hath no homes, no gardens, no fragrance or freshness,
For the Yusufzais have made of it a desert.
Swat is meant to give Kings gladness,
Every place in it befits a prince,
But the Yusufzais have no such feelings,
And have made of it a desolate hostel.

Contrast this with what the poet writes of his own country, the wild, desolate range of Khatak hills, running down to over-shadow the confluence of the Indus and the Landai rivers. It is this country for which he pined during the time of his imprisonment in Gwalior Fort:

Blessings be on Akorai who chose Surai for his home,
Believe me, and well I know, it is of all places the place!
The dark mountain of Hodi runs straight up to Tirah,
The Nilab and Landai rivers lie beneath its feet,
Along their banks runs the great highroad from Hind to Khurasan,
And there is the Attock ferry, at which prince and beggar tremble,
Every bounty that earth bears comes thither,
And when the rains fall, how lovely is the spring!
What of Swat, or Ashnaghar, or Peshawar, or others lands?
All bow down to it, and their bounty cometh thither,
Stout and strong are its young men, nimble and active,
Merry-eyed, fair, and ruddy of countenance, tall in stature to behold,

Woe is me! Fate has taken me from it. Whose arm can reach to Heaven?
Never of his own will would Khushhal have left Surai.

There is another lament, written from exile:

O gentle morning-breeze, shouldst thou pass by Khairabad,
Or should thy way lead thee beside Surai's stream,
Whisper to them my greetings again, and yet again,
Salute them that I love so dearly!
To the mighty Abasind cry out with a loud voice,
But whisper softly to the Landai stream.
It may hap that I shall again drink from thee,
Nor ever dwell beside Ganga and Jamuna.
In Hind are no cool waters for refreshment.
God's curse upon it, though it be full of luxury.
God grant that I may be once again with my beloved,
Not for ever will Khushhal remain in Hind.

Khushhal wrote many love-lyrics, and indeed regarded himself as a very Bahram Gur among lovers.

One of his poems runs;

Two things do I love most in myself and in the world,
In myself mine eyes, and in the world fair women.
When I behold the beauty of the fair, I feel I have found God.
Short is the distance 'twixt love sacred and profane.'

Love-poetry does not come over easily from one tongue to another. Two of these poems are very well known and less stereotyped than most verse based on the Persian tradition. One records in detail the physical charms of the Afridi girls in the Kohat Pass:

"*Fair and rosy are the Adam Khel maidens,*
Large eyes have they, long lashes, and arched brows.
Sugar lips, flowered cheeks, a forehead like the moon,
Tiny are their mouths like pouting rose-buds,
Their teeth are even and white.
Their skin so soft, and glossy like an egg-shell,
In stature straight as the letter Alif and fair of colour—
Like the hawk has been my flight upon the mountains

And many a plump pretty partridge has been my prey;
The hawk, young or old, seeks its quarry,
But the swoop of the old hawk errs not;
Love's affairs are like fire, O Khushhal,
What though the flame be hidden, the smoke is seen!"

The other is hard to render. Each couplet ends with the *chuni* of the Pakhtu phrase for "*n'est ce pas*", "is it not"? In English there is no poetry in this, in Pakhtu it sounds like the challenge of a drum or a bell, and is very effective:

The sword is sharpened for the blow, is it not?
The love-locks are furled for the beloved, are they not?
Why sayest thou to me, "Look not on the fair"?
The eyes are given me for seeing, are they not?
Let the preist fast and pray, let the gallant take the goblet,
Every man is created to fulfil his lot, is he not?
Saidst thou, "My lip's kiss is like a healing draught",
The draught I seek of thee is to heal my wound, is it not?
Thou drinkest my heart's blood, that is for thee alone,
My heart was made for thee, so cruel, was it not?
Here is wine, here is harp and flute, and thy beloved, O Khushhal,
Thy tablets in hand, go into the garden, wilt thou not?

To go deeper, the thoughts of a fine simple faith are ever present with Khushhal; his profane loves have not concealed from him the divine mercy for which he hopes:

One, one King I know, His orders I obey,
His yea, and His nay, alike rule my life,
Aimal Khan and Darya Khan are present in His court,
Here am I, my God, I wait at Thy threshold!
One day will be heard the command, "Come thou to Me!"
Then eagerly will thy slave run to Thee,
Though Thou dost rend the petitions I send Thee,
In words will I assail Thee in my progress.

The Afridi chiefs whom he loved as doughty fighters on his side had gone before him, and he longed to be with them once more.

It is worthwhile to dwell at some length on Khushhal's life and thoughts,

for he is Pathan of Pathans. With all his weaknesses, with all his vainglory, there is something splendid about the man. He compels affection, and even love. And to understand him is the beginning of knowledge for him who would know the Pathans.

One day in the late spring of last year, on my way down from Peshawar to the former Punjab, I went four miles off "the great highroad from Khurasan to Sind" to visit the poet's grave. There are two hamlets just under the hills, the hamlets of Upper Surai—wrongly marked as Isori in the map—one named after a clear spring which rises in a little dale just above the grave. The graveyard looks north, and it is high enough on the hill-skirts to command a view across the Landai river and the great plain of the Samah to the splendid outline of the mountain-ramparts of Buner and Swat, all land over which the poet had fought, and later wandered in search of the aid that never came from the Yusufzais. On the chosen evening the sun, which had just set over the plain, was still striking through spring storm-clouds over the mountains in shafts of light, and glimpses of the snow ranges in the further distance could still be seen. Over the Khatak hills to the south there was a deep calm as before the storm; there was no dust; the waters ran quietly from a little spring in the glade behind the tomb and a little later a *muezzin* called from the village mosque to prayer. The tomb is covered by a small dome, erected by the pious of a much later generations. "Why is it here, in so lonely a spot?" I asked the custodian. The answer came, "The poet desired it, for he loved the countryside and flowers and above all wished that in his resting place he should not be disturbed by the clatter of the hooves of the Mughal cavalry, passing on the King's highway".

The tomb is covered with a plain marble slab which bears the inscription:

Da Afghan puh nang mi utarlah turoh.
Nangyali da zamane Khushhal Khatak yam.
I have taken up the sword for the pride of the Afghan name;
I am Khushhal Khatak, the proud man of this day.

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THE ART OF PAKISTAN AND WORLD CULTURE

ANYONE living in Pakistan cannot but be aware of the dangers which a country in her situation runs, as a unit and as a national entity, in her contacts with anything of the nature of World Culture, as normally understood. I believe, however, that many current conceptions of a possible, desirable or perhaps of an inevitable World Culture, are at fault. A sounder theory of its nature could, in my view, be evolved which would at the same time discredit that bogus World Culture which fills the minds of thoughtful people with dismay, and yet provide a guarantee that such national culture as that which Pakistan undoubtedly possesses might develop and contribute honourably to the vitality and meaningfulness of the greater unit.

My ideas on this subject I have already elaborated in my paper, "Theory of a New World Culture," in the "Journal of the University of Peshawar" (No. 3). I agree that we are bound to regard as integral to our World Culture, that complex scientific understanding of the universe, which reaches right into the life of the common man with its gadgets and techniques. But this, to play its part as a genuine culture must, like other elements, be tempered with the folk arts and traditional cultures, with which the world intelligentsia of our time, rootless, light of touch, sensitive, is already seeking to fructify its understanding and expression of the modern spirit. A living quality is essential for a World Culture in order to avoid that domination by any one human group, which has been the danger of would be World Cultures of the past and is an obvious danger now. Any touch of the copyist attitude on the part of economically less advanced peoples should be discouraged, and so far from the more primitive cultures being eradicated, they should be studied and utilized as fecundating elements. A true World Culture may thus be seen as a harmonious and complex pattern of cultures, mainly moving in one direction. This direction will be indicated essentially by the very nature of the human race, but in the detailed determining of its course, it must be possible for weight to be given to the contribution of the "spurts of genius", to use the biological term, wherever they occur. Without them, it would sink to the

undifferentiated commonplace which so many thughtful people fear.

It is obvious that in my scheme the intelligentsia plays a considerable part. As I see the situation, the intelligentsia, because of its very uncertainty and its flocculent quality, can the better act as a carrier of modern culture. Its members can do for our world what the landed gentry did for the more stable types of culture of the past. The defect of the intelligentsia, in its original sense, which at first made it appear as lost in a sort of intellectual no-man's land, has with modern conditions become a positive benefit. Originally forming a sort of spiritual Bohemia, a real Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, to use the term with which Aristophanes mocked it twenty-three centuries ago, it is now, in the imagery made familiar to us by the work of Mr. W.H. Auden, a centre of strategic operations, a truth-encouraging experimental station. When we consider what modern music, and characteristic modes of modern expression such as ballet, novel and film, which have sprung into existence over the last hundred years, owe to the intelligentsia, the elaborate system of world-cultural centres,—Paris for art, Beyreuth, Milan, London and New York for opera, Venice for film, Edinburgh as a yearly clearing-house for all the arts,—we may well feel the need to start with the warning of what dangers the absence of an intelligentsia might entail.

Thus, the intelligentsia assumes the function of an essential and world-wide "Guardian", into whose "Kitty" or "Pool" of alert awareness can be thrown the genuine products of folk culture. By "genuine products", I do not mean those only of primitive nations, but I include those of economically advanced races like the United States, whose experts are busily salvaging such "white" folk culture as they can before it is obliterated. This may be done, and should be done, in either case with the assurance that latent qualities, wherever found, of virile and creative potency, will be seized, appropriated and made use of, not as a means of merely decorating an effective cultural technique, but of giving renewed vitality to the creative movement on a world-wide scale. From this creative movement in its turn will issue, if one may judge from the European experiment of the last fifty years, creative artists whose very vast contacts will naturally make them more immediately responsive to the spirit behind the primitive and anonymous folk creators. With the establishment of the intelligentsia in this role of guardianship and guidances, the problem for a less advanced country like Pakistan narrows itself down to the nature of the folk itself and of the folk culture, and the role of the great consciously creative artist in relation to the folk. Out of the former must come the elements of Pakistan's contribution to World Culture; upon the latter devolves the duty of seeing that Pakistan is duly represented in the various artistic fields.

What are the characteristic elements of folk art in Pakistan? In the first place, it has this in common with what I consider to be modern World Culture, and in contrast with the relatively static or monumental cultures of the past, which have served so valuable a purpose in giving that framework of stability which human culture needs at a certain stage: it is essentially the art of a culture in movement. This can be a factor of prime importance in an age where all the relations are regarded, in the light of relativity, as between moving rather than fixed points, and where the international air traveller is the characteristic and even symbolical figure, I feel him to be. The caravan and the "dak" bungalow are the easily recognized symbols of folk culture in Pakistan, rather than the manorial hall, the massive or soaring temple and the thousand years old peasant's cottage of Western Europe. Whether the "caravan" or "dak bungalow" be the nightly changing quarters of the official in transit, or Government House, or one of those vast imperial palaces which have been strewn and rejected broadcast over the subcontinent by those caravan leaders of the past, the Mughal emperors, the spirit is the same. Even in the great houses of men reputed in this country to be fabulously rich, there is the same feeling of impermanence, which the Islamic ideal of life may well have reinforced.

The principal objects of your culture seem to be, not statuary or vast decorative canvases, or murals, with the accompanying literary types of elaborately formal drama and epic, but the improvised nomadic objects, trinkets, curtains, blankets, carpets, domestic utensils, and with them dancing and singing, recited lyrical poetry recalled or made on the spur of the moment, a sacred script, and these all thrown down, as it were, higgledy-piggledy, in a tent pitched for the night. Apart from your flower gardens that spring up and disappear with every change of your system of irrigation, every thing appears as a beauty in isolation, not brought together into an adequate architectural setting, or apparently devised for any unified picture or strongly marked visual pattern of life. Your unity seems to be elsewhere, in a ritual of prayer. Considered as external artistic phenomena, which they are not, even the most wonderful of your mosques seems to owe its almost unearthly beauty, as of a building not properly belonging to the dimension of this world, to this quality of the "pitched tent", to be most perfect when it least varies from the ideal conception of enclosed space, when in fact empty of all but its human content.

For the development of this part of my argument, which refers more particularly to the actual day-to-day expression of your culture, I am compelled to rely on such material as the illustrated and artistic magazines allow me. After all, I am discussing the culture of Pakistan as a moving and

living thing, and not as a dead museum record. The so-called art covers of your journals form the basis of my impression of what the modern educated Pakistani public is "picking up" both in the sphere of world-cultural influence and of local endeavour. Their "newsy" illustrations and advertisements. Their internal publicity articles reveal what is yet likely to attract the artistic buyer, to what extent your publicists are aware of the potentialities of your artistic contribution to World Culture, and the more serious "expert" articles show how far you approach your own indigenous art from a "museum" or "art-getting" standpoint, and how far from one which will mean a re-vitalizing of your national art endeavour in terms of World Culture, the only one, I feel, which will prevent its ultimate obliteration.

Coming right down to a positive economic basis, I note that a recent article in "Commonwealth Today" (No. 28) gave a list of typical wares which the Department of Supply, assisted by various industrial and refugee rehabilitating corporations, were making available in display centres, both in Pakistan itself and in forign countries like Canada, Australia, Ceylon, Indonesia and Turkey. These included earthenware jugs and decorated pottery from Bahawalpur, embroidered leather slippers from the Punjab, inlaid wooden bed-posts of most intricate designs from the North-West Frontier Province, tiles, silversmiths' work from Dacca, and various forms of inlaid metal work. To them might be added the horizontally striped Swat blankets, with their masterly manipulation of bright and sombre colour, the decorated chaplis and Pathan knives of Bannu and the sturdy, heavily glazed pottery of Multan, whose dusty reds, smoky pinks and bell-bright blues clearly derive from traditions of Mughal wall decoration, in the shapeliness of their pattern, and might well have a close appeal to a generation intrigued by Picasso's recent ventures into ceramics. All these articles have this in common, that they comform to the strict tradition of the Muslim world that artistic talent should be expanded on the normal productions required in the carrying on of daily life.

Artistic workmanship, so long as the native instinct of the village craftsman is allowed full play, and not perverted by vulgarizing influences from the falser aspects of modernity, remains high and goes far back into history. For the truer exponents of modernity, these things matter above all else. It is indeed from their contacts with the roots of the culture in their own countries, that the living quality has come through into the work of, say, Braque, Matisse or Picasso, to name but three of the leading artists of that School of Paris which for me in our modern world exemplifies what can be done when the great artist taps in folk culture the real source of artistic power. It is true of the present as of the past (I quote De Thevenot in 1666) that "when the Indians would beautify vessels and cups they engrave flowers and other

figures and enchase stones upon them. The work is done by poor people, sometimes little boys, who do it very skillfully, very quickly". The same is the case, I am told, with the Bahawalpur pottery, with its pretty and neat wickerwork style, exquisite, light as paper, but quite strong, its "bowls large enough to hold a pound of water" that "weigh hardly an ounce" themselves: and with the dainty wooden products of Dera Ismail Khan, mirror and toilet stands, and so on, painted with such taste that in spite of their elaboration of detail, one yet retains a simple and unified colour impression: skills which probably derive in some degree from the "pockets" of Hindu and Persian craftsmen left by various invaders, but are by now purely spontaneously folk. Of the embroidery work of the Hunza people "a common art of the women-folk", it was stated recently in this journal that (a characteristic "folk" touch) "although their work is of a high standard, they do no more than satisfy their own needs."

It is only on relatively rare occasions that one feels this happening, folk art impinging on the art in these "various magazines" of Pakistan. They are too busy trying to make their admirers and purchasers appreciate how well their contributors have naturalized the various styles current in high level Western advertising "art"—for instance, the New English Art School Poster, the landscape doctored a la Van Gogh or Vlaminck, or even the older flat-surfaced mural style of Puvis de Chevannes; I have personally marked these off as they have appeared in the successive issues. Only just occasionally does the drab, varied and subdued palette of your own bleached and faded landscape, "monochrome under motley" as the poet Louis MacNeice has recently said in his "Ten Burnt Offerings", come through or that even more vital traditional element, the use of fluid and sensitive calligraphic design, to play their due part in the work of your modern would-be masters. I fear to quote the instance of Mexico, lest it should be thought I wish to encourage the imitation of Diego Rivera, the friend of the early Picasso, but Mexico is an example where a great folk artist has seen just those elements in the folk art of his country, out of which he has been able to weave a vast instrument of national self-expression, and where, too, an enlightened government has had the courage to set him quite untrammelled in the forefront of its artistic endeavour.

Of all the arts, Ballet, because it has forged a link between folk art and the internationally acceptable idoims of expression which Europe has worked out over the last two hundred years, has come to occupy a central position in modern culture. As the Diaglieff Ballet of the years between the wars spread its tentacles well into the cultural life of England, France, and America, North and South, it formed a meeting place for all experiments in music,

dance and plastic colour, and indeed in the hands of its leading choreographers, an almost complete expression to the modern intelligentsia culture for which I am pleading. Pakistan, which has a good deal of the raw material of this composite and "key" art, should not allow itself to be misled by the fact that traditional ballet ties up all too closely with the sophisticated and prettified ballet of nineteenth century operas and still more with the commercialized box-office dance "shows" of late Victorian or Edwardian days; in fact, ballet is rooted firmly in the folk, and genuine ballet always has a trace of that coltish, slightly shamefaced, contemp uous, hoydenish, even clodhopperish tone, which is always close to the genuine folk dance.

When Pakistani colleagues, have suggested that the Pathan type of music used in the Khattak dances, and the dances themselves, were too primitive and unaesthetic to be classed as art, I have been bound to insist that it was just those very qualities, and the non-committal, un-absorbed manner of the performers, that was in fact striking the authentic note. In our English folk dances, which (Heaven knows!) have undergone in their time many enfeebling influences from misguided recorders, it is the less suave groupings and progressions of notes that our musicians seize upon with the greatest satisfaction. The great Russian choreographers, Fokine and Massine, stiffen their own technique, where it has become over-sophisticated, with the irruption of raw and vital material from the steppes of Central Asia, and even later, Diaglieff was to shock his "balletomanes" of the School of Paris, by bringing in the corrective, as he saw it, of the heady, unbeautiful but stirringly vital dancing of the genuine but uncultivated Spanish peasantry.

This we have perhaps, in regard to Pakistan, seen in its initial stages in the Ballet of the late Bulbul Chaudhary and Afroza, which toured Europe, and I believe America, before the former's regrettable death. I have only pictures and reports from which to judge, but I should say that the choreographer, probably the late Mr. Chaudhary himself, was attempting to Westernize, perhaps to classicize in the Indian direction, in an attempt to reach a public with already formed and known tastes. He therefore hesitated to let them have the full impact of strangeness, which one has in seeing local dances here, and which the Parisians and Londoners had in seeing the Spanish dancers straight off the streets, in the twenties. Quite a vigorous controversy was carried on in the columns of the English "Sunday Times" on this Pakistan Ballet. Its defender maintained that it had a technique basically "Kathak"-defined by her as meaning "a northern Indian dance which was greatly influenced by the Mughals and changed from a religious into a courtly art". The writer, a Miss Marjorie Stampe, adds that the Ballet "uses this basic style and also much of the technique of the Punjab, the hill folk of the

North-West Frontier and East Bengal'." Elsewhere, a "Pakistan Review" commentator suggested that Chaudhary, while avoiding the "traditional rhythm of hands" which belonged to a Hindu religious context, and whose absence had displeased the usually well-informed English critic whom Miss Stampe had attacked, had adopted "elements of modern Western European expressionism, especially of the German school of dancing," and that the freedom of footwork from conventionalized patterning showed the influence of the Swedish Ballet Joos rather than that of Diaglieff. These remarks whether justified or not, stress one of the points to which I am drawing special attention. It is a pity if all this ambitious Westernization of what should be a Pakistani art form, is allowed to override the virile qualities of the battle dances, generically known abroad as Khattak, but in fact involving dances of a wide variety and marked individuality, spread practically all over the tribes of the North West Frontier area, and, as Mr. Shah Mohammed Abbasi has recently written in this journal: "very manly and fascinating both as regards the steps, paces and movements of hands, feet and head, and speed of action."

My purpose in drawing attention to all this is to lead upto practical suggestions for the setting of indigenous modern Pakistani culture on a firm and vigorous basis in relation to World Culture. For this it is necessary to examine the modern conception of the character of the artist which, like many other things, has undergone a change in the last hundred and fifty years, a change which makes his position as regards the folk spirit much clearer. Since early in this century, a re-assessment of the great figures of the past has been going on, to which on the whole they have stood up remarkably well: a proof of the soundness of the new diagnosis. It seems as if the inspiration, or the driving force impelling an artist to write, paint, compose music, sculpt, design architecture or mould plastic material of any kind, including his own body, comes from folk instincts which we all to some measure share. Critical tradition has hitherto assessed his artistic achievements in terms of some ideal standard of perfection, isolated and noted from the practice of the best artists, and defined in suitable intellectual terms. Thus the instinctive, self-exploratory, race-exploratory, quality which is the essence of all art has come to be lost sight of. It is of course arguable that the artistic urge is sharpened, put on its mettle, and in the end achieves finer results when it is thus pitted against an intellectual frame-work of critical tradition, such as we have in Europe and America, and which is one of the things one misses here. But the tendency among European and American artists of the modern period has been to reject the pre-supposed frame-work, and to use their vast array of technical resources, built up over centuries of intellectualisation, to draw

out and develop a personal idiom from, or along the lines of, some traditional folk idiom in which they happen to be rooted.

A few examples from great and typically modern national artists of this our present epoch will make these points clearer. I take the Irishman, W.B. Yeats, who, from a type of Victorian romanticism, which, under the influence of the symbolism of fin-de-siecle experimentalists on the one hand, and of a powerful nationalistic feeling which political events drove underground to the exploration of fresh material in Irish legends on the other, first of all our poets broke into a deeper, more colourful and more entirely convincing treatment of the matters of poetry. Quickly upon this, came the crystallization of floating popular influences which went nearer in their way to the heart of folk culture than the delicate fin-de-siecle romantics could. The newer "Celtic twilight", the older sentimental "Irishry" of the school of Tom Moore, both in varying degrees bogus, faded away before the impact of the bawdry, drinking, horse-racing, quarrelling and fighting of the real folk. And out of the content and universe of this real folk, a folk not so unlike the "folk" of a country like Pakistan, except for the drinking, a folk so hostile and contemptuous towards all that Yeats had believed in till 1904, was evolved that greater and, strangely enough, in the end, more personal poetry of his, addressed not to the intellectual in the first place but, as he says to

"The fisherman who goes
To a grey place on a hill
In grey Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies."

Perhaps the finest instance of an art which, in the insurgence of folk-national elements, mostly from countries peripheral to the main stream, like Spain, Russia Finland and Hungary, found the life-giving material required to renovate the elaborately abstract forms which Italy and Germany had evolved, was music. Two of the greatest of our elder European composers, Vaughan Williams, the Englishmen, and Bela Bartok, the Hungarian, have recently been the subjects of detailed critical study. Both of them have been described as "obstinately devoted to the ideals belonging to....national tradition.". Of a later generation than Yeats, they carry matters a stage further, but their careers indicate the alternative choices of equally fruitful development that may lie also before Pakistani artists, no matter in what medium they are working. Vaughan Williams, of the two, has been the more "obstinately devoted": which means that he has had to fight harder to force himself out of the shell of national folk tunes he had built round himself. "Bartok", on the other hand, "expressed universal ideas on a basis of Hungarian folk music....but in the end reached universality too". The two masters,

who have in fact drawn their substance so largely from folk-song, make their appeal to the world at large, not by reproducing the folk material in undigested folk form, but through instrumental music: that is, through that form of music which is least localized and most internationalized and abstract in technique. It is worth remarking, in passing, that modern international music technique has stretched itself in the last fifty years to include music of the type traditional in Pakistan within its pattern.

Here then, in the compositions of artists who have "worked their way through their devotion to national tradition to a culminating period of wise serenity and so beyond the frontiers of their countries", we have the challenge to the creative and intellectual artists of Pakistan. The warning is all along against the easy acceptance of a decadent and facile makeshift "culture" which can so easily come in through such channels of communication as are open and which is not really a World Culture. The great need is for active leaders of creative artistic life, who will declare themselves, not by official state action, though the state can play a wise and beneficent part, even if only by displaying a masterly inactivity at the right moment, but by an irresistable inner potency: and it is for them to see that their work is soundly rooted in the ultimate and characteristic folk tone of their own land.

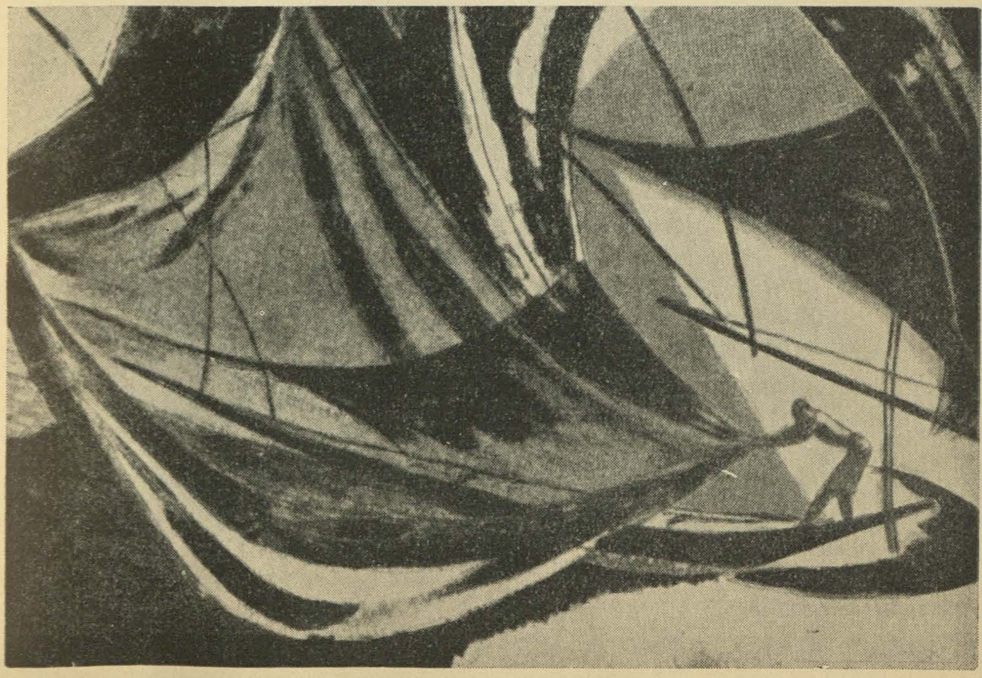
What of practical value can be done while awaiting this 'birth of time"? There lies immediately before us the great task of the preparatory recording, through museum collections and through the production of not unduly "cooked-up" documentaries, of all the available material of folk culture here: and this must be done quickly before much of it vanishes before modern conditions. Universities and learned societies should play a major part in this, and to the proper planning of such a project it is certain that foreign cultural associations and trusts could be induced, as in the case of other countries, to contribute liberally in money as well as technical advice and aid. Moreover, the proper economic development and exploitation of such folk crafts as are still capable of such treatment, should be organized officially. The aim is not to thin them out on any scheme of mass production which would mean spiritual annihilation, but to preserve them as cottage industries, so that they maintain their artistic identity and integrity and contribute to the general pattern of national life. Thus alone will be prevented the drift of the "folk" towards the artificial, the "arty-crafty" or the "fancy". Meanwhile, the more positive word lies with the creative intelligence of the future, or of the present, whichever or whoever he may be.

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Khushal Khan, 1612-1689, *the Pathan warrior-poet, who led a small rebellion against Aurangzeb, the Mughal Emperor.*

"*Fishing Time*"—*an etching by Safiuddin Ahmed of East Pakistan.*

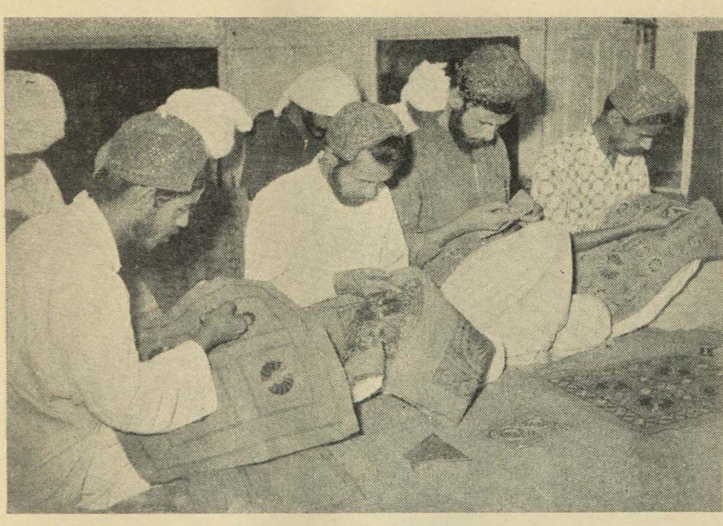




Three decorative examples of coloured enamel work on metal — an ash-tray, a casket and a cigarette case.

Fancy containers for betel leaves, made in white metal or in copper cutwork covered with quick silver.

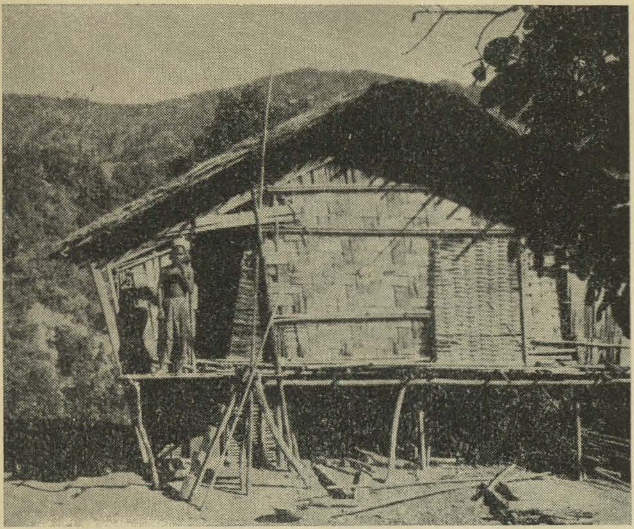




Gorgeous red and yellow embroidery, with little round pieces of mirror tacked on, are typical of Sindhi embroidery; here are seen workmen making the cushion covers and jackets that are so much in demand.

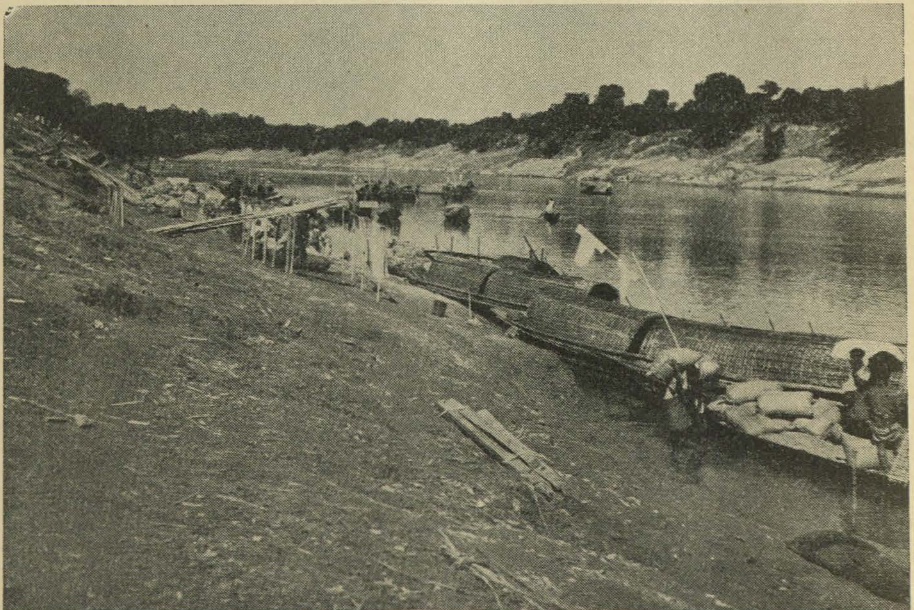
Wild elephants are captured every year in the Chittagong Hill Tracts of East Pakistan in the exciting "Khedda Operations". Some are exported, and others put to work on lumbering.





A typical bamboo hut of Chittagong Hill Tracts, built on stilts.

A boat landing site near Rangamati in the Chittagong Hill Tracts.



E. H. Niblett

A STORY FROM THE CHITTAGONG HILL TRACTS

A young woman lay dying in a little Mission Hospital in a remote corner of Pakistan along the Lushai Hills, where semi-civilized tribes still live in jungle fastnesses or in improvised bamboo huts. She was a true daughter of the simple Mogh tribe and had been carried to the hospital after having been trampled by a rogue elephant which romped the forests for months killing unwary travellers along the lonely forest paths.

Alongside the woman, whose name was Bana Moti (or, "Pearl of the Forest") stood the English Mission Doctor and my father who was the Administrator of these Tracts on behalf of the Dominion of Pakistan. She was speaking in a low voice and in a hill dialect it was difficult to understand. Slowly she delivered herself of her story and this is what she said:

"My husband, my son and I were going along the forest path from Chandraghona to Chitmaram. We had been delayed at the bazar and were hurrying along in silence. But my little son was only eleven years of age and after some miles he started to lag behind, so we made him walk in front. I was immediately behind him and my husband Koing Krue Mogh was immediately behind me. The forest got denser, the path narrower and the sky darker. We were afraid, but there was only a mile more of Reserve forest left. Suddenly, as if rising rapidly from the ground, a great dark mountain rose in front of us and we saw the gleam of a tusk. It was Ganesh—the single-tusker rogue elephant! There he stood on the path facing us as we approached, with never a sound to declare his presence. We stopped dead, turned instinctively and fled down the winding path along which we had come. The forest on either side of it was like a wall of bamboo reeds and we could not enter. We ran in silence except that once I looked back and saw my son was out of breath and not running as fast as we were. I called to him "Run harder! Run harder, my son. Run for your life". A moment later I heard an agonized shriek from my son which echoed through the forest and on looking back I saw that Ganesh had overtaken him and was wrapping his great trunk round my son's frail body. Before I could cry or do anything, he

had lifted my son high in the air and dashed his head against a tree-trunk. My mother's heart would not rest. I ran to him. Before I could approach, Ganesh struck me with his trunk and I fell with a crash to the ground. Then he stamped on my waist and ran after my husband who had, by this time, got a good start and escaped. I lay paralysed and unable to move, looking at my son who lay in a sleep of death by my side. The darkness closed over me and I knew nothing else till I awoke in this hospital and learnt that my husband had brought a number of men to look for us and they brought my son and myself here in the early hours of the morning."

Listlessly she moved. She moistened her dry lips and then spoke again very softly. "And now, I beg you to ask the Doctor not to detain me any longer. I want to be permitted to go. My son is calling me from across the river and I want to go to him. Listen!...." Then, she choked with sobs crying "Amor Sela!....Amor Sela!" (My son......My son) as her eyes looked, like those of a wounded deer, across the Karnaphuli river, to the dark forest where the tragedy had occurred.

She sank into unconsciousness—and from unconsciousness to death. She had responded to her son's call.

Koing Krue Mogh, bereft of both wife and son, all he possessed in the world besides his little bamboo hutment on the borders of the forest, looked dazedly into the distance. In silence he was making resolutions and then he walked slowly up to my father and said, "Protector of the Poor, give me a gun". "A gun?" replied my father. "You, who forsook your family in the moment of danger, you want a gun?"

"I wish to revenge myself on Ganesh" he protested. "It is not that I am afraid and want to....." He stopped suddenly and looked towards the Forest Reserve, across the river, "Listen, listen, oh, Protector of the Poor, I hear my wife calling for help—She's calling to her son". Only for a moment he hesitated and then picked up his *dao* and without another word, he ran down the embankment and plunged into the turgid waters of the mighty Karnaphuli. Swimming strongly, his *dao* held between his teeth, he could be seen moving across the broad river till he had attained the opposite bank. From there, grasping his flashing *dao* in his hand, he ran into the thick dark verdure of the forest which closed round him like heavy curtain upon a scene of tragedy.

As my father and the Doctor stood gazing into the black phalanx of forest that bordered the river and cast heavy dark shadows along the edge in the fading light of evening, they heard the high pitched shriek of an elephant in angry mood. In the silence of the evening hour, they heard a cracking and a crashing of trees, a breaking of branches, bespeaking vigo-

rous movement, followed by the agonized wail of a human voice—just one helpless, hopeless, terrified shriek—then silence.

Koing Krue Mogh no longer needed a gun. He had joined his little family.

An armed party was organized by my father and went slowly across the river in canoes and dug-out boats, scintillating with light, lanterns and torches that threw long streaks of flame across the darkened surface of the river. Talking loudly as they went, to frighten the rogue elephant away, they entered the forest and moved cautiously in the direction from which the human cry had come. Then, there was a noise of movement in the thick undergrowth and the crack of a tree, a swishing of tall elephant-grass being parted to give way to the monster who moved through it. The whole party stopped and listened. With steady movement the sound got fainter and fainter until it was lost in the sigh of the night-wind above and the party proceeded to the place where the heavy movement had first been heard. And then, as they approached the fatal scene, they saw the forest had been trampled down and big and small trees broken. There, in the middle, lay Koing Krue Mogh, lying on his back, flattened out but with the *dao* still in his hand as it flashed back light from the torches—but more, it was covered with blood and nearby lay a small severed portion of the elephant's trunk. The forest battlefield was eloquent of the brave deed which had been performed, of the unequal battle that had been waged by one puny man against the mighty mammoth which had terrorized the countryside to the extent that it had been vested almost with legendary powers. A strange silence settled over the search party as it stood there looking down with respectful muteness at the hero who had laid down his life so willingly, so courageously, so magnificently to avenge his loved ones—and a smile played upon the lifeless lips of Koing Krue Mogh.

As that tableau stood with fixed and silent gaze on the scene, listening only to the soft purr of the river in the distance and the whisper of a gentle breeze in the leaves above there came an echo like a distant cry of a woman's voice which sounded like "Amor Sela! Amor Sela!" My father asserted that it was the wounded elephant trumpeting far away with rushing air blown through his injured trunk, but the remainder of the party insisted that it was the spirit of Bana Moti announcing to the denizens of the forest that her son had been avenged by his father.

Taking with him a heavy. 577 bore rifle and accompanied by the Forest Ranger and two Forest Guards, my father proceeded next morning. It was not long before they found the scene of the struggle the night before and then the trail of the elephant in retreat, from the blood he had dropped from

his trunk, preserved from the night-dew by the canopy of trees above. Cautiously they proceeded in single file for the forest growth was so dense that it had closed in even after so large an animal had forged his way through it.

The trail was resumed in the afternoon; but as there were less signs of blood which was apparently staunching by the time the wounded elephant got to this stage of his mad career through the forest, it was becoming increasingly difficult to proceed lest a false trail was picked up or an old path of other elephants on the march was pursued.

The distance between my father and his three companions varied from time to time and about 5 o'clock in the evening my father was well ahead. The light of day, strained through innumberable leaves, filled sylvan surroundings with a grave sombreness that had no brightness in it at all. The solemn boughs overhung them everywhere with leafy arches and the soft earth below was a mosaic of light and shade in ever-changing pattern. And here and there they passed a rippling stream which spent its beauty in a million shattered, scattered sweeps and sparkles. Then my father suddenly saw two bamboo reeds, about 20 yards ahead, wave suspiciously against the sky above and thinking the rogue elephant was there he stopped and levelled his rifle towards the clump. To his amazement a human voice called out "Mat maro" (Don't shoot) and thinking it was some frightened tribesman who had innocently walked into the forest, my father lowered his rifle. The bamboo parted and a huge man, proportionately built, half-clothed and with red, shifty eyes came into view and slowly approached him. My father was taking no chances either with rogue elephants or with wild men, and so he quickly aimed again at the advancing figure and ordered him to stand. Instead, the man threw himself down on the ground and cried, "I surrender myself to you, I recognize you as the 'Barra Sahib' (the Great Officer)". Just then, the Forest Ranger caught up to my father and having recognized the man on the ground, said with bated breath, "Sir, that is the notorious dacoit, Amaung Chela, who is absconding after many murders and burglaries and for whose capture you have offered a reward." "Strange that he should know Hindustani", my father remarked. "He was a year in the Army", replied the Forest Ranger. "Where is his gun?", my father demanded, for he had been told Amaung Chela was armed to the teeth. The Forest Ranger repeated the demand to Amaung Chela and he offered to yield up his gun.

He led my father then to the bamboo clump in which he was hiding and there was his gun, fully charged and cocked. This strange and unexpected interlude was one of those many coincidences in life which prove that

truth is stranger than fiction. It appeared on further examination, that while Amaung Chela had committed his crimes 60 miles away, he had taken refuge in this forest because it had some strange fascination for him. His guilty conscience, combined with the fact that he was taken unawares by suddenly finding a levelled gun aiming at him, made him conclude that he was the object of my father's pursuit and that the game was up.

Having bound and secured that criminal, my father proceeded after the elephant. The light was fading rapidly in the twilight-less evening. Just then, they heard a distant wail of a woman's voice weirdly echoing in the forest. They listened. It was the same voice as they had heard the evening previous. "Amor Sela! Amor Sela!" it came and died away again.

My father was convinced this time that it was not the elephant in distress and that he had been definitely wrong the previous evening. Was it the spirit of the dead woman? If it was, though all the world may laugh at such superstition, my father determined to trace the elephant by this voice. "Amor Sela! Amor Sela!" again it came in measured tones. "We must hurry up if we want to catch this elephant before it is dark," said my father. The Forest Guard then spoke and said it was extremely dangerous to proceed further at dusk in an enchanted forest and that Ganesh was really a myth, the blood on the track being merely a decoy as much as the woman's voice. This was spurned by my father and he went on in the semi-darkness, when suddenly there loomed before his eyes, a black mass—so still that it may have been a mound of dark clay. He stood motionless and instantly, a terrific trumpeting broke the stillness of the evening air, a glint of white gleamed from the black mass, a fast-approaching series of crashes ensued and my father fired at the oncoming mountain of flesh which was then 20 yards away. But it did not stop the mad onslaught and all hope seemed to be lost, when, in between the advancing elephant and my father, there arose a form like a wraith in the shape of a woman draped in grey. The elephant veered to avoid it and that gave my father a chance to fire the shot in his second barrel into the temple of the elephant which was now practically on him. Instantaneously, my father stepped away and his feet catching in a mass of ringalls, he fell back into the long grass and shrub. At the same time the elephant staggered and fell like an avalanche by his side and lay still. The Forest Ranger and the rest of his party came forward cautiously with the bound man, now using their torches. The mighty Ganesh lay a crumpled leviathan stretched across a hundred square feet of forest. And now, could be seen the wounds on his trunk, delivered by Koing Krue Mogh. Apparently, while his body had been still in the grip of that mighty trunk, Koing Krue Mogh had hacked at it in the hope of doing the maximum damage in the last few moments he had to live.

My father was anxious to understand more of the sudden protector that had intervened between him and the charging elephant and had thus undoubtedly saved his life. He resumed the place from which he had fired his first shot but with the increased darkness he could perceive nothing in the direction in which he had seen the apparition. He asked the Forest Ranger for his torch and focussed it in the direction in which he had seen the object. There it was! He could now see it clearly without the slightest doubt. The whole party could see it, but advised that it was wiser to retire gracefully. My father, however, argued that no fear could come even of a ghost if it had protected one in the moment of danger and death. Slowly he approached it. It was undoubtedly the form of a woman. Nearer and nearer he got and suddenly it revealed itself to be an anthill—one of the mighty ones that are not uncommon in these forests. The elephant clearly wished to avoid it when he charged and so he veered—but it saved my father's life when nothing else could have done so—not even a second effective shot for that would have brought the weight of the whole crashing body of the elephant on top of him and crushed him to death.

Back went the party, the captive dacoit being made to walk in front in the light of the torch lest he should try to escape.

The return journey in the darkness was not so difficult as my father had imagined it would be, having been used by then on the outward journey the path was more clearly defined and now the torch showed the hiatus as a narrow tunnel walled with trees on either side and canopied with overhanging boughs and leaves. Along the path, in every tree, a myriad faint blue lights of fireflies shone as if to make a fairy-land for the wearied travellers to aid their progress.

At midnight, as the journey through the forest was about to end and the party moved silently along, with only the swish of padded footsteps along the soft earth, suddenly the silence was broken by the wail of a woman's voice, with almost ear-piercing intensity, owing to its nearness. "Amor Sela!" it shrieked and before anybody could realize what had happened, there was a rush of parting leaves in the forest and the next moment, a woman had thrown herself at the feet of the bound captive who had stopped short. "My husband ! My husband!" she cried with choking sobs. "Let me worship your feet before you are taken away. I have been calling to you so long in vain."

She followed the party then to my father's camp and it was there that my father learnt that "Chela" was pronounced as "Sela" and "Amaung" not unlike "Amor" in this country and that the cry they had heard so often was the call of this woman to her husband whom she knew was living in the

seclusion of this forest. When she saw him in captivity, her heart would no longer yield to patience and control and she declared herself. With that declaration, so many secrets were revealed and so many shibboleths and myths destroyed.

As my father was entering his camp, the woman pleaded to be allowed to say farewell to her husband whom she knew she would never see again, for murder could only be expiated by capital punishment. It was touching to see this slip of a girl place both her hands on her murderer husband's feet and then prostrate herself with her head placed reverently on those hands. He drew his huge body proudly erect and spoke in hill dialect which my father asked a hillman to translate and this is what he said: "Be proud! Have I not fallen along with Ganesh and into the same hands? Be hopeful! When my son is born teach him to be brave like me and Ganesh." Quickly she drew her scanty shoulder cloth across her revealing waist and with bowed head, vanished silently into the night.

When all the camp had gone to rest, a woman's voice, in broken accents, was heard coming from the heart of the forest, crying plaintively "Amor Sela! Amor Sela!" Fainter and fainter it came "Amor Sela! Amor Sela!" till it died away upon the wings of early dawn.

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Sir Lawrence Grafftу Smith

PAKISTAN

You are the dream behind a poet's eyes;,
The voice of steel, defying Fate and Kings,
The fluttering hope that found a myriad wings
Of prayer, of ecstasy, of sacrifice.
You are a million graves and their bereavement.
Men bled for you, veins of your blood are theirs.
Men prayed for you. Make noble their achievement
For all you are falls lower than their prayers.
They dreamed of more than cotton, wool or jute;
To see restored the ancient virtues, soon;
To stand erect and equal, man to man;
To live secure beneath the crescent moon.
Now that the dream comes true, your friends salute
This miracle that men call Pakistan.

"Pakistan" Quarterly
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Raymond G. Watt

AUSTRALIA GREETS PAKISTAN

Facing a world so changed that some call it new,
Australia, young nation of the South,
Greets Pakistan, young nation of the North:

Out of the travail of centuries gone by and through travail of centuries to come,
In company with all who share the joy and burden of the task,
Builders of new nations are we.
WE—
Sprung from those who, venturing far,
Came on lands till then unknown.
We gained a continent—
A continent untamed,
Challenging the weak to be strong, the strong to be yet stronger.
And to this land of sun and showers, of harvests and of droughts,
Britain, bastion of the free,
Gave men and women to make or mar the continent.
Evil were some, but others good,
And they and nature and time combined to make one people of us all:
Historic quarrels lost meaning in the need to tame the earth;
The lonely miles gave need for company,
And in mutual miseries of drought and flood a comradeship was born
Which unsought wars could not destroy but only made more real.
No measured miles confine our minds;
Long mountain ranges lead to rolling plains
So large that meanness cannot flourish in their width.
We of the young South land who live in freedom's air
O'er spaces wide as a dream,
We who have worked for it and fought for it,
And for those who died for it,
We send you greeting—

Long may you live, and daily gain more strength:

YOU—

Of ancient lineage proud—
Whose forebears left their homes
To free a land from tyranny,
You in turnlost liberties, until,
Out of your measureless sorrows and struggle unending
Your Spirit became incarnate, and Pakistan was born—
New nation for the making.

Within the bounds of your own faith
Live hope and tolerance and sympathies enough.
To weld your peoples in their common task.
Yet you, like us, must know the parasites who'd drain the
truth from out your vision,
The weak who never will be strong and the strong who over-
reach their strength;
You too will have your share of those whose acts belie their honeyed words
And test your faith unto its uttermost
But if among your people, as it seems, some see the trail
Blazed by Quaid-i-Azam and Quaid-i-Millat
And follow it through all the maze of learning, politics and trade,
Then will our dream come true
And East and West in us will meet.
God grant there be enough of you and us to bind us each to each!

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FEROZSONS, KARACHI